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*Bequest of
Mary Stillman Harkness*





THE BIRD.

The Bird, by J. M. W. Turner, 1820.



Engraved by T. Stothard RA.

JOSEPH ROBINS, PRINTER, COURT-LANE, LONDON.

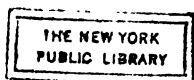
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S
POCKET MAGAZINE;
AND
ALBUM
OF
LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.

BY THE EDITOR OF
"The Ladies Pocket Magazine."

1828.

JOSEPH ROBINS,
BRIDE-COURT, BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.





J. Rogers. sc.

H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
WILLIAM HENRY,
DUKE OF CLARENCE,
&c. &c.
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
MOST LOYAL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
JOSEPH ROBINS.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S POCKET MAGAZINE.



THE FATE OF MORTIMER.

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

When nations are involved in the calamities attendant on civil wars, the energies of the human mind are generally displayed to an advantage, which, in seasons of peace, or even in times of common hostilities, are totally unknown. Exertion and heroic enterprize keep place with the occasions which call the spirits of the brave into exercise ; and the lapse of ages, instead of diminishing the interest which they excite, augments their importance, by adding veneration to their lustre.

But it is melancholy to reflect, that, while some few memorials of this description are preserved, many a daring exploit, never reaching the ear of the historian, disappears with the moment that gave it birth. " One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot." The following affecting incident, which chance has rescued from the wreck of time, is an exemplification of this theory.

At that awful period when this nation was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell and his partisans were contending against the scattered forces of the king, William Mortimer, a young and zealous royalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends, and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were, in a great measure, disappointed.

The royalists, in general, were not aware of their king's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In this posture of affairs, Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few who, escaping from the field, accompanied the king in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants, for fear of hazarding a discovery, and accompanied only by William Mortimer, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved if possible, to escape to Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every-where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward that was offered for his person.

Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river reeds in the day time), and, with much peril and exertion, contrived to reach Monmouth. Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered; and Mortimer, having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and, covering the king with bark of trees, suffered the vessel, during the night, to be carried down the current till it reached the romantic rocks above mentioned. Here they landed, and, letting the boat drift with the stream, to elude pursuit, secreted themselves in the natural recesses of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient

confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the king; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, this loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honour, brought them, at the dead of night, their provisions. One fatal night she was traced to the spot by a militia-man, who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor.

In the meanwhile, Mortimer, fearful a discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighbourhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him, and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the king was immediately confided to his care. Mortimer then retired to his hiding-place, with the intention of passing there the remainder of the night, but his pursuers with their hot blood-hounds were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the dark and rugged caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf-dogs, as they forded the river, and climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat, but in vain, the monsters of death were already fast approaching, and after a short, but desperate struggle, he sunk down, bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort from him a confession of the king's retreat: they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the blood-stained sward where he had fallen, they found him stiff and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were for ever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they looked upon his well proportioned limbs, and saw his fine and manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that had betrayed them to the commission of a crime, at which even their depraved hearts now shuddered.

As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, and he, from

whom they might have endeavoured, by threats and torture, to have extracted a full developement of the king's intention, and his present hiding-place, was now dead, they released their unhappy captive the next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened towards the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety, and yet scarce daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chill and cold, and although the red sun was glimmering on the distant waters of the Severn, it spake no comfort to her soul; the dew drops were laying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a grey mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, trembling with the most intense anxiety, and invoking heaven for the safety of her lover,—for then she thought not of the king—when, suddenly turning her eyes to the ground, she witnessed the object of all her solicitude, lying on a cold bed of turf before her. He who had so often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek, which had once glowed with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death-damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain of living gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocking her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning realising sense of her soul's agony. Now, unrestrained, she called upon his name in language the most affecting. She whispered in his deaf, unheeding, ear the voice of love and truth—she pressed his lifeless hand and placed it in her bosom, and when she felt its icy chilliness freezing at her heart, she wept that he was cold.

A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, and hurried from his boat to assist her, was, at this moment, approaching the spot; she looked wildly round and beckoned him away, but when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the lofty summit of the adjoining precipice. She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the o'erhanging brow, she crossed her hands over her face, and, instantly bending forward, sunk gently into the dell below. Such was the aerial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the ab-

sence of breathing indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left us of their memory but the imperishable cliff; which rises, like the genius of History, over the spot to consecrate their eternal fame.

STANZAS

Supposed to be written on the night that the act of legislative union became the law of the land.

BY THE LATE THOMAS FURLONG, AUTHOR OF "THE DOOM OF DERENZIE," &c.

Oh! Ireland! my country—the hour
 Of thy pride and thy splendor hath pass'd;
 And the chain that was spurn'd in the moment of power,
 Hangs heavy around thee at last.
 There are marks in the fate of each clime—
 There are turns in the fortunes of men;
 But the changes of realms, or the chances of time,
 Can never restore thee again.

Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe,
 By links, which the world shall not sever;
 With the tyrant, thro' storm and thro' calm thou shalt go,
 And thy sentence is bondage for ever.
 Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil,
 Thou art left for the proud to disdain:
 And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil,
 Shall be wasted, and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,
 Thy valour with coldness repaid;
 And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,
 Not one shall stand forth in thine aid;
 In the nations thy place is left void,
 Thou art lost in the list of the free;
 Even realms by the plague, or the earthquake destroy'd,
 May revive—but no hope is for thee.

THE VILLAGE INN.

I drop all my cares at the portal of a comely village inn. The air of its quaintly decorated little parlor, is a Lethe to all urban thoughts, I delight to gaze through the mottled diamond-shaped glasses of its little casement—to decipher the antique-shaped cone-like anagrams graven on them by hands long since mouldered and forgotten—to people the polished leather-seated chairs with toppers of my mind's creation—to hear their rustic jokes, and doat on their rosy, circular, shining faces, gleaming through a thin blue fog of tobacco whiffs—to note the irrevokable confusion of their features, after a victorious manual joke—to indulge in sculpturing out of thin air, limb after limb, until every part, even to the youngest wrinkle of the eye's cavity, is moulded to my fancy, an appropriate creature to fill the post of honour, and rule over such an assemblage; to deck him with the gubernatorial hammer and pre-eminently capacious pipe; to work up a proper and befitting solemnity of station to endow him withal; a burgo-masterish rotundity of body, and invincible solidity of aspect, proof against pun, conundrum, wink, or even full-blooming jest; and a heavy half-frowning orderly eye, rolling systematically from the clouds that emanate from his pigmy Vesuvius, to the most boisterous individuals of the debating conclave; such a piece of mortality as will of its own nature, and without an effort, amalgamate with the warring spirits among whom it is thrown, allay their fiery turbulence, and blend them together in goodly fellowship and communion.

From these shadows of whim, it is refreshing to turn with the bodily eye, on a jovial palm-rubbing host, waddling about with a humourous affectation of agility and courteous deportment; or to accost his buxom wife, and wean her from a projected lecture to her tittering daughters, for the rude impropriety of unnecessarily passing to and fro for the idle purpose of obtaining a glimpse of "the gentlemen of the parlor," when she herself was absolutely meditating an inroad on his privacy on some gossamer pretence, to appease and glut the raging appetite of her own indomitable curiosity.

Every spot in the Village Inn hath its choice delights. The kitchen hearth is the most inviting corner in the house, when

the weary ones, who rested awhile around it, are departed on their appointed tracks, or retired for a brief repose ; when the embers of the wood fire are burnt white, and crumble about ; when the domestic and much-loved minstrel of the cosey fire-side, the happy and chirruping little cricket, sings his wonted and shrill ditty from his warm nook ; when the watch-dog bays, and the mother-hen clucks aloud, and gathers her little brood more closely beneath her at the moaning whoop of the old owl ; when the house spaniel whines in her dreams at the deep-voiced wind, and the light of the moon, as she bursts suddenly from the clouds trooping rapidly across her path, vies with the deep red glimmer of the flames that linger and flit about the hollows of the waning fire.

There is something particularly cold and repelling in the reception of a commoner at an inn, within the bourne of a populous town. The usual common-place business-like civility of the spruce domestics, throws a damp on my spirits. There is no warmth, no sociality about them. In the Village Inn it is different. May I often visit those little nests of hospitality and gladness !—where every moment of time fell like a refreshing dew-drop on my spirits, in the white villages of merry Devon. Jasper Doyle, of ———, was landlord after my own heart. There was a spice of whim in him that instructed as well as amused : he was a wag, but knew not his own humor—a glorious piece of eccentricity, but a common every-day fellow in his own eye. This happy ignorance enhanced his attractions tenfold. He was at once paternal and slavish to the guests he loved. Of servants he had little need, for he did all himself, “ to prevent mistakes and keep his fingers out of mischief.” His house was sheltered beneath two immense elm trees, that had flourished from time immemorial in a nook of the village green. The first time I paid a visit Jasper was seated on a rustic bench, which surrounded the rough trunk of the largest elm, hastily devouring his lunch. A large iron-grey dog and a lop-winged raven were assiduously watching by his side, for the dainty morsels which ever and anon, in spite of his own appetite, their expressive looks wheedled from his hand. Their expertness in catching the rich bits, proved that Jasper seldom feasted without the attendance of Ralpho and the dog. On my approach, he hastily divided the remnants between his dumb companions, and advanced to greet and usher me into

the house. He made no parade or bustle on my arrival, but evidently attempted to smuggle me in unseen by all, that he might have the pleasure of doing every thing for me himself ; this, I afterwards learnt, was mine hosts motive. On casting my eye above the fat blousy-looking angel's head and expanded pinions, that defaced the centre of the portal, I observed a flaunting bellicose sign, that ill accorded with the rural appearance of Jasper's domicile. There were several regimentals, most scandalously ragged ; tassels flying about from one side of the board to the other, tarnished, not by wind or weather, but palpably by the malice prepense of the artist, or the whim of his employer. In the centre of the group, I detected a churlish, asthmatical, pallid little figure, in laced yellow regimentals, with a pipe in his mouth, a pewter goblet in his clutch, and a sword of extravagant length, hitched on the wrong side, and protruding far behind his flying skirts. He looked like a vexed wasp with his sting drawn, and reminded me of somebody whom I had seen before, but for the life of me, I could not tell when or where. His nether lip seemed to be in the act of venting a grunt ; and his crabbed brow, and diminutive pepper and salt colored eye, formed one of the most savage scowls I ever beheld. His inferior officers were drunk, ragged, and filthy ; with their leaky pockets turned inside outwards, and their blue elbows staring through their inadequate sleeves.

On questioning Jasper as to the intent and drift of the daub, he explained it as follows : " That little scoundrel in the middle, sir, was the commander of our county volunteer corps—a sad blade—no civility, sir,—quite a bear. Well, sir, when the corps was dissolved, my gentleman thought proper to keep up his staff-vermin, sir—arrant stoats,—poor, ravenous, and ragged—the disgrace of the corps : of which, by the bye, I had the honor of being a corporal. Well, sir, they met monthly at my house—boozed and piped like squires of independence ; but about a year ago suddenly deserted to my rival the Old Oak—robbed me—went away in my debt—abused my liquors—slandered me in the ears of the whole parish—swore that I couldn't make punch ! Aye, sir, well you may stare ! but you haven't tasted my punch yet. This galled me to the quick ; so I turned things over in my mind, and being a bit of a brush, got up portraits of the clownish com-

mander and his beggarly crew, pulled down my old daub of the Bear and Ragged Staff, and erected this, my own handy-work, as a most appropriate symbol of the title of my house. They're cut, sir—woundily cut, take my word for't—the Bear and Ragged Staff, sir, eh! and all fac-similes, eh, sir, eh! But you haven't tasted my punch."

I excused myself from mine host's pressing invitation to "sip a bowl or so" with him, but accepted the tender of a slight repast in the best room. A polished oaken tri-cornered cupboard occupied a nook by the fire-side. It was gorged with cracked punch bowls, odd cups, silver tea-spoons, and chipped porcelain dishes, with their damaged parts dexterously turned inwards; but in spite of the crafty good wife's stratagem, the looking-glass which lined the little *buffet*, on the most trivial scrutiny, betrayed the gaps and seams in the reputation of her treasures. The Marquis of Granby, with his bald head, elaborate waistcoat skirts, and gilt truncheon perched on his hip, held the most conspicuous station above the hearth; while the notorious Turpin, and gentlemanly Hind, in carved wooden frames, were gibbeted above him. One side of the room was decorated only with a fading sampler, "worked by Dorothea Kirby, anno domini, 1777,"—with the ten commandments nearly legible in its body, and at the base of their inclosure bearing a prim sky-blue tree, a party-colored dolphin on its topmost spray, and supported by two pert little birds with furl-ed wings and gaping beaks, perched on nothing, about the centre of the tree's trunk. On the opposite side of the room, a glass of goodly dimensions, but betraying ragged-edged spots from which time had dislodged the quicksilver, set in a dingy branching frame, and crowned by a noble stag's front and horns—gleamed above an ancient oval table, whereon was a pyramid made up of a folding draught board, Fox's Book of Martyrs, an old edition of immortal Crusoe, and a tobacco box divided into two compartments, in one of which was a rich store of the precious weed, and the other exhibited a longitudinal aperture for the reception of small coin, and a shrewd memento of honesty inscribed on its polished rim.

After quaffing a few bumpers of the goodwife's bright amber-colored ale, I walked forth to the village-green. A group of athletic young men were wrestling in the smoothest part of the

sward, while the elders of the place looked on with folded arms, dreaming of some youthful feats. The magic notes of some well known fiddle suddenly burst forth from the lawn of the adjacent park ; in an instant every sport was adjusted, and the players unanimously decamped. I followed them at my leisure, and when I arrived at the spot from whence the music proceeded, the young girls, in their holiday dresses, were linked with the lads they loved, and dancing with all their might to the sounds which emanated from the fiddle of a merry-looking ebony-visaged footman, in gorgeous livery, who apparently was one of the domestics from the great house on the hill. He had taken his station in the centre of the several parties, as the great sun of the system, and seemed deeply intent on making each perform its allotted evolutions in harmonious order. His elbows, fingers, tongue, eyes, and legs, were in constant and most turbulent motion ; and his head galloped round and round like a weathercock vexed by a varying wind. Occasionally he would subside into comparative stillness, look fiercely into his fiddle, and flourish his bow with redoubled vigor. A good humored old woman, in a prim kerchief and cotton gown, whose immense and many-colored pattern was a wilderness of flowers and fruits, interwoven and rambling in all directions, defying every law of gravity and nature, and a carefully-starched cap, which rose up like a pyramid above her head—bustled about with a bottle of her own currant wine in one hand, and a mottled glass goblet in the other, ministering cold draughts to the burning lips of the merry dancers and their vigorous musician. I soon discovered that it was the wedding night of the gamekeeper's blooming daughter, who inhabited a cottage near at hand. They warmly pressed me to partake of their rustic festivity. The old woman with the high-cauled cap and mottled glass goblet would hear no refusal, and insisted on my drinking joy to the young couple. My inquisitive glances soon detected the bride, by her comely blushes, and her happy but down-looking eyes. She was arrayed in simple white, with a wreath of pure maidenly lilies and constant evergreens woven in her light tresses, and a few meek violets and primroses smiling and nestling beneath her young bosom. I remained with the happy merry-makers until the young moon had risen from her soft cloudy

pillow, and departed for my Village Inn, after conferring a hearty benison on the young couple, in the language of the good old poet :—

“ On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessings of the spheres ;
That good which heaven can give
To make you bravely live,
Fall like a spangling dew
By day and night on you ;
May fortune’s lily hand
Open at your command,
With all the lucky birds, to side
With the bridegroom and the bride.”

On my return I found the pulpy old lady of the house seated in state on the rocking chair, with her infant grandchild sleeping on her broad lap, and the whole of the female part of the household, with one ruddy-cheeked blinking but delighted urchin, gathered around her, and listening with open mouths to her heart-chilling legendary tales. At the sound of the bustle which my return excited, the busy and officious host made his appearance in his night-cap and dressing gown, and after apologising for his “ pickle,” asked my permission to show me to my chamber himself. The bedstead, he assured me, was the first fruit of his talents and labour as a handicraftsman ; he had never been able to surpass its beauty or convenience—it was his pride, his glory—he would not barter it for a manor. The bolster, he said, was of pigeons’ feathers, on which man could never die : they were plucked with his own hands : and the poppies and down that were in the soft pillow, were gathered by himself in his evening walks. I closed my latch as he turned his back, saying, “ It was useless to wish my honor a good night, for, heaven be praised, I should certainly sleep as light as a young lark.”

I awoke in the morning cheerful and refreshed, and on putting aside the grape tendrils and woodbines which shaded my casement, discovered mine host’s youngest daughter, under his immediate *surveillance*, turning up the green leaves and shooting tendrils in quest of ripe strawberries for my morning’s repast.

“ IF I FORSAKE THEE.”

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY LORD BYRON.

[The following lines were given at Venice, in 1818, to an officer of rank in the English service, by the late Lord Byron, and have hitherto never appeared in print. The kindness of the possessor has permitted us to gratify the world with a copy of them. They are here given verbatim from the original in the hand-writing of the noble bard. Even without this being authenticated, the writer would be apparent by his style.

Ed.]

If I forsake thee, early be my tomb,
My bed untended, and unwept my doom ;
Around my grave let no fresh verdure spring,
No plaintive bird within its precincts sing :
Let no fair flower adorn my turfy bed,
No violets spring, no roses lift their head :
But there let weeds, and noxious nightshade thrive ;
There only what to life is fatal, live.
So shall mankind avoid the hated place,
Shunned and detested by the brutal race :
All but the shrieking owl, and bat obscene,
Shall fly the relics of a thing so mean.

But if, as Heaven is witness, such shall be ;
Death only can divorce my heart from thee :
If this fond breast shall heave its parting sigh,
Loth only, as 'tis leaving thee, to die.
Then let affliction drop the pious tear,
The tribute sacred to the heart sincere :
Let not the gaudy pomps of seeming woe,
The paltry debt that pride to pride may owe—
Let, while surviving summers still are thine ;
Let all thy thoughts, thy tenderest thoughts, be mine :
And when thy peaceful course fulfilled in this,
Thy fate shall call thee to the world of bliss,
In one sepulchral mansion let us rest,
By the same simple grassy tomb comprest ;
Let mingling urns our mutual loves requite,
And death which parted once, once more unite !

1813.

BYRON.

FORCE OF ELOQUENCE.

Polemo, who succeeded Xenocrates in the direction of the academy, was an Athenian of distinguished birth, and in the earlier part of his life a man of loose morals. The manner in which he was reclaimed from the pursuit of infamous pleasures and brought under the discipline of philosophy, affords a memorable example of the power of eloquence employed in the cause of virtue.

As Polemo was one morning, about the rising of the sun, returning home from the revels of the night, clad in a loose robe, crowned with garlands, strongly perfumed, and intoxicated with wine, he passed by the school of Xenocrates, and saw him surrounded with his disciples. Unable to resist so fortunate an opportunity of indulging his sportive humour, he rushed, without ceremony, into the school, and took his place among the philosophers. The whole assembly was astonished at this rude and indecent intrusion, and all but Xenocrates discovered signs of resentment. Xenocrates, however, preserved the perfect command of his countenance; and with great presence of mind, turned his discourse from the subject on which he was treating to the topics of temperance and modesty, which he recommended with such strength of argument, and energy of language, that Polemo was constrained to yield to the force of conviction. Instead of turning the philosopher and his doctrine into ridicule, as he at first intended, he became sensible of the folly of his former conduct; was heartily ashamed of the contemptible figure which he had made in so respectable an assembly; took his garland from his head; concealed his naked arm under his cloak; assumed a sedate and thoughtful aspect; and, in short, resolved from that hour to relinquish his licentious pleasures, and devote himself to the pursuit of wisdom. Thus was this young man, by the powerful energy of truth and eloquence, in an instant converted from an infamous libertine to a respectable philosopher.

In such a sudden change it is difficult to avoid passing from one extreme to another. Polemo, after his reformation, in order to brace up his mind to the tone of rigid virtue, constantly practised the severest austerity, and the most hardy

fortitude. From the thirtieth year of his age to his death he drank nothing but water. When he suffered violent pain, he shewed no external sign of anguish. In order to preserve his mind undisturbed by passion, he habituated himself to speak in an uniform tone of voice, without elevation or depression. The austerity of his manners was, however, tempered with urbanity and generosity. He was fond of solitude, and passed much of his time in a garden near his school. He died, at an advanced age, of a consumption. Of his tenets little is said by the ancients, because he strictly adhered to the doctrine of Plato.

THE LAMENT OF AGE.

BY M. J. J. THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTASMAGORIA."

A violet in the primy time of nature,
Forward, not permanent—sweet, not lasting.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, the days of youth departed! and the golden dreams
that stole,
Of pleasure and of promise, in that summer of the soul!
Its love, that was like music from a far and fairy land,
Imparting deeper happiness than thought can understand.

Its purity of friendship! its fervent faith that dare,
While gazing on the eye beloved, believe the heart shone
there;

The health-bloom of its cheek, and the spirit-breathing balm
Of its brow, that was as rivers bright, as skies of azure calm.

Days, dreams, and friends departed! love, joy, and bloom,
no more!

Hath neither earth nor heaven a spell, your spirit to restore?
Or is it doomed for mortal sin, this weight of mortal woe,
That only *once* in humble life, your buds of beauty blow?

Give, give me back the feelings fresh that o'er my heart then
blew,

The world again a place unknown, and life itself all new,—
And let the grave again return what it hath torn from me,
And I have wealth unequalled by the treasures of the sea!

UNCERTAINTY OF LITERARY DISTINCTION.

The fame acquired by literary talents is not only in itself of the most durable and extensive nature, but the only means of preserving every other species of celebrity. The pyramids of Memphis, and some stupendous edifices in India, indeed, exist after a vast succession of years; and nothing, in all probability, but an internal convulsion of the globe, will overthrow such immense piles: yet they have not transmitted to posterity the names of those monarchs, through whose vanity, superstition, or munificence, they were erected. The finer designs of ancient art are almost totally lost: the exquisite performances of the statuary and the painter are mouldered into dust; but Praxiteles and Xeuxis will always live to fame, though not by their own efforts; for the pencil of literature alone paints to distant ages, and its colours fade not amidst the revolutions of time.

Without the bard or the historian, the monarch builds, and the artist designs, in vain. Without their assistance, the tribute of applause cannot be levied on posterity. Ossian says: "Dark are the deeds of other times, before the light of the song arose;" and Horace, to the same purport, remarks, that "heroes existed before the Trojan war, but no divine bard recorded their fame, and their deeds are concealed in night."

Notwithstanding this obvious truth, the man of letters is too commonly regarded with indifference, possibly with contempt by his contemporaries, who act in the more elevated departments of life. Such, we may suppose, has ever been the case; for the substance of human nature, however the outward form may vary, is still the same. Statesmen and generals too seldom reflect, that whatever character they are to sustain with posterity, will not depend on the adulation of their creatures, or the huzzas of the people; not even on the applauses of senates, or munificence of kings; but will, in all probability, be finally established on the credit of some literary man, a silent, but not inattentive spectator, living unknown, and dying unregarded. Whim, caprice, or fashion, generally govern the world's opinion concerning living authors. The favourites of the day have seldom stood the test

of time. The immortal "Paradise Lost," was contemptuously said by an author of considerable eminence, "to have been written by *one* Milton, a blind man," and almost a century elapsed before his merit was properly known. He has been truly compared to a slow subterranean stream—it pursues its silent course in darkness, but at length bursts into day, and is adorned with the radiance of heaven. Shakspeare, for a longer period, obtained but a very moderate degree of estimation. For a short time, indeed, he enjoyed the gale of popular applause, and flourished, in the words of a kindred genius, "like an oak, that pours awhile its green branches to the sun, but is soon enfolded in the skirts of a storm, and clothed on high in mists."

Yet the fame of both Milton and Shakspeare are now established, and cannot, unless the world relapses into barbarism, suffer a second eclipse. In the days, however, of "the hero William, and the martyr Charles," when Blackmore was knighted, and Quarles pensioned, on account of their poetical pre-eminence, the plays of Shakspeare were seldom acted, and Milton was scarcely known. So slowly does genius emerge beneath the pressure of capice or ignorance!

A voluminous writer, called Cartwright, who is styled by Wood, "the most seraphical preacher of his age—another Tully—and another Vigil," in a poem addressed to Fletcher, thus familiarly treats his great predecessor:—

"Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best joke lies
I'th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies.
Old-fashioned wit, which walk'd from town to town
In trunk hose, which our fathers called the clown:
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
Nature was all his art—thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility."

These encomiums on the superior chastity and urbanity of Fletcher's muse, appear somewhat singular to us. Posterity differ in opinion from Mr. Cartwright; who, notwithstanding his numerous publications and celebrity in his own days, may probably be only known to futurity by the ill-grounded censure he has passed on Shakspeare, as Zoilous lives to fame by having depreciated Homer.

If we are to judge from the congratulatory verses prefixed to Beaumont's and Fletcher's plays, we must conclude that these dramatic bards were considered as successful rivals to Shakspeare, previous to his death, in 1616. In the year 1642, Shirley, in his prologue to the "Sisters," laments the neglect shewn to his performances, and intimates that they were frequently acted to empty houses. Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, published in 1666, remarks, that Shakspeare's language was a little obsolete, and that two of Beaumont's and Fletcher's plays were exhibited to one of his. Shadwell, in the prologue to a comedy that came out the following year, observes,

"That which the world called wit in Shakspeare's age,
Is laughed at as improper for the stage."

In consequence of which, himself and other wits of the time, generously condescended to alter many of his plays, and accommodate them to an audience, grown, we may presume, rather nice and fastidious; having been, for some time, in the habit of attending to the chaste humour and attic elegance of Mrs. Behn, and Tom Durfey! In 1707, Shakspeare was so little known, that Tate published a tragedy, called, *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*, and mentioned in the title page, that it was written by the author (meaning himself) of *King Lear*. He had, indeed, altered it from Shakspeare, and must have depended on escaping detection from the obscurity of the original, or have supposed that it would hide its diminished head, and sink into oblivion, by means of his superior production: he mentions it in his preface as an "obscure performance commended to his notice by a friend." Steele, in the *Tatler*, which came out in 1709, gives two quotations, as he says, from Shakspeare's *Macbeth*; but the passages there quoted are only to be found in Davenant's alteration of that play. He mentions, likewise, some striking incidents in *Taming the Shrew*, as circumstances that occurred in a family with which he was particularly intimate. In the first instance, we are surprised that Steele should have so imperfect a knowledge of Shakspeare; in the second, that he should trust so much to the ignorance of his readers.

From this period, however, and chiefly by means of the

judicious and elegant associate of Steele in the *Spectator*, Shakspeare as well as Milton, became more generally known to the world. Yet so late as the year 1750, Dr. Hill, a man not destitute of taste, and during some part of his life a theatrical critic by profession, introduces in *The Actor, or a Treatise on the Art of Playing*, some lines, if you will believe him, from *Romeo and Juliet*, "given as the author gives them; not as the butcherly hand of a blockhead prompter may have lopped them, or as the unequal genius of some bungling critic may have attempted to mend them." In another place he again plumes himself on the peculiar accuracy of his quotation; and yet no such lines are to be found in Shakspeare; they are copied from Caius Marius, and Otway is their only just proprietor. He inserted, indeed, entire scenes into that drama from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, for which he made a very slight acknowledgment. Other critics have been equally unfortunate, and quoted, as Otway's, some beautiful passages which he had stolen from Shakspeare.

In the Augustan age of Charles II. as it has sometimes been absurdly styled, Elkanah Settle, the city bard, divided theatric fame with Dryden; and Sir William Temple, generally reckoned the oracle of taste in his time, mentions Sir Philip Sidney as "the greatest poet, and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours, or in any other modern language." He does not condescend to name Milton in his *Essay on Poetry*; but evidently alludes to him and Cowley in the following passage:—"The religion of the Gentiles had been woven into the texture of all the ancient poetry, with a very agreeable mixture, which made the moderns affect to give that of Christianity a place also in their poems: but the true religion was not found to become fiction so well as the false had done; and all their attempts of this kind seemed rather to debase religion, than to heighten poetry." Who now can read the insipid productions of Sidney? Who is not charmed with the sublime energy of Milton? But the splendour of Sidney's character threw a delusive glare over his compositions; and the gloom of republicanism, annexed to the idea of Milton, cast a veil over beauties that could not otherwise have escaped observation.

High rank and temporal grandeur is, however, of no avail

towards securing literary immortality. The poems of Nero, though lord of "the majestic world," perished with him. Those of Homer, though an indigent itinerant bard, are transplanted into every polished language, and will live as long as ideas are by language communicated. The copious works of the British Solomon, who, "trowed himself to be the oldest and the wisest king in Christendom," though bound in purple morocco, stamped with letters of gold, and embellished with clasps of silver, lie worm-eaten and cobweb-mantled even in the tory's garret; whilst the profane vulgar deem them of little other use than to inclose the trifling merchandize of the confectioner or haberdasher. Sometimes perhaps, ignorantly flagitious, they kindle their tobacco-charged pipes with those very pages in which he fulminated against the use of it, both as a king and a Christian.

Compare with them the works of the vagabond Shakspeare; I fear he scarcely deserved a better appellation in his youthful days. They were produced almost under every disadvantage. But how soon did the frigid beams of royal pedantry suffer an eclipse; whilst the flame of genius that inspired the other, not a spark of which, possibly, was noticed in his native Stratford, and which dimly shone, or irregularly blazed—as caprice or envy urged the gale—in his own days, kindled as it flew through the track of time, and now irradiates with permanent lustre the poetic hemisphere of Britain! How little did Sir Thomas Lucy suppose, when, in the pomp and plenitude of judicial authority, that he should be transmitted down to posterity by the same disorderly youth, under the humiliating appellation of "Robert Shallow, Esq. justice of peace and *corum*!"

It appears, therefore, that genius, whatever temporary depressions it may suffer, is superior to all human power. Kings may dignify, dishonour, or reward merit; heroes and statesmen may live awhile in the mouths of men; while the vulgar, like the foliage of the grove, drop unnoted. Literary genius alone can confer the unfading wreath of fame on itself and others; can bestow it alike on the prince or peasant; crown with deathless glory, or brand with eternal infamy. Thersites, in the page of Homer, will live as long

as the "king of men;" and Hostess Quickly will be remembered till the victor of Agincourt is forgotten.

These ideas were more particularly suggested by perusing the historical dramas of Shakspeare. The wonder-working power of the poet's pen is there most eminently displayed. Airy nothings are employed; our ancestors start from their tombs, and participate a second existence. His characters, whether those of kings and nobles, of clowns, constables, or pick-pockets, Cade's licentious mob, or Henry's turbulent barons, are such genuine copies from life, that we must suppose the originals acted and spoke in the manner he represents them. Like Homer, and in that respect he is singular among our English bards, he has acquired both the credit of an historian, and the celebrity of a poet; the illusion, at least, is so powerful, that, whilst we peruse his account of persons or events, we cannot easily disbelieve it. No man of a liberal taste, descended from, or related to, any of Shakspeare's historic characters, can avoid feeling, from that very circumstance, additional pleasure in reflecting on them. The natural existence of a Hotspur continued only a few years: the tempest of war soon quenched that "soul of fire;" but the pen of Shakspeare, potent as the magician's wand, has conferred on him an ideal existence, which will terminate only with the extinction of the English language, possibly of the universe itself.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was near the close of a fine summer's day when I first entered the little village of Mouzon, on the confines of the forest of Ardennes; that spot of ancient chivalry and renown. Scarcely had I got within sight of its little white cottages, when I was accosted by a young peasant, who, apologising for his intrusion, asked me if I had seen two little children on my way. "No, my friend, I have not," said I. He shook his head, and with a look of despondency, said—more to himself than to me, "I fear the Bohemians have them." The strangeness of this remark led me to ask its meaning.

"Why," replied the peasant, "there has been a gang of



Designed by J. A. Kneller

Engraved by H. Robinson

THE LOST CHILDREN.

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vagabond Bohemians lurking about the neighbourhood for this week past, and there is no doubt they have the poor little creatures. But by the blessed virgin if they have gone this road, I'll meet them." Without another word, he darted like a shot towards the forest, and I lost sight of him in an instant. I need not say I had heard enough to raise my curiosity to learn more.

I proceeded onwards, and entering the village, the first words that met my ears were "poor little dears, it is a sad affair, indeed." It now appeared very clearly to me, that two children were missing; but I could not comprehend what the peasant meant when he said "he feared the Bohemians had them." To satisfy my curiosity, I therefore approached the woman, whose words I had just heard, and appearing to know more than I actually did, I asked her if any trace had been discovered of the children. "No, sir, it's a sad affair, indeed," said she. "Pray, good woman, is there any suspicion of their having been decoyed away?"

"Suspicion, sir? is there any doubt but that the wretches of Bohemians have them with their fortune-telling and nonsense, deluding a pack of silly boys and girls who put faith in their impious prognostics, just as if the Almighty gave the power of divination to such wandering vagabonds as those. Francis the First expelled them the country once; I wish we had a Francis to root them out now: not to let them go about deluding the credulous, and robbing the honest."

I had now heard enough to know that by Bohemians, they meant gypsies, and I then recollected having passed a troop of them some miles off.

"And whose children have they taken?" said I.

"Why, honest Jacques Blaissot's, to be sure. If you know any thing of them you had better be looking after them, than gossiping here."

Truly, good woman, you are a philosopher, thought I, as she hobbled away on her crutch; for she was both lame and old.

It now struck me as very likely that the Bohemians had got the children, and I instantly repaired to the first inn I saw, and ordered a horse immediately. I told the landlady the purpose I wanted it for, and proposed that some others should accompany me; but I found that scarce a man was left in the village; such was the interest created by the lost children. I

therefore mounted my horse, and proceeded alone at a quick pace, in retracing the path I had come ; hoping at least to meet with the peasant I had first met.

My horse went at a good pace, and day was fast declining, when I found myself in a by-path without an outlet. I had mistook my road. I was by this time several miles from any habitation, and being surrounded by an immense forest, began to fear being benighted in it. I dismounted, and led my horse back the road he had come, as I imagined ; but judge my surprise, when I found myself again approaching the path without an outlet. I confess I began to feel some unpleasant sensations on the prospect of my night's lodging ; and holding my horse's reins, I stood some minutes considering how I should act, when my ears were arrested by the sobbing, as of some one in distress. I listened, but not a voice was to be heard ; presently the sobbing was repeated, and I approached the spot whence it came. Judge my pleasure and my surprise, when, on turning a corner, I saw before me two of the sweetest little children I ever beheld. The boy was sitting down crying most piteously ; his head was dropt on his lap between his hands, and he appeared as if his little heart was breaking. A girl, nearly his own age, coarsely but cleanly attired, was standing by his side. Her hands were joined before her, and her countenance bespoke a thoughtful resignation to her disconsolate situation, the very opposite to the immoderate grief of the boy. I did not stand contemplating the scene, though a painter or a poet might have done so with advantage, but ran up to the little pair, and with great glee clasped them both in my arms, asking them whether they did not live in Mouzon, and whether Jaques Blaisot was not little father. " Yes, yes," cried the little girl, while the boy, whose violent feelings would not allow him utterance, clung round my neck as though I had been his father, instead of a stranger ; such is the effect the mention of home has on the mind, even of infancy.

I did not think it advisable to let them know that I was myself lost in the forest ; but putting the boy on the horse, I mounted the saddle, and desired him to keep a tight hold round my waist. The girl I placed before me, and thus I sallied forth, trusting entirely to chance to lead me into the right path. The grey tints of evening were falling rapidly around

us, and I was just making up my mind to take our abode in the forest for the night, when the sound of a post boy's horn caught my attention. I followed the direction whence it came, and soon had the pleasure of coming within sight of him. He laughed heartily at the overloaded burden of my beast; but a short explanation soon created pity in the place of risibility. The post boy took charge of the little fellow from behind me, and we proceeded towards our destination at a quick pace.

The way was beguiled by the adventures of our little companions, which they told with so much artlessness and pathos, that the lubberly post-boy actually shed tears over his charge; and I must admit that I felt some little moisture in my eyelids more than once. From their joint accounts, the following appears a pretty true statement of the case.

A gang of gypsies had been for some days prowling about the village, living by petty depredations, and by levying contributions on the weak and credulous, whose fortunes they told. The day they left the village, an old hag of the gang saw little Blaisot and his sister playing in a field adjoining their father's cottage, and first conceived the idea of decoying them away. To effect her object she gave them some fruit, and promised them more if they would go to a certain field at the turning of the road. Allured by the temptation, and too young and unsuspecting to judge of the hag's evil intention, they set out to meet her. When arrived at the spot, they got into play with two gypsy children, who enticed them to take a ride in a pair of paniers across a donkey's back. The artful little imps evidently acted as they were taught. Blaisot and his sister consented, and the ass trotted off with them at a quick pace, until they met the rest of the party. The children now began to be frightened, and cried. They implored to be taken back; but their supplications were of no avail, and they were compelled to go. By the children's account it appeared the gypsies had sagacity enough to quit the high road for a bye path, leading into the forest, by which they escaped all observation. After travelling some hours, using both coaxing and menacing to appease the anguish of poor little Blaisot and his sister, one of the gang came up to say that a number of the villagers were close upon them, in search of the children. What was to be done? There was no time to delibe-

rate ; and it was quickly resolved that they should both be taken to a remote part of the forest, from whence they could not escape, and where at nightfall they could again take possession of them. This was accordingly done ; and the children were taken to the spot where I found them. Not knowing whither to turn, and awed by the approach of evening, as well as by the threats of the gypsies, if they quitted the spot, the boy sat down absorbed in grief, whilst the girl stood " like patience on a monument," as though her heart would break, without a tear.

We were now approaching the village, and the sound of the post-boy's horn brought out some stragglers, who soon vociferated, " Blaissot's children ! Blaissot's children !" Its echoes were soon carried into the village, and we entered it amidst the huzzas of nearly the whole of its little population. I need not say Jaques Blaissot was soon out to meet his lovely youngsters, who, with myself and the post-boy, were borne to Blaissot's cottage amidst the prayers and benedictions of all around.

" Heaven be praised !" said Jaques as he entered his cottage, clasping his two children in his arms. " Here, Marie," said he, addressing a young woman of pleasing appearance, but whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping. " Here, Marie, thanks to this stranger, our young ones have been rescued from the Bohemians. Thank him, Marie, thank him, for I cannot."

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed—the prattling of the little pair—the questions of the parents—and the gratitude of all towards me. I thought they had enough to do in caressing their children, and refused waiting any longer that night, but promised to call the next day. They pressed me to take up my abode with them, but I declined ; and leaving them, amid prayers and benedictions, retired to my inn for the night.

The next morning I visited the cottage again. The scene was changed indeed from the day before :—cheerfulness was upon every countenance. Little Blaissot and his sister ran to me when I entered, and clinging round my knees, cried,— " Heaven bless our deliverer !" I kissed them, and as I looked upon their smiling and beautiful countenances, and also upon the *now* happy parents, I could not repress a sigh, when

the thought came over me that though their elder in years, I was their younger in real happiness ; for what happiness can a wandering batchelor enjoy, equal to the comforts of a home blessed with a frugal and loving wife, and an obedient and affectionate offspring ? The thought damped my spirits, and after receiving the grateful tears of both parents and children, I quitted the cottage, happy at least in having restored tranquillity and peace in the bosoms of one family.

THE MOUNTAIN TOMBS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT, ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF " THE FOREST MINSTREL," " THE DESOLATION OF EYAM," &c.

[In the mountains, in a situation rendered memorable by the contests of the Covenanters, we found a deserted burial ground. On some of the head stones appeared dates of the early part of the fifteenth century.—*MS. Journal.*]

How strange, that thronged tombs should lie
 Amidst these lonely hills !
 Beneath this solitary sky,
 And where the river fills
 The air with its perpetual coil,
 And ever through the thirsty soil
 Its desert tide distills.
 The river here alone is heard,
 The river, and its haunting bird.*

The shepherd as he goes his round
 May halt, at times, to trace
 How years depress the circling mound,
 And from each stone efface
 The names of those who sleep below,
 Memorials graven long ago,
 When in this silent place,
 Perhaps far other sounds were heard,
 Than the swift river's haunting bird.

* A kind of small sand-piper, whose note is particularly shrill, and strikes the attention in the silence of alpine valleys.

Sounds of man's pleasures and distress,
The living frequent tread ;
But where are they ? This wilderness
Shows not a single shed.
And save the shepherd to the fold
Or mountain passing, few behold
This city of the dead.
Peace to their sleep ! From year to year,
How quietly they slumber here !

And yet above these desert graves,
A hurricane hath swept ;
More than the summer storm which raves,
When tempests long have slept.
Wrath, horror, storms of fire and steel,
Storms such as warring spirits feel,
Long after to be wept.
Storms, which tradition kindling tells,
Aroused these slumberers from their cells.

They come in dreams, they meet by night
The shepherd on his roam ;
They breathed abroad the soul of fight,
For altar and for home.
Power sought their children to enthrall,
To cast o'er kirk, and cot, and hall,
From its minacious dome,
Its subtle chains, contriv'd to awe
Proud nations in the form of law.

Power on their chainless mountains trod,
And sought to interpose
Betwixt their spirits and their God,
And then the tempest rose !
Then lovers in the gloaming here
Loitering, beheld a sight of fear ;
They saw the tombs disclose
Their awful guests, stern forms that owed
Death to the tyrant and the proud.

Then from the hills and wild moors came,
The flashing of fierce blades.

Then cries which set the soul on flame
 Were heard, and flitting shades
 In marshal troops, and forms more bold
 Than shades themselves are wont to mould,
 March'd out from dens and glades ;
 And every hut and sheiling high,
 Thrill'd to the spirit of that cry.

The war-shock came, the fury burst,
 And far and wide the fire ;
 In secret-too, combustion nurst,
 Smote thousands in its ire.
 It raged, it spread, the assailant now
 Lowered to the insulted earth his brow ;
 And now the oppressed retire,
 In wilds their baffled heads to hide,
 From maddening power's resurgent tide.

It came in vain. 'Tis thus the dead
 Still for their children strive ;
 Thus from the darkness of their bed,
 Keep liberty alive.
 'Tis thus, as in the present hour,
 They live, in victory and in power ;
 And from past years arrive,
 With mighty memories, like a flock
 Peopling the desert and the rock.

THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LA MARTINE.

Born with the spring, and with the roses dying,
 Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinion sailing,
 On the young flowret's opening bosom lying,
 Perfume and light, and the blue air inhaling,
 Shaking the thin dust from its wings and fleeing,
 And fading like a breath in boundless heaven,—
 Such is the butterfly's enchanted being ;
 How like desire to which no rest is given,
 Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,
 Returns at last above to seek for purer pleasure.

OSAKOI AND PETER THE GREAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

During the troubles, occasioned by the unbounded ambition of the Princess Sophia,* it is well known that the revolt of the Strelitz brought the empire of Russia to the brink of ruin.

A brother of the famous Tottelawitau, named Osakoi, a colonel of the Strelitz,† was beheaded. This execution was followed by the forfeiture of all his property. The colonel left a son behind him, in the most deplorable state. The young man miraculously escaped the officers of justice, whom Peter the Great had sent in pursuit of him in every direction, and was so lucky as to reach the cottage of a slave who had lived many years with his father, where he remained concealed for some months. This domestic, who had shared the confidence of the father, was very much affected with the situation of the young son, as heir to one of the most illustrious houses in Russia; and as he had committed no offence, he thought the Emperor ought to have been satisfied with the blood of his family, that flowed on the scaffold. These considerations dwelt so powerfully on the mind of the old man, that he formed a plan, which he communicated to Osakoi, and which was neither more nor less than the assassination of the Czar. Notwithstanding he had worked up the feelings of the youth to a great height, yet he trembled at the proposition: his personal safety, however, taught him to dissemble the impression that it made, so far as to listen to the means by which it was to be carried into execution. The slave, having supposed that he had succeeded in silencing the voice of religion and conscience, proposed that he should set out for Moscow, where he assured him he would meet a trusty band of conspirators, ready to place him at their head. Actuated at last, perhaps, by the infernal spirit of revenge, or the victim of weakness, Osakoi followed his conductor. They arrived at night, and took up their lodgings at an inn, near the Kremlin, the residence of the Emperor.

* Eldest sister of the Czar Peter, who, on seeing him placed on the throne, made several attempts on his life.

† A militia, similar, in many respects, to that of the Pretorian amongst the Romans, or rather the Turkish Janissaries.

The slave having found his friends, it was agreed, that, as no time was to be lost, they should hold a council that very night in the ruins of a house within a short distance of the palace.

During all this time, Osakoi had not been able to draw from his guide any knowledge of the number or quality of the conspirators: he pressed him earnestly on these important points, but in vain.

"The hour of meeting approaches," said the slave; "you are now going to join a number of persons, animated with a spirit of revenge. Notwithstanding your youth and inexperience, they have chosen you as their head. The humiliating state to which you are reduced, and the blood of your father, which cries aloud for vengeance, ought to nerve your arm and inflame your courage: resolution is all that is wanted to crown the attempt with success!"

These words made Osakoi tremble, especially as the inn was full of a great number of Russians, who, according to the custom of the country, drank for the sake of drinking.

It is true the slave spoke in a low voice, and in a dialect little known to the Russians at Moscow; but that was no reason that some one might not have understood the discourse.

The slave and Osakoi repaired to the place of meeting, where they found all the conspirators already assembled.

"You see," said one of them, who appeared to be the principal, addressing himself to Osakoi, "a circle of unhappy men, who have escaped the tyranny of the Czar. The greater part of our brethren, the Strelitz, have perished by the hands of the common executioner, and some of them even by the hands of the barbarian himself; he has not, however, been able to extend his fury to us. Heaven has reserved us for the instruments of its justice. The moment is now arrived: young Osakoi, I followed your father to the scaffold; I saw his blood stream down the block, but I could not save him. From that time to this, a period of ten years, we have wandered through pathless deserts; pressed with hunger, we have often done those things which did not become soldiers! But in a day or two this unfeeling tyrant, and his haughty courtiers, shall fall beneath the edge of our swords. Young man, we loved your father; he was was our leader; we now

call on you, with one voice, to fill his place; it is in your power to render yourself worthy of our choice."

Osakoi felt, under these circumstances, that the only alternative was to accept of the choice; and that the least appearance of dismay would be the signal of instant death: he therefore put on every appearance of courage and unshaken resolution.

It was agreed by the conspirators on parting, that they should assemble the night following, in the same place, and at the same hour. Osakoi and the slave set out to return to the inn by different roads.

Osakoi had scarce walked thirty paces, when he found himself by the side of a Russian, who begged of him to follow him. As he took him to be one of the conspirators, he assented. Having arrived at the foot of a narrow staircase, they ascended, and entered a little room: the Russian shut the door.

"Don't be surprised," said the stranger, "at what I am going to say, it requires the greatest secrecy. "I have just come from the meeting, as well as you, where the death of the Czar was resolved on. It was the first time that I was admitted into that assembly as well as yourself, and, like you, the spirit of revenge has rendered me the irreconcilable enemy of my sovereign. But, if his blood is due to the cruelties with which he is charged, our companions will do us little honour. For, in short, who are these conspirators? Guilty subjects, covered with crimes, who have fled from justice! a vile crew, that breathe nothing but murder, pillage, and theft. And who are their accomplices? The first persons in the state; but they did not venture to name any one of them. They could not; for what man of worth or honour would contaminate himself with such a gang? And what plot have they developed to ensure success? For whom are we to risk our lives? Of the projects, means of execution, resources, &c. nothing is known. Do they wish that we should be the blind instruments of such an enterprise? I have now, young Osakoi, stated my doubts and my fears respecting their meeting. The conspirators have named you their chief; I subscribe to the choice; but I wish to be informed on these points, and then you may repose on my arm."

A heart solely formed by nature, which chance had thrown

at a distance from the intrigues of the city, and the poison of a court, is little susceptible of treason : such a heart can little suppose that any one would endeavour to deceive it. Osakoi was struck by the openness of the Russian, and that openness induced him to unbosom himself with the same frankness. " You may have noticed my surprise," said he, " on seeing myself in the midst of such an assembly. Satisfied with my lot, I was contented with my humble cottage; a stranger to ambition, I neither looked for, nor desired any thing beyond it. A person endeavoured to call forth the tears of filial affection in my eyes; he told me, that I ought to revenge the blood of my father; and, in order to revenge it, I ought to murder my sovereign. But have I known that father? am I certain that he was innocent? and in this doubt, am I to spill the blood of my master? I freely confess that this proposition is repugnant to my nature. For whom am I to judge my emperor? What right or what authority has Heaven given me to punish him? The proposition froze the blood in my veins, but the fear of death sealed my lips, as the words expired on them. Since you have opened your heart, read what passes in mine. I detest the crime, and particularly a crime of so black a dye. A secret voice cries within me, ' Love and respect your sovereign!' Pity my youth. I commit myself to your counsel; snatch me from those barbarians, who singled me out as the executioner of their master and of mine! for if it is decreed, that I should either perish, or that I should attempt the life of the Czar, I prefer to die innocent."

" You shall not perish, my son," cried the Russian; " it is the Czar himself that speaks to you, and who will not fail to reward the noble frankness of your sentiments."

It was undoubtedly the monarch himself, who, under the disguise of a slave, had heard part of the plot in the inn, which led him to mix in the assembly in which his fate was to be determined. He had marked the timidity and confusion of Osakoi in the answers which he gave in that meeting, and promised in his mind to save him, if he did not find him absolutely culpable.

Those who may be led at first view to look on this as a romance, should recollect, that the life of Peter the Great was filled with events of this kind.

The Czar, born to be the creator of his country, and wishing

to see every thing with his own eyes, used often to disguise, and introduce himself into those public assemblies, in which drunkenness and debauch rendered the tongue incapable of concealing a secret; and it was by this conduct, dangerous as it was, that he discovered upwards of twenty plots which had been formed against his life; so that the people, who at once feared and respected him, used to say in their merry meetings, "Come, let us be honest; the Emperor hears us."

Having loaded Osakoi with thanks and caresses, he desired him to join his companion in the inn, and that he might say in excuse for his delay, that he was unacquainted with the streets of Moscow.

The slave was dissatisfied with the excuse; and, at the appointed time the next night, Osakoi went to the meeting. It was there agreed on, that the palace should be set on fire, and and that in the confusion, whilst part of them should be engaged in pillage, the rest, led on by Osakoi, should join the conspirators in the castle, who would advance towards the apartments of the Emperor, who, in the moment of his appearance, was to be assassinated. They then began to administer the oath, by which they were to bind themselves to each other, when the imperial guards rushed in like a thunderbolt. They were arrested, conveyed to prison, and executed the next day.

Osakoi was amply rewarded by the Emperor, and lived many years afterwards in the sunshine of his favour.

THE AFRICAN DUELLIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the reign of Louis XIV. two African youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France, the king was so struck with the native dignity of their manners, that he appointed a jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the principles of Christianity. When properly qualified, his majesty gave to each a commission in the guards." The eldest, who was remarkable for his docility and candour, made a considerable progress in learning, as well as in the doctrines of the Christian religion, which he admitted for the purity of its mo-

ral precepts, and the good will that it recommended to all mankind. A brutal officer, upon some trifling dispute, struck him. The youth saw that it was the result of passion, and did not resent it. Another officer, who witnessed the insult, took an opportunity of talking to him on his behaviour, which he did not hesitate to tell him as a friend, was too tame, especially for a soldier. "Is there," said the young negro, "one revolution for soldiers, and another for gownsmen and merchants. The good father, to whom I am indebted for my instructions, has, above all things, earnestly recommended the forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, assuring me that it was the very characteristic of a Christian to love even his enemy, and by no means to retaliate an offence of any kind."

"The lessons which the good father gave you," said the other "may fit you for a monastery, but they will not qualify you either for the court or the army: in a word," continued he, "if you do not call the colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamous name of a coward, and avoided by every man of honour; and what is more, your commission will be forfeited."

"I would fain," answered the young African, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me, with that regard to my honour which you have always shown, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I must confess I gloried in it before."

The negro therefore immediately dispatched his friend to the aggressor with a challenge, to meet him early the next morning. They met and fought; the brave African disarmed his antagonist; and thus preserved his honor. The next day he resigned his commission, and requested permission to return to his father; which of course was acceded to.

At parting the noble youth embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in his eyes, saying, he did not imagine the Christians were such unaccountable persons; and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN.

Germany stands pre-eminent for the number of its superstitions, but in no part does it abound so much as among the Harz mountains, from whence most of the legends of the wild and wonderful are derived. Some of these terrific stories, however, may be traced to very pleasing and curious sources; but none more so than to that part of the Harz mountains, called the Broken, in the neighbourhood of Hanover; so long celebrated for reflecting to the eye of a spectator a colossal figure, called *The Spectre of the Broken*. As most of our readers are familiar with tales founded on this phenomenon, the following explanation of it may be amusing. The particulars were published at Gottingen, in 1798, and appeared in Gmelin's Journal of Nature.

The first time I was deceived by this atmospheric phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Broken, very early in the morning, in order to wait for the beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already streaked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed, when the other Harz mountains in the south-west, towards the Wern mountains, lying under the Broken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks, called Tuelfelskanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal. But scarcely had I discovered it, when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more. The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, and near the Heinrichshöhe, as I was looking at the sun rising about four o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Harz mountains had attracted several thick clouds, which had been hovering around them, and which beginning to settle on the Broken, confined the prospect. In these clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself for a couple of seconds exactly as I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared.

It is impossible to see this phenomenon, except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in a horizontal direction ; for, if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it. In the month of September, 1798, as I was making a tour through the Harz, I found an excellent explanation of this phenomenon, as seen by M. Haue, on the 23d of May, 1797, in his diary of an excursion to the Broken mountain, I shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing it.

“ After having been here for the thirtieth time,” says M. Haue, “ and, besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above-mentioned atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west ; when I observed, at a very great distance towards the Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm toward my head, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described ; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more ; but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it made its appearance on the Achtermannshöhe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken ; and, having both of us taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two colossal figures were formed over the eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did ; after which they vanished. We retained our position ; kept our eyes fixed on the same spot ; and in a little time the two

figures again stood before us. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies these figures imitated ; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had a sufficient opportunity of examining the *Spectre of the Broken*, I am enabled to give the following explanation of the curious phenomenon, which has so long been the wonder of travellers : When the rising sun, and according to analogy the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around or hovering past him, he need only fix his eyes stedfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany."

SANTA-CROCE. A SONNET.

The grave of ALFIERI !—Lo ! the dome !
 'Neath which his young heart with prophetic heat
 Of genius, nascent inspiration, beat
 Before the mighty ;—arming at the tomb
 Of kings, whose sway he battled to assume,—
 Nor vainly :—for his sceptre was abroad
 Upon all nations :—from an empire's wane
 Re-surgent ; till his far and fiery strain
 Swept with the elements—ocean, storm, and day—
 As a free thing that might not be o'erawed,
 Or hush'd. But, for himself, alas ! was lost
 The shout of gratulating fame ; from pole
 To pole careering, on all billows tost ;
 It filled earth, but not ALFIERI'S soul !

B. Y.

" Alfieri dit que ce fut en se promenant dans l'église Santa Croce, qu'il sentit, pour la première fois, l'amour de la gloire, et c'est là qu'il est enseveli."

MAD. DE STAEL.

Mr. Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold* contain a touching recital of the last days of Alfieri ;—of his utter indifference to, or rather ignorance of—(for he is said in his latter years never to have looked at a paper, or opened a letter)—the extended from which his writings had obtained.



SHAW HOUSE.

This mansion, which is situated near Newbury, in Berkshire, owes its celebrity to having been the head-quarters of the unfortunrate Charles I., after the memorable battle of Newbury, which was fought in the year 1644. The king having detached three regiments of horse to the relief of Banbury castle, which was then besieged, was on his way to Oxford, when he was met near Newbury by the forces of the parliament, and compelled to fight with his army weakened as before mentioned. The king fortified himself as well as he could at Newbury, and placed his foot in the entrenchments, whilst the horse were posted in two adjoining fields, and for some days there were frequent skirmishes between the two armies. At length, on Sunday, the 27th of October, the parliament generals having divided their forces into two bodies, attacked the king's entrenchments at two several places. The fight, which began at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, held till night, and was extremely sharp, each party repulsing the other by turns. On the approach of night the assailants forced part of the entrenchments, and took several pieces of ordnance.

A variety of evidences yet remain at Shaw House of the
G. 28.

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execution done by the conflicting parties. In an old oak wainscot of a bow window in the library, is a hole about the height of a man's head. This aperture, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the king as he was dressing at the window, by a musketeer of the parliament army. The shot narrowly missed him, and the wainscot is carefully preserved in memory of the transaction; a basket of ball is likewise shown which was gathered about the premises.

Shaw House was built by an eminent clothier, named Dolman, about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; it is a large edifice, built principally of brick. Mr. Dolman being sufficiently enriched by his business, erected this mansion, intending to pass his remaining days here in ease and retirement; having withdrawn his capital from mercantile pursuits, those who had been benefitted by his former speculations, followed him into his retirement, with many sarcasms; and it has been observed that the many Latin and Greek sentences inscribed upon different parts of the house show that he was well acquainted with the opinions of his neighbours, the remembrance of whose illiberality has been preserved to this day by the following grotesque distich:—

Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

Thomas Dolman has built a new house, and turn'd away
his spinners.

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

A TALE OF DANISH HISTORY.

It is astonishing that, amid the almost daily instances of folly and ruin attendant on the pernicious evils of gaming, so many infatuated followers of that detestable pursuit should still be found in those cities claiming a pre-eminence of civilization. It is an evil that the laws ought to root out; in the want, however, of legislative authority, perhaps a few atrocious instances of the depravity incident upon such a course might awaken the mind of some from following in the same delusive path. The following is a lamentable instance, and though but little known, is borne out by historical veracity.

The celebrated Danish vice-admiral Tordenskiold, who was

born in 1691, and died in 1720, had so distinguished himself in his earliest youth, by his immovable courage and presence of mind in the naval service, that he rapidly rose in the profession. He was not only the favourite of his sovereign, Frederic IV. of Denmark, who made him vice-admiral ; but his glorious victories over the Swedish navy spread his renown through Europe.

Lord Carteret, who had become acquainted with Tordenskiold at the blockade of Gottenburg, and highly esteemed him, came to Copenhagen, in 1720, as British ambassador. Here he renewed his friendship with Tordenskiold, and having to go to Hanover to attend his sovereign, George I., he prevailed on Tordenskiold to accompany him, that he might present him to the king. The friends of a young man of the name of Lehn, the son of a rich and considerable family, desiring that he should travel, thought this was a favourable opportunity, and requested Tordenskiold to take him under his protection ; with which, his friendship for Lehn's family easily induced him to comply. Lord Carteret and Tordenskiold stopped some weeks at Hamburg, and Lehn took this opportunity to make himself acquainted with all that is curious in that great commercial city and its environs. Among other things, somebody told him of a Swedish colonel, named Stahl, who had in his possession a very singular natural phenomenon, viz. a serpent with seven crowned heads. Having enquired the colonel's residence, he did not hesitate to call on him. He was admitted ; and the colonel having learned his wish, and artfully inquired his name, country, and family connexions, politely asked him to join a party which the possessor of the seven headed serpent had just invited. Young Lehn the more readily accepted this invitation, as it gave him the best opportunity to gratify his curiosity. The colonel introduced him to his company, which was numerous, and who for the most part amused themselves with play. The colonel asked his new acquaintance to join them ; saying, he feared he would be dull if he merely looked on. Similar invitations were made him by persons who, from external appearance, wearing orders of knighthood, &c. seemed to be of rank. The young man did not hesitate to accept the proposal, and sat down at a table where a very high game of hazard was played. Lehn not only lost all the money he had about him, but, impelled by youthful ardor,

and in the hope of regaining what he had lost, remained in debt for a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, for which he was obliged to give his written bond. The young man who had been so shamefully imposed on, was almost desperate; he knew not how he could pay his debt, without informing his protector, which he dreaded to do, knowing his violent temper.

Colonel Stahl had seemingly given security for the young Dane, to those who had won his money; and as the time for Tordenskiold's departure was at hand, he urged Lehn to release him from his obligation by paying the debt. This was accompanied with such threats that Lehn, who had till then carefully concealed the matter from Tordenskiold, saw no possibility, the day before that fixed for their departure, of any longer being silent. With a beating heart, he frankly confessed to the admiral the embarrassment in which he had involved himself. Tordenskiold was extremely angry; but as he was pressed for time, and could not delay, if he meant to see the King of England at Hanover, he enabled his young friend to redeem his bond, and continued his journey with him and Lord Carteret to Hanover. The king received the Danish admiral in the most flattering manner, and the people of Hanover were eager to show their esteem to so celebrated a naval hero. When the king left Hanover, he very graciously invited Tordenskiold to visit England.

On the day that the king departed, Tordenskiold dined at the house of the General Von Belau. The Swedish Colonel Stahl was one of the company. After dinner cards were introduced; but Tordenskiold declined playing, and joined that part of the company who preferred an agreeable or instructive conversation to cards and dice. The conversation happened to turn on a company of false players, who for a time had carried on their infamous profession in Hanover, but were at length discovered, and their proceedings put a stop to. This put Torkenskiold in mind of what had happened to his young friend in Hamburg, and he said,—“Would to God the police were every where as vigilant as here!” such worthless scoundrels, who are more dangerous than pickpockets and highwaymen, would not then plunder inexperienced youth, ruin the happiness of many families, and make those whom they have robbed become, in their despair, criminals or suicides. Such swindlers would not then impudently intrude in

the company of honest men :” and then turning to Colonel Stahl, he asked him in a sarcastic tone, “ pray, did you ever hear of a serpent with seven crowned heads, which a rogue in Hamburg exhibited, in order to cheat the curious of their money ? A young man,” he continued, with increased bitterness, “ whom I regard, both on his own account and that of his respectable family, was scandalously plundered by this rascal ; and I am surprised the magistrates at Hamburg suffer such villains to remain in their territory. They ought to be well bastinadoed, and sent over the frontiers.”

During the whole of this philippic Tordenskiold looked at the colonel with such a fixed and significant manner, that those present could not but perceive that he alluded to him. The latter was perfectly sensible of the admiral’s intention, but, like most people of his stamp, lost none of that composure which long-practised impudence produces. With forced calmness he interrupted the admiral, — “ The serpent you mention certainly belongs to me ; but what you say of cheating and knavery is to me a riddle. I therefore beg you, admiral, to explain whether you mean to allude to me.” “ It is the same to me,” replied Tordenskiold, haughtily, “ how you interpret my expressions. You are certainly the best able to judge.” “ That was spoken by a scoundrel !” exclaimed Stahl. He had not expected such a public affront, but rather calculated that his impudence would intimidate his opponents ; a mode which he had frequently tried with success, but which could not avail with a man like Tordenskiold. He lost his counterfeit composure, and involuntarily uttered this coarse expression.

Tordenskiold did not answer a syllable ; but scarcely had the word escaped the colonel’s lips, when he raised his cane to bestow on him the chastisement which, in his opinion, Stahl deserved. The colonel hastily retreated to the door of the room, and escaped ; Tordenskiold pursued him. Two of the company followed the admiral to prevent him from chastising the colonel, but they came too late. Stahl, when he saw that he could not escape by flight, had drawn out, in his confusion, his sword with the scabbard. Tordenskiold struck it out of his hand, collared him, threw him on the ground, and caned him severely. The colonel cried aloud, “ Help—help ! will nobody take my part ?” “ Yes,” returned Tordenskiold,

"you shall have your due." He then took up Stahl's sword from the pavement, gave him some blows on the head with it, broke it, and threw the pieces over a wall. Having thus cooled his anger, he left the humbled colonel, and returned to his hotel.

Stahl, as soon as he saw the admiral at a distance, slowly rose, and being severely mauled, with some difficulty crawled to his lodgings. When he reflected on what had passed, it appeared evident that, after such treatment, he could never show his face in the world again : which would, of course, absolutely prevent the farther exercise of his ingenuity. It, however, occurred to him, that, according to certain notions of honour, there was one means to wiping off the disgrace, and that was, a duel.

Colonel Stahl accordingly consulted a couple of his gambling associates ; and, the following morning, Tordenskiold received a visit from them. They hypocritically apologised for troubling him so early, but their attachment to an ill-treated friend placed them under the disagreeable necessity of demanding of him, in Stahl's name, that satisfaction which persons of his birth and profession were entitled to claim for every affront put on them. They requested him, therefore, to name his time, place, and weapons.

"Gentlemen," replied Tordenskiold, coldly, "I feel neither inclination, nor call, to draw my sword against a man whose sword I have broken because he is unworthy to wear one, and whom I have chastised as he merits. It is not from fear that I decline this challenge, which I consider as an affront. I have proved to the world, in my naval battles, how little I regard wounds and death, on a proper occasion. Consider yourselves ; if a scoundrel fights with all the brave and honorable men in the whole world, does he therefore cease to be a scoundrel ?"

Stahl's friends exerted all their sophistical eloquence to shake the admiral's resolution : he firmly persisted in it, and at last requested them to free him from their importunity, and to withdraw. "*Your friend*," said he, ironically, "will doubtless be in the most painful suspense respecting the success of your visit to me ; it is not kind, unnecessarily to leave him in doubt. Your servant, gentlemen !"

Stahl was at first confounded at the ill success of his emis-

saries; but as his very existence was at stake, he resolved to leave nothing untried to accomplish his plan.

Tordenskiold was about to leave Hanover the same day, and was preparing for his departure, when he received from Baron Von Goertz such a pressing invitation to dinner, that he could not with any propriety decline it, especially as he had been treated in Hanover with every mark of the highest respect; he therefore accepted the invitation. At table, where many of the nobility were present, the president turned the conversation on the quarrel the preceeding day between Tordenskiold and Stahl. "He has challenged you," said Baron Goertz, addressing the admiral. "To my no small surprise," replied Tordenskiold. "I should have been surprised if he had not," said one of the company. "Of course you have accepted the challenge," said several. "No," said the admiral.

The faces of almost all present expressed astonishment, and some of them even contempt. "And why? if I may ask," said a shrill pert voice, from an emaciated figure at the end of the table. "Why?" the answer is easy; because an honest man must esteem himself too good to fight with a knave." "Knave or not," said several, "that is not the question. The laws of honor command not to refuse a challenge, if the challenger does but belong to the privileged caste of those who will not renounce the right of settling their differences by the sword or pistol, in defiance of the laws. He who declines such a challenge always appears in an equivocal light; and it is impossible not to think him a coward. "This suspicion, said Tordenskiold, "will hardly fall on me:" and with self-noble consciousness he added, "but if any one should still doubt, he may come on board my ship, and stand at my side in a battle, when the balls are flying about me."

All the persons present, with many solemn appeals to their honor, protested that what they had said had not the slightest reference to our hero, but was only spoken generally; and some, who affected to think more philosophically, added, with a shrug, "It is, indeed, a prejudice; no reasonable man will deny this. But who can disregard all prejudices, while we live in a world constituted as ours is? He, who does not go with the stream, passes for singular; and, what is worse, exposes himself to many unpleasant things which he might have avoided."

All the company assented to these thread-bare commonplace arguments, and did not leave Tordenskiold quite at liberty to reply to them, as he would otherwise have done. He was clamored down, and Baron Von Goertz took advantage of this favorable moment to appeal to the admiral's magnanimity.

"You certainly did not intend" said the baron, "for ever to ruin Colonel Stahl? your generosity is my guarantee for this. But, as an officer and a nobleman, he is for ever disgraced by you, and excluded from all intercourse with his equals, if you have not the magnanimity to give him the satisfaction usual among gentlemen. I most earnestly beg you to do so. On your determination depends the welfare of a man whose bad character is by no means proved, and whom you perhaps see in too unfavourable a light." The rest of the company joined in the request, and Torkenskiold declared himself ready to yield to the wishes of so many men of rank and consequence. "Be it so. I will exchange shots with him." "Exchange shots!" exclaimed somebody, "that is too dangerous. Why, admiral, will you expose yourself to an unlucky chance? your adversary does not deserve this. The affair may as well be settled with the sword, and with less danger. Stahl will thank his stars if you only repair his honor by accepting his challenge. It is a mere matter of form; a few thrusts, and the affair is settled." Tordenskiold agreed to this also.

Stahl repeated his challenge the following morning; and Tordenskiold, faithful to his word, accepted it. The frontiers of Hildesheim were chosen for the meeting. Tordenskiold was armed with a slight rapier—Stahl with a heavy Swedish sword. The former was not skilled in fencing, but the latter was well practised in it; his profession having often placed him in situations where he was obliged to use it to defend himself from the fury of the victims whom he had plundered. Tordenskiold did not regard either of those disadvantages, since, according to all the assurances that had been given him, he considered the duel to be a mere pretence and show in favor of Stahl.

But Stahl, faithful to his character, thirsted for revenge for his well-merited chastisement; and at the first onset gave his adversary such a dangerous wound, that he expired in a few

Thus fell in the very flower of his age, in his twenty-ninth year, a noble and brave man, who had rendered his country valuable services, and whose name will always be recorded with honor in history—a bloody victim to a barbarous prejudice, and by the hand of a professed gambler.

By order of the King of Denmark, the admiral's body was conveyed to Copenhagen, and interred with great solemnity.

ELEGY,

BY J. A. SHEA, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "RUDEKKI."

"The Blest are the dead."—*Manfred*.

Oh! where are the beauties that floated
 Around me, like beings of light?
 Oh! where is the heart that devoted
 Its worship to beauty, though bright!
 The white sails we've oft been admiring,
 When day on their lustre was warm,
 And which, when that day was retiring,
 Sunk downward in darkness and storm,
 Are like to the visions that won me—
 For such is the fate they have met—
 A deep desolation is on me,
 And the day of endearment is set.
 How we dream e'en by day's sunny light,
 And wake mid the blackness of night!

As in eastern story 'tis written
 Of lovers who dreamed by the side
 Of beauties, whose magic had smitten
 The heart in the spring of its pride;
 But who, e'er their dreams could awaken
 From the error their frailty had fed,
 Were by some dark genii taken,
 To linger and die 'mid the dead.
 Oh! thus has the spell-tie been broken,
 And thus has bright hope been destroy'd,
 And I, without relic or token,
 Of the heaven I scarce had enjoy'd,
 Am a bark 'mid the shrieking commotion
 Of the storm-beaten hills of life's ocean.

THE INNOCENT VICTIM.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

In the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, about a mile from the road, in a hollow, surrounded by cork trees, stands a gloomy and desolated castle, whose frowning walls seem to fit it for the abode of melancholy and guilt.

The history of the owner is so extraordinary, that if I had not heard it from the best authority, in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall name Don Juan, had some years before been brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after having seduced her. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was so generally known, that although he spent half his income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos to make inquiry into the case. The supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. On the trial it appeared, from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils. Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son; and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant; that a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she expired a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her death but a few days, and the father threw himself into a convent of mendicants, making

over, by deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts ; for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity ; therefore, to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm, told his judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession on certain points to which he would truly speak, but beyond which all the torture in the world should not force one syllable. He said he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha, otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection. That he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question, who, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name ; he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, a distant relation of the person who adopted him ; he begged his judges, therefore to observe that he never understood Josepha to be his sister. That with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it her, for that she was sick in consequence of her pregnancy, and, being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did ; and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed.

The judges then asked him if he would swear that the lady did not die by poison ? Don Juan, bursting into tears for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison. Was that poison contained in the medicine she took ?—It was. Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in it to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself ? Neither the apothecary nor himself were guilty. Did the lady from a principle of shame, he was then asked, commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge ? He started in horror at the question, and took God to witness that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstain

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"That guiltless sufferer," proceeded the monk, "who now is insensible before my eyes, is the son of an excellent man, who was once my dearest friend. He was confided to my care when an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to his settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years without revisiting Portugal, remitting to me many sums of money on his son's account. At this time the treacherous idea of converting the property of my ward to my own use rose in my mind. I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who withstood them firmly for a time. At last, persuasion and menaces conquered her virtue, and we agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. At length the father of Don Juan died, and my will bequeathed his fortunes to me, in failure of his son and heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that this temptation met with no resistance in my mind; and determined on removing this bar to my ambition, I proposed to my wife to secure the prize which fortune had placed within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror; but at this time the agent of the decease arrived in Lisbon, and, as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice and pride on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which, in fact, was destined for our only child."

"She took it, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures, even in the reach of your invention, to compare with those we felt when our expiring child, with her last breath, blessed and forgave us, exacting from Don Juan a solemn promise not to expose her parents to a public execution, by disclosing what had passed? Alas—alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word! Behold he dies a martyr to honor!"

As the monk pronounced these words, the wretched Don Juan drew a deep sigh; but outraged nature could endure no more, and with a deeper sigh, his spirit fled for ever.

ed from any further interrogatories, debating the matter among themselves by whispers ; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that there was but one more question to ask :—could he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to her parents ? “ No,” replied the prisoner, firmly ; “ I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners if I imputed it to them.” His judges, on this, declared that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack : they would however ask him, for the last time, if he knew who did poison Josepha ? He answered, without hesitation, that he did know, but that no torture should force him to declare it, as he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack ; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on the pulse of the sufferer, and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures. They had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fastened to his extremities, and passed over an axle which was turned by a windlass ; the strain on his muscles and joints by the action of this machine was dreadful, and produced a horrid crash in every limb ; the moisture started in large drops on his face, yet not a groan escaped him ; and the superintending fiend declared they might increase his tortures, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now began a second operation, with more violence than the former, when suddenly a monk rushed into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing the innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips.

On a signal from the judges, the executioner let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revolution, and Juan fainted on the rack. “ Inhuman monsters !” exclaimed the monk, with a loud voice, “ behold !—and he threw back his cowl—behold the father and the murderer of Josepha !”

The whole assembly started with astonishment ; the judges stood aghast ; and even the demons of torture gazed on the monk with horror and dismay.

"That guiltless sufferer," proceeded the monk, "who now lies insensible before my eyes, is the son of an excellent man, who was once my dearest friend. He was confided to my care when an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years without revisiting Portugal, remitting to me many sums of money on his son's account. At this time the treacherous idea of converting the property of my ward to my own use arose in my mind. I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who withstood them firmly for a time. At last, persuasion and menaces conquered her virtue, and we agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. At length the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortunes to me, in failure of his son and heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that this temptation met with no resistance in my mind; and determined on removing this bar to my ambition, I proposed to my wife to secure the prize which fortune had placed within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror; but at this time the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon, and, as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice and pride on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which, in fact, was destined for our only child.

"She took it, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures, even in the reach of your invention, to compare with those we felt when our expiring child, with her last breath, blessed and forgave us, exacting from Don Juan a solemn promise not to expose her parents to a public execution, by disclosing what had passed? Alas—alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word! Behold he dies a martyr to honor!"

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REBECCA IN PRISON.

The accompanying engraving represents one of the finest incidents in modern romance ;—that in which the Scottish novelist has placed before us the exquisite character of Rebecca, with a softened, yet deeper interest, than in any other of the pages of *Ivanhoe*. When she appears before us divested of the firmer traits of her character—but only because she is not called upon to exercise them—in all the subduing loveliness of angelic resignation, when torn from her father and her home ; immured, without a female companion, in the abode of cruelty and superstition ; when dragged, defenceless and unpitied, before the rude tribunal of military superstition ; when condemned, almost unheard, to an agonizing death, for a crime that her soul knew not ; when tempted, but vainly tempted, by the proud templar, with all the visions of romantic glory to alter the firm purpose of her soul—she could still with gentle resignation, forget all her sufferings and danger, and pour forth her fervours to the Father who is always present, the Judge who is always beneficent, and the Friend who leads us to the sure scenes of unsullied joy.

The period chosen by the artist is the one thus described by the novelist:—"It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn we have ventured thus to translate into English.

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her mov'd,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonish'd lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands,
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know THY ways,
 And THOU hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be THOU, long suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn :
 No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

CHARLES V. AND THE COBBLER.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, in his intervals of relaxation used to retire to Brussels : he was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration ; therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed himself in such company and conversation as he thought proper.

One night, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler : unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday, and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined to work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance ; the emperor told him what he wanted, and offered a handsome gratuity ; " What, friend," said the fellow, " do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St.

Crispin's day? Were it Charles the Fifth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you'll come in and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome: we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on this rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him: "What, I suppose you are some courtier-politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; nay, by that long nose you may be a bastard of the emperor's; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome: drink about! here's Charles the Fifth's health!"

"Then you love Charles the Fifth," replied the emperor. "Love him?" said the son of Crispin;" "ay, ay, I love his long noseship well enough, but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less; but what have we to do with politics? round with the glass, and merry be our hearts!"

After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I would not to-day have dishonored St. Crispin, to have worked for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. His surprise may be imagined, when he found that his late guest was his sovereign; he feared the joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor, however, thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bade him ask for what he most desired, and to take the whole night to settle his surprise and ambition.

Next day the cobbler appeared, and requested that, for the future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it: that request was granted. So moderate was his ambition, that the emperor bade him make another: "If," said he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that, for the future, the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoemakers:" it was accordingly so ordained; and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned all round with a boot and an imperial crown on it. In all processions, the company of cobblers now take place of the company of shoemakers.

ITALY.

This poem, which has been privately circulated, has been attributed to SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq., author of "Pleasures of Memory." Many, however, who have seen it, are of opinion, in which, from various corroborative reasons we join, that it is the production of "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own,"—

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

When I view thy proud trophies of glory long past,
 Thy vicissitudes, Italy, darken my brow ;
 But when I behold thy bright spirit o'ercast,
 I weep for thee, Italy,—weep for thee now !

That once thou hast stood at the blood-heat of power,
 Thy monuments still to the peasant record :
 But now that thy gold is a Gothic Lord's dower,
 Where—where is Camillus, to throw in the sword ?

Ah ! shame to thee, Italy ! shame to thee, lying
 In the dark narrow dungeon thy tyrants allow ;
 For ages the lamp of thy life has been dying,
 But ne'er has been wholly extinguish'd till now.

Still Venice and Genoa, gallantly daring,
 Had sons to wave dauntless their flag o'er the foam ;
 Pisani and Doria were seen in their bearing,
 And still the Italian was master at home.

But now must Pisani or Doria's descendant
 E'en a sigh for his country—dear name—disavow ;
 In the chains of the German disgrac'd and dependant,—
 I weep for thee, Italy, weep for thee now !

Thou hast daughters whose eyes might a hero inspire ;
 Whose one tear of tenderness, smile of delight,
 Might arm thy defenders with weapons of fire,
 To consume in their palace the Lords of the Night !

How vain is the caution—how base the mock-bravery,
 Longing for liberty, shrinks from the strife !
 The spirit that saves from the dungeon of slavery,
 Or gives us to freedom, or takes us from life.

THE DYING EXILE.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

All racked on his feverish bed he lay,
 And none but the stranger were near him ;
 No friend to console in his last sad day,
 No look of affection to cheer him.

Frequent and deep were the groans he drew,
 On his couch of torture turning,
 And often his hot wild hand he threw
 O'er his brow, still wilder, burning.

But oh ! what anguish his bosom tore !
 How throbbed each pulse of emotion,
 When he thought of the friends he should never see more
 In his own green isle of the ocean !

When he thought of the distant maid of his heart,
 And must they thus darkly sever ?
 No last farewell ere his spirit depart,
 Must he leave her unseen, and for ever ?

One sigh for that maid he darkly heav'd,
 One prayer for her weal he breathed ;
 And his eyes to that land for whose woes he had griev'd
 Once look'd, and for evermore sheathed.

On a cliff that by footstep is seldom prest,
 Far seaward its dark head rearing,
 A rude stone marks the place of his rest,
 There lies a poor exile of Erin.

Yet think not, dear youth, though far, far away
 From thine own native land thou art sleeping,
 That no heart for thy sorrow is aching to-day,
 No eye for thy memory is weeping.

O yes, when the hearts that have wail'd thy young flight,
 Some joy from forgetfulness borrow,
 The thought of thy doom will come over their light,
 And shade them more deeply with sorrow :

And the maid that so long held her home in thy breast,
 As she strains her wet eyes o'er the billow,
 Will vainly embrace as it comes from the west,
 Every breeze that has swept o'er thy pillow.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

A belief that supernatural beings sometimes make themselves visible, and that the dead sometimes revisit the living, has prevailed among most nations, especially in the rudest stages of society. It was common among the Jews, among the Greeks, and among the Romans, as we find from the scriptures, and from the poems of Homer and Virgil. Celestial appearances were, indeed, so often exhibited to the Jews, that the origin of their belief is not difficult to be explained. The Divine Being manifested himself to each of the patriarchs by some sensible sign, generally by a flame of fire, as he did to Moses. Under this semblance, also, did he appear to the Israelites during their abode in the desert, and after they obtained a settlement in the land of Canaan. Nor did they believe that heavenly beings alone assumed a sensible appearance: they believed that deceased men also sometimes revisited this world. When Saul went to consult the witch at Endor, he asked her to bring up the person whom he should name unto her; a proof that he considered his demand as easy to be performed, and therefore that he probably acted under the influence of popular opinion. The same opinions had been generally entertained at a much earlier period; for necromancy and witchcraft, the arts by which the dead were supposed to be raised, had been prohibited while the Israelites were in the wilderness, and yet untainted with the vices of the Canaanites. They must therefore have derived them from Egypt, the cradle of superstition, as well as of the arts and sciences.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the apparition of spectres was generally believed. On innumerable occasions the gods are said to have discovered themselves to the eyes of mortals, to have held conferences, and to have interposed their aid. The ghosts of the dead, too, are said to have appeared. When Æneas, amidst the distraction and confusion of his mind in flying from the destruction of Troy, had lost his wife by the way, he returned in search of her. Her shade appeared to him—for she herself had been slain—with the same aspect as before, but her figure was large: she endeavoured to assuage the grief of her unhappy husband, by ascribing her death to

the appointment of the gods, and by foretelling the illustrious honors which yet awaited him. But, when Æneas attempted to clasp her in his arms, the phantom immediately vanished into air. From this story we may observe, that the ancients believed that the umbræ, or shades, retained nearly the same appearance after death as before; that they had so far the resemblance of a body as to be visible; that they could think and speak as formerly, but could not be touched. This description applies equally well to those shades which had passed the river Styx, and taken up their residence in the infernal regions. Such were the shades of Dido, of Delphobus, and all those which Æneas met with in his journey through the subterraneous world.

It appears from the writings of modern travellers who have visited rude and savage nations, that the belief of spectres is no less common among them. Bruce tells us that the priest of the Nile affirmed, that he had more than once seen the spirit of the river in the form of an old man with a white beard. Among the Mahometans the doctrine of spectres seems to be reduced to a regular system by the accounts which they give of genii. Whoever has read the Arabian Nights Entertainments must have furnished his memory with a thousand instances of this kind. Their opinions concerning genii seem to be a corrupted mixture of the doctrines of the Jews and the ancient Persians. In Christian countries, too, notwithstanding the additional light which their religion has spread, and the great improvements in the sciences to which it has been subservient, the belief of ghosts and apparitions is very general, especially among the lower ranks. They believe that evil spirits sometimes make their appearance in order to terrify wicked men, especially those who have committed murder. They suppose that the spirits of dead men assume a corporeal appearance, hover about church-yards, and the houses of the deceased, or haunt the places where murders have been committed. In some places it is even believed that beings have been seen bearing a perfect resemblance to men alive.

So general has the belief of spectres been, that this circumstance alone may be thought by some sufficient to prove that it must have its foundation in human nature, or must rest upon rational evidence. When any doctrine has been universally received by all nations, by generations living several thousand

years from one another, and by people in all the different stages of society, there is certainly the strongest presumption to conclude that such a doctrine has its foundation in reason and truth. In this way we argue in favor of the existence of a God, concerning moral distinction, and the doctrine of a future state: and certainly so far we argue well. But if the same argument be applied to idolatry, to sacrifices, or to apparitions, we shall find that it is applied improperly. Idolatry, was very general among ancient nations; so was the offering of sacrifices—so was polytheism: but they were by no means universal. Should we allow, for the sake of shortening the argument, that all ancient nations were polytheists and idolators, and presented oblations to their imaginary deities, all that could be concluded from this concession is, that they fell into these mistakes, from their ignorance and from the rude state of society, from which their imperfect knowledge of theology and moral philosophy was never able to rescue them. These erroneous notions fled before the brightness of the Christian system; while the doctrines of the existence of God, of moral distinction, and of a future state, have been more thoroughly confirmed and ascertained. The same thing may be said of the belief of spectres. However generally it has been adopted in the first stages of society, or by civilized nations who had made but little progress in the study of divine things, it has been rejected, we may say invariably, wherever theology and philosophy have gone hand in hand.

Many apparitions of spectres have no other origin than the artifices of the waggish or self-interested. Dr. Plot, in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, illustrates this assertion, by relating the following marvellous story of

THE DEVIL AT WOODSTOCK.

Soon after the murder of King Charles I., a commission was appointed to survey the king's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes to that manor belonging; and one Collins, under a feigned name, hired himself as secretary to the commissioners, who, upon the 13th of October, 1649, met and took up their residence in the king's own rooms. His majesty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber was the place where they sat for the dispatch of

business. His majesty's dining-room they made their wood-house, and stored it with the famous royal oak from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of the king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and split and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they sat on the 16th of the same month for the dispatch of business; and in the midst of their first debate, there entered a large black dog—as they thought—which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vanished. This gave them the greater surprise, as the doors were kept constantly locked, so that no real dog could get in or out. The next day their surprise was increased, when, sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be nobody there. Presently after they heard also all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber; as also all the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room: their papers, containing the minutes of their transactions, were torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this noise had ceased, Giles Sharp, their secretary, proposed to enter first into these rooms, and in presence of the commissioners, from whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood spread about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glass broken, (as has been said,) but not the least track of any human creature, nor the least reason to suspect one, as the doors were all fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the power who did this mischief must have entered the room at the key-hole. The night following, Sharp, the secretary, with two of the commissioners' servants, as they were in bed in the same room, which room was contiguous to that where the commissioners lay, had their beds' feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with so much violence as shook the whole house, and more than ever terrified the commissioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the same room for greater safety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant went out with a

sulphureous smell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which, next morning, were found to be the same their honors had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole house. The next night they still fared worse; the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honors' beds were rattled to and fro with great violence; their honors received many cruel blows and bruises, by eight great pewter-dishes, and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which, being heaved off, were heard rolling about the room, though, in the morning, none of these were to be seen. This night, likewise, they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noises; but all was clear in the morning, as if no such thing had happened. This night the keeper of the king's house and his dog lay in the commissioners' room, and then they had no disturbance. But on the night of the 22nd, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteously, their bed clothes were all stripped off, and their terror increased. On the 24th, they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed sides; they counted sixty four billets that fell, and some hit and shook the beds in which they lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard; and one of the servants running in haste, thinking his master was killed, found three dozen of trenchers laid smoothly under the quilt, by him. But all this was nothing to what succeeded afterwards. The 29th, about midnight, the candles went out, something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and, at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who, coming into their honors' room, gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plott's time, who reports this story, they were to be seen.

This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help; and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword, had well-nigh killed one of their honors, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together, the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stripped off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th, at midnight, something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently on the floor; at the same time, a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones and horse's bones, came pouring into the room with uncommon force. These were all found in the morning, to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners, who were yet determined to go on with their business. But, on the first of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it even into their honors' beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground; about an hour after the candles went out, as usual, the crack of as many cannon was heard, and many pailfulls of green stinking water were thrown in upon their honors' beds; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken, the windows shattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers, that were abroad that night in the warren, were so terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honors this night spoke, and, in the name of God, asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so. No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for awhile, when the spirit came again; and, as they all agreed, "brought with it seven devils worse than itself." One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the door-way between the two chambers, to see what passed; and, as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle

of the room, and afterwards, making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarcely got it out, when he felt another invisible hand holding it too, and pulling it from him; and, at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of the broadside of a ship of war, and, at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such: these shook the house so violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours, on this, as has been said, being all alarmed, flocked to the house in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and psalm-singing; during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon was heard as from without, though no visible agent was seen to discharge them. But what was the most alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when a paper, in which they had signed a mutual agreement to reserve a part of the premises out of the general survey, and afterwards to share it equally amongst themselves, (which paper they had hid for the present under the earth in a pot, in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew,) was consumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue flame, and an intolerable stench; so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joseph Collins, of Oxford, otherwise called Funny Joe, who, having hired himself as secretary, under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house, and the help of *pulvis fulminans*, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow-servants into the scheme, carried on the deceit, without discovery, to the very last; in-somuch that the late Dr. Plott, in his *Natural History*, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this grave manner:—“That though tricks have been often played in affairs of this kind, many of the things above related are not reconcilable with juggling; such as the loud noises, beyond the power of man to make without such instruments as were not there;

the tearing and breaking the beds ; the throwing about the fire ; the hoof treading out the candle ; and the striving for the sword, and the blow the man received from the pommel of it."

NAVARINO,

AN ODE, BY D. S. L.

Spirit of the Teian lyre,
 Soul of Sappho's song,
 Fling around thy holy fire,
 As my numbers sweep along !
 Oh ! for a spark of radiant beam
 To gild the magic of my theme.
 Child of inspiration, wake !
 Pindar—master of the wand—
 Soaring round through every land,
 Bid my hymnings proudly break
 In all the tones that ever gave
 Life and glory to the brave !
 Lovely Scio, brightest land,
 Of prowess and of fame ;
 Children of the meteor band,
 Who haloed Grecia's name !
 Playing round your clustered isles,
 Again the god of freedom smiles.
 Columned on the spiral blaze
 Of battle through the air,
 The Hellic falchions bare
 Their red blades to the day-beam's rays ;
 And freedom—chainless as before—
 Again is on Ionia's shore !
 Balmy land of blue-eyed maids,
 Wake your dulcet lays again ;
 Let the vales of Samian shades
 Echo to your orient strain.
 Low in carnage, low in war,
 Sinks the Othman's bannered car ;
 While the waters of the seas,
 Lending death a thousand pillows,

Dimple in the spicy breeze
 That melts upon their bed of billows.
 Rise high, rise high, thou evening star,
 Straying in lustre from afar,
 And mantle gently o'er the wave,
 Where sleep the spirits of the brave.
 Oh ! never doth thy dreamy ray
 Seem bright, as when it shines
 Upon the spot, where freemen lay
 The relics of their lines !

Let your bowers of wreathed roses—
 Naiads of the Paphian skies !—
 Softly bloom, while peace reposes
 'Neath the death-fire of your eyes !
 The heavens all sun—the earth all balm,
 Like south-sea isles of odorous palm :
 And looking from his throne of pride
 Upon the millions at his side,
 On such a day and such an eve
 The Persian saw his warriors crowd,
 Pressing in extasy to leave
 Their mangled bodies to the shroud.
 He looked upon the heavens that kiss
 The hills of deathless Salamis.*
 The morn, he saw them bright and gay ;
 The evening came—and where were they ?
 And thus it was the crescent knew
 Its might and splendour scatter'd too !

Upon the bosom of that bay,
 The Osman gallies sternly ride ;
 Haughty and gallant, and fierce are they,
 Who float on the swell of its tide :
 The free blast breathes on their pennons fair,
 And vengeance, and promise, and strength are there,
 But mark ! on its sulphur wings
 The genius of Greece upsprings,
 And, sweeping along its thunder path,
 Outpours on the tyrants its vial of wrath.

* It is a remarkable coincidence, that the battles of Salamis and Navarin were both fought on the 20th of October.

The smile of death is on the water,
 Vengeance revels in its gorge of slaughter :
 And a moment they flash, and a moment they flee
 And Grecia triumphant is thralless and free

Peace to the many who fell
 In the fight of the new-born brave ;
 Let their last breath of life be the knell
 For the reign of the despot and slave !
 It is over ! and sunny and fair
 Be the wind that shall perfume the air ;
 While the islands of Greece in their morning of rest
 Fling a spark of their torch from the east to the west ;
 And when beauty and youth, in their own Pyrrhic dance,
 Shall hallow the glitter of Liberty's lance,
 Be there one who will sing, how the hope of the slave,
 Is alone in the light of the scabbardless sword ;
 While the shackles, that thralldom and slavery gave,
 Shall rest in the tomb of their sceptreless lord.

LOVE WOUNDED.

BY PAT. E. BYRNE.

In Ida's bowers young *Love* one day
 A painted butterfly pursuing,
 Through rosy meads, in wanton play,
 Still sought the harmless thing's undoing.

With panting heart, from flower to flower,
 A long and weary chase it led him,
 And still he thought it in his power,
 And still on soaring wing it fled him.

At length it linger'd on a rose,
 Alas ! alas ! was it the devil
 That threw so sweet a thing to 'pose
 Thy flight from fast approaching evil ?

The Muses weep to tell the woe
 This humble lyre of mine adorns ;
 The insect fell beneath the blow,
 But *Love was wounded by the thorns !*

GREENWELL PARSONAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BECKER.

Whosoever does not understand how to conform to the world around him, and to erect therein the fabric of his own happiness, is not likely ever to acquire it. His sphere of action resembles a piece of ground, whose uncertain frontiers are lost amongst the territories of jealous neighbours, who frequently give him trouble and vexation ; or even contend with him for the right of his property.

But when wisdom is interwoven in the pursuits and operations of an individual, the circle of his useful activity is like a fertile garden, in whose enclosure he builds a peaceful cottage, where comfort resides : the cultivation and watching of the soil cost him labour and anxiety ; but the success of his plantation makes ample amends, and betwixt sowing and reaping he raises many a flower, which embellishes his ground and affords him pleasure.

Such a spot is Greenwell : this considerable village extends for more than half an hour through a delightful valley, which is watered by a little river abounding in fish. On all sides one perceives the signs of rural prosperity ; and the gardens, as well as the fields, bear the certain marks of industry amongst the inhabitants. Considered as an estate, it is one of the best in the country ; and the parsonage is so much the more important, as some other villages depend from it.

Mr. Sembach, the clergyman, was in very good circumstances, and he thanked heaven for it ; but however well he knew how to appreciate the value of a good income, he felt still more pleasure in having so well succeeded with his parishioners, as to become in every respect their teacher and benefactor ; and he would often exclaim, in a joyful mood, that, should he even be called to a rectorship in the metropolis, he would most certainly refuse the offer.

He had obtained his place as a deserved reward ; for, having been the tutor of the young count, whom he had accompanied to the university, and on his travels ; on their return he was fitted out with implements, and a considerable sum in ready money, because his income depended chiefly on the produce of the glebe-lands. He had neglected no oppor-

tunity to qualify himself for his situation, and, besides studying what his professional duties required, he had bestowed great attention on rural economy: his person and manners were pleasing, and he had been so much the quicker in obtaining the good-will of his flock, as he possessed, moreover, no inconsiderable share of medical knowledge, which enabled him to render often the most essential services in cases of emergency, and which he had acquired for that very purpose; being aware of its importance in a country place.

He was, however, too well acquainted with the disposition and the prejudices of the common people, to attempt to force any of his ideas upon them, and he rather endeavoured to win their confidence by showing some towards themselves: he would often ask for the advice of the most experienced amongst them, and appeared to follow it as far as he found it practicable: this pleased the good folks, and had such an influence upon them, that they were always ready to lend him every assistance.

As for his sermons, he studied them indeed with the utmost care, and he said nothing but what he had very maturely reflected upon, and what might have stood the test of a much more informed audience; but the words seemed at the same time to flow in the most easy and natural manner.

He had found the school in a very bad condition: the teacher, formerly a servant at the castle, was old, and the place had been given to him as a living, without any consideration whether he was fit for it or not. Sembach assisted the old man as long as he remained in being, and at his death he used all his influence to have him replaced by a clever and active young man, whose salary he got raised to such a sum as would enable him to devote his time entirely to this important duty, whilst his wife instructed the girls in female occupations; so that the youth of both sexes were no where better informed than in Greenwell, and all the neighbouring villages sent their children to profit by its institution.

One Sunday, just after service-time, a barn was set on fire by lightning; the flame soon spread, and the top of the next house began already to blaze; the peasants were not backward in procuring water; but the engine would not work. Sembach, yet in his gown, hastened to the spot, and decided that nothing but pulling down would avail; he had hard work

to persuade the owner of the building, because he still hoped to save it; but the bystanders seized at last the hooks, and levelled it with the ground: this was hardly accomplished, when a most violent wind arose, and made the inhabitants sensible, that, had it not been for the timely interference of their minister, the whole village might have been reduced to ashes. He took advantage of this acknowledgment, to convince them, that the sacrifice having been made for the public good, all ought to contribute towards it; and he obtained as much from the congregation as would indemnify the sufferer, whilst he also took care to provide a second engine, and to have all the needful in proper repair.

In this manner the esteem for the worthy clergyman went on still increasing, and he profited by it for the promotion of his further views. He took frequent opportunities to relate what he had seen in other countries; but he seldom delivered an opinion on such occasions; and left it to the people themselves to make comparisons, or to adopt what they might think proper: he would even sometimes point out the difficulties which the innovation might present; but when any one resolved to introduce a good thing, he never failed to bestow the deserved praise.

By means such as these, he had succeeded in creating amongst his neighbours a desire for the cultivation of fruit-trees, which had been quite neglected. He himself had, from the very beginning, established a nursery on the parsonage-grounds: the farmers looked at him when he was grafting, and they pricked up their ears when they heard him say how much was made in some districts by the sale of fruit. They began to imitate him by degrees, and, after a few years, there were a great number of orchards all over the parish; but when he began also to plant trees on his fields, the old farmers shook their heads and warned him, that the corn would not grow as soon as the trees extended their crowns; he told them, however, that he had seen very fine corn fields not only with common fruit, but even nuts on the borders, and that, supposing the corn stood a little thinner under the trees, their produce would pay for more than the difference. Soon after, he had the satisfaction to perceive here and there young trees on the fields, some planted on conviction, others for the sake of the minister, and with the mental reservation of cutting them

down again, in case they should be found troublesome, and some for the sake of showing the badness of the new plan: in the mean time, the trees which had been first set, began already to spread; and when the peasants saw that no evil arose therefrom, they went on with the contrivance, and finally converted their neighbourhood into what it now is.

These successful undertakings, and the visible care of the worthy Sembach to promote their happiness in every possible manner, confirmed more and more the confidence which he had inspired from the beginning, and emboldened by the undisguised satisfaction of his people, he now ventured a further improvement, which had long occupied his mind.

The village owed a large common, which served rather as a walk than as a pasture to the cattle, and from which they came home more hungry than they had gone. Sembach made now the proposition to divide this spot, and to put it into proper cultivation: he used all his eloquence to make his hearers sensible of the advantages which they might derive from such a measure; they looked at each other, but could not come to a resolution; the thing was too much against the notions of the old ones, and it was only after long consideration, that the more enlightened were at last fortunate enough to make proselytes, and to bring over the obstinate. This was a day of great triumph at the parsonage, and a long uninterrupted chain of happiness followed this last struggle.

Mrs. Sembach had made herself quite as useful and agreeable amongst the female part of the community, as her husband was amongst the male: she had not, indeed, been educated in the country, but she soon learned to accommodate herself to it, and to place her enjoyments in the fulfilling of the various duties which fall to the share of a clergyman's wife.

A lovely girl, in whom the affections of the parents redoubled, was their only child, and grew up the delight of every beholder: the father gave to her mind a development which was in perfect unison with her external charms, and she inherited from her mother all that feminine sweetness which makes beauty so attractive; though already ripened into perfection, she still presented the picture of innocence.

Emily had contracted a friendship with a young lady from town, whose mother owned a small estate in the neighbour-

hood, and generally passed the summer months in the country: this family was again expected, and the two friends were to meet half way, on a bridge which crosses the river, and they intended to welcome each other with garlands of early flowers. Emily walked along the common, which, thanks to her father, was now changed into an immense garden, where the reddish bloom of the apples relieved the snowy white of the pear and cherry-trees; the rich clover sprouted luxuriantly, and the young grass, mixed with daisies and butter-flowers, resembled a green and white carpet, embroidered with gold, on which the charming wanderer hovered in joyful expectation, until she arrived at the appointed spot.

She had already waited a considerable time, when, hearing footsteps behind the alder-bushes which bordered the road, she ran with extended arms toward the corner; but, lo! it was a man!—handsome, indeed, and very genteelly dressed, but entirely unknown to her: he appeared to be as much surprised as she was herself, and yet he greeted her very respectfully; she thanked him, but in the confusion dropped her garland, which he took up and presented to her again, with these words:—"Happy the man who is to receive such a gift from such hands." She took it slowly, and with a smile, but felt that she could not now remain any longer. She hastened back, and turned her face but once, just to see whether Charlotte might not perhaps have come up; this, however, was not the case, and she saw only the stranger, with his eyes still fixed on her, and as if rooted to the spot. This increased her speed, and made her overtake a farmer's wife; who asked her whether she had seen the owner of Markendorf, whose estate lay beyond the forest, but who had of late come very often to the steward of Greenwell. On returning home, she would have related her adventure to her parents, but she found them very much taken up with a letter from the residence.

The count had been put to great expenses on a foreign embassy, and, in order to save the hereditary possessions, he had, however reluctantly, accepted of an advantageous offer for such as were not: he was aware how much the latter had been improved by Sembach, and that it was chiefly on this account that they would now be so well sold; whilst he feared, at the same time, that a new master might not duly appreciate

the same, and that the family might henceforth be less pleasantly situated. He had in consequence exerted himself to obtain for his worthy teacher, a first-rate church living, which included also the inspection of the schools in the metropolis.

Sembach had never dreamed of nor wished for such an event; but he perceived, nevertheless, how much he might thereby extend his usefulness; and notwithstanding his former assertions to the contrary, he found himself now not quite so insensible to promotion as he had fancied himself to be, before it actually arrived.

His good wife was willing to follow him any where; she had left town for his sake, and she would return to it on the same principle: but the daughter was greatly afflicted, when she learned that they would have to leave a place which had never appeared to her more beautiful than on that very day.

Her friend Charlotte came on the following morning; and stated, that she had been detained by Mr. Markendorf, whom she had known in town, and who, meeting her very unexpectedly, had addressed her with great civility, and begged leave to wait on her mother as a neighbour. The narrator was too busy with her own affair to perceive the embarrassment of Emily, who was by no means overjoyed at the intelligence, and thought herself very fortunate in not having mentioned any thing about herself; she was not in haste to return the visit under existing circumstances; neither was she very ardently solicited on the other side; and it lasted a considerable time before Charlotte's mother sent a formal invitation to dinner for the whole family. The parents accepted it with pleasure, but Emily went with a heavy heart: two gentlemen were introduced, and one of them was the very man whom she had so much feared to encounter; he showed, however, more confusion at her sight than she did at his; and she recovered as soon as she heard him called Goldhammer.

He was the purchaser of Greenwell, and on the day they first saw each other, he had been reconnoitering the neighbourhood, whilst his friend transacted some business with the tenants: they too had agreed to join at the bridge; and so it happened that each of them had met with a young lady. Markendorf saw no reason for hiding his good fortune; but the other, who believed that he was speaking of the same

person which had stuck to him so much, thought it best to be silent on the subject, and he had been very uneasy ever since.

His joy was so much the greater when he discovered his mistake ; and this feeling, which was also common to Emily, assisted not a little in the speedy cultivation of their acquaintance. Goldhammer had of course not been long in learning the great obligations under which his predecessor was to Sembach, and of what importance it would be to him to profit likewise by his services and advice ; but nothing equalled his delight, when he understood him to be the father of his fair unknown, whose image had made such a deep impression on his mind : he was thunderstruck when he heard of the call to town, and he did his utmost to prevent its taking effect.

Arguments were not wanting, and they came home with so much the more force, as a deputation from the inhabitants had been shortly before at the parsonage : the men represented how little they would be able to carry on their further improvements without their teacher's assistance ; and the women lamented the motherly care of which they would be in future deprived by the departure of good Mrs. Sembach ; all shed tears, and the fumes of ambition, which had for a moment prevailed with the minister, were already half overcome.

The ardent lover thought, however, that he had no time to lose, and he supported his reasons by what must make them at once victorious : he offered his heart and hand to the daughter, and what could the parents then do better than remain, and witness the happiness which was in so great a degree their own work ? Fortunately, no answer had as yet been given to the gracious invitation for metropolitan honours ; and Sembach felt more than ever grateful, for having escaped the delusion with which he had been very near deceiving himself. Who knows, he exclaimed, with what unforeseen obstacles I might have met in a higher sphere, and what splendid misery would have awaited me ?

He was firmly convinced, that real happiness in this world consists only in the blessings of our family circle, and in the peaceable execution of the faculties with which a benevolent providence has entrusted us.

STANZAS TO A REDBREAST,

WHO FLEW INTO THE WRITER'S WINDOW ONE MORNING
DURING A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[These lines have never appeared in any other collection of their author's poems ; we are, however, confident of being the production of the Ayrshire bard.—Ed.]

Oh, Robin, but you'r sair forlorn,
Your plumes wi' winter war are torn ;
The world's white wi' snaw this morn
 An' yet drifts thick ;
I hae a pickle groats o' corn
 For you to pick.

Let na mishap your spirits daunt,
I've been mysel oft times in want,
An' yet my cot the needy haunt,
 Tho' unco bare ;
An' let my meal be e'er so scant,
 I gie a share.

An' Robin, I'll provide for thee,
Till spring wi' blossoms dress the tree,
An' ope the flowrets on the lee,
 Then let thee gang
Back to the grove, where bonnilie
 Ye'll sing your sang.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

BY P. J. MEAGHER, AUTHOR OF "ZEDECHIAS."

To live ! to love ! to hope, and find it vain ;
To see friends failing, and see riches fly :
A youth of follies, an old age of pain ;
To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die !
Then add to these—for such is mortals' lot—
To die at last —unpitied and forgot.



Robert Burns.



RUFUS STONE.

This stone, situated in the New Forest, Hampshire, commemorates the spot on which was slain William the Second, son of William the Conqueror, of which event Rapin gives the following account:—"It is said that as the king was going to mount his horse he was told a certain monk had dreamed a dream, which portended some great misfortune to him. As he gave but little heed to such presages, he answered jestingly, he plainly saw the monk wanted money, so ordered him 100 shillings; but, however, sent him word to dream better dreams for the future. Whether this is to be considered as an omen, or the mere effect of chance, it was that very day fulfilled. Towards the evening William having wounded a stag, was pursuing him full speed, when Sir Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, shooting at the same stag, pierced the king through the heart; upon which he fell down dead, without speaking a word. The murderer, though he knew his own innocence, fled for it, however, without any one endeavouring to seize him. Every one was busy about the king, whose body was laid in a cart, which accidentally came by, and carried to Winchester, where it was buried the next day."

G. 28.

H

The following inscriptions are engraven on the stone :—

“ Here stood the oak tree from which the arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William the 2d, surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d day of August, 1100.”

Another inscription says,—

“ King William the 2d, surnamed Rufus, being slain as is before stated, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkiss, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.”

The other inscription is as follows :—

“ Anno 1756, That where this event so remarkable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delawar, who has seen the tree growing in this place. This stone was repaired by John Richard Earl Delawar, 1781.”

This spot is often resorted to by the curious. On the 27th of June, 1789, it was visited by King George the Third.

RETALIATION.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

At the time that Oliver Cromwell was protector of this realm, an English merchant ship was taken in the chops of the channel, carried into St. Maloes, and there confiscated upon some groundless pretence. As soon as the master of the ship, who was a quaker, got home, he presented a petition to the protector, in council, setting forth his case, and praying for redress.

Upon hearing the petition, the protector told his council, he would take this affair upon himself, and ordered the man to attend him the next morning. He examined him strictly as to all the circumstances of his case; and, finding by his answers, that he was a plain honest man, and that he had been concerned in no unlawful trade, he asked him if he could go to Paris with a letter: “ Yes,” was the reply. “ Well, then,” said the protector, “ prepare for your journey, and come to-morrow morning. This the quaker did, when Cromwell gave him a letter to Cardinal Mazarine, and told him he must stay

but three days for an answer. "The answer I mean," says he, "is the full value of what you might have made of your ship and cargo; and tell the cardinal, that if it be not paid you in three days, you have express orders from me to return home."

The quaker followed his instructions; but the cardinal, according to the manner of ministers, when they are any way pressed, began to shuffle; therefore, the quaker returned, as desired. As soon as the protector saw him, he asked, "Well, friend, have you got the money?" On being answered in the negative, he said, "then leave your direction with my secretary, and you shall soon hear from me." Upon this occasion, Cromwell did not stay to negotiate, or to explain by long tedious memorials, the reasonableness of his demand. Though there was a French minister residing in England, he did not so much as acquaint him with the story; but immediately sent a man of war or two, with orders to seize every French ship they could meet with. Accordingly, they returned, in a few days, with two or three French prizes, which the protector ordered to be immediately sold; and out of the produce he paid the quaker what he demanded for the ship and cargo. He then sent for the French minister, gave an account of what had happened, and told him there was a balance, which, if he pleased, should be paid to him; to the end that he might deliver it to those of his countrymen who were the owners of the French ships, that had been so taken and sold.

MY BOSOM LOVE,—A SONG.

BY M. F. MACARTHY, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF THE ISLES," &c.

Here's to thee, my own, my bosom love!
 The first red cup to thee!
 O thine around the festive board,
 The earliest thought must be.
 Whate'er thou art, whate'er thou wert,
 I will not name thy name;
 'Tis written deep within my breast,
 My glory and my shame;

Then pour into the sparkling cup
The vintage wave, and be
One brimming bowl quaff'd freely off,
My bosom love, to thee !

Here's to thee, my own, my bosom love !
Or weal or woe betide,
One heart will still be true to thee,
One friend is by thy side ;
And though the stainless bloom be gone,
That shone upon thy brow,
I may laud the more—but never,
Never love thee more than now.

Then pour, &c.

Here's to thee, my own, my bosom love !
Although it be in vain
That I, as once I fondly hoped,
Should hope for thee again :
But if above thy adverse path
Some kinder star yet shine,
What heart will hail the welcome ray
More anxiously than mine ?

Then pour, &c.

Here's to thee, my own, my bosom love !
Though one dark losel dims
Thy pure and peerless beauty,
And the iron's on thy limbs,
The thought of thee comes o'er the soul,
In life's desponding hours,
Like music heard in solitude,
Or breath of fragrant flowers.

Then pour, &c.

Then here's to thee, my bosom love !
The first red cup to thee !
And thine in every festive hour
It faithfully shall be :
As priests unto the holiest shrine
Their primal offerings cast,
The first red cup that's crown'd to-night,
Beloved one, thou hast !

Then pour, &c.

CONTENT,

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE. BY J. HORWITZ.

A king, who was one day leaning out of the window of his palace, which was built near a river, perceived on the beach an old and decrepid man, limping on until he came near the palace, when he seated himself by the water side.

The old man opened a small bag, took out of it a hard crust of bread, and threw it in the water. When the bread was thoroughly soaked, he made a hearty meal of it. He then took out a wooden cup, dipped it in the water, and drank with as great a zest as that with which he seemed to relish his repast. Having satisfied the cravings of nature, he retired some distance from the shore, to shelter himself from a burning sun, under the foliage of a large tree, and there threw himself down and slept soundly.

The king, in the meanwhile, watched all the motions of the old man attentively; he called his attendants, and bade them to take special notice of him, and, as soon as he waked, to bring him before him. They accordingly did as he commanded, and the old man was brought before his majesty. The king observed to him, "I have noticed that thou hast warmed thyself in the sun, and that thou hast taken a piece of stale rye bread out of thy little sack, and, after soaking it in the water, hast eaten it; afterwards thou didst satisfy thy thirst with the water from the river, and then refresh thyself with sleep, by throwing thyself under yonder tree. Art thou the same man?" "I am," answered the old man, "the very same." "Then," rejoined the king, "I am much astonished how thou canst endure such living." The old man answered and said, "my dear lord, I am as much rejoiced and satisfied with it, as if I had fed on the greatest dainties of your majesty's table." The king then said, "thou mayst be satisfied from necessity, but it is impossible that thou canst enjoy such living." The old man answered, "my dear king, I will show you those who lead a worse life than I." "Proceed," said the king. The old man observed, "he that strives after money and property has a worse life; he is always desirous of becoming rich; he is never at rest; his mind is agitated, and his heart palpitates; by day he runs hither and thither, and by night

he sleepeth not, ruminating how he can acquire substance ; day after day passeth away, and he wanders like a madman, rushes into the world, travels over wildernesses, crosses oceans in pursuit of an annual fair, amidst thieves and robbers, sorrows and anxieties, trouble and labour, nothing stops his cupidity, there is no rest for him. He risks his life on the furious billows of the ocean, and on the waste land of the wilderness ; and even if he reaches home, he is perplexed with making up his accounts, and preparing for other journies and other voyages ; the more he has, the more he wishes to have ; he has never enough, and he verifies the verse ‘ he that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver—sleep shall fly from his eyelids.’ ” “ Besides,” said the old man, “ he not only leads a miserable life in this world, but he exchanges the world to come for money, so in the end he loses both.”

As soon as the old man had finished his reflections, the king said, “ truly, old man, thou art more wise, and more happy than me, all my courtiers, and all those who aim at naught but riches and power.”

The king henceforth loved the old man much ; he became his favorite, and received many valuable presents, so that he could live the rest of his days comfortably.

THE AUTUMN EVE, A SONNET.

The clouds are tinged with amber ! yon small isles
 That thickly gem the blue reposing sea,
 Vary like opals in the sun-sets’ smiles,
 And vesper-hymns are weav’d by bird and bee.
 There’s melody in the rills which brightly gush
 Among these trees and flowers ; and reapers leave
 The half-shorn wheat-field ; while the beauteous thrush
 Serenely carols to the mellow eve !
 Ten years have fled ! on such an eve as this
 I was a beauteous child ! I loved to dwell
 Beneath the firs that skirt yon cottaged dell ;
 Nor thought I of the fleeting hours of bliss.
 The stream, in which I bask’d, is laughing yet ;
 But ah, on me, joys sunny beams have set !

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE TRUE NARRATIVE OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

[There are few who have not wept over the fate of Virginia, as described by the master-hand of St. Pierre. To know that the tale is founded on fact; increases the intensity of its interest, while it makes us desirous of learning the real circumstances which gave birth to it. We cannot, therefore, but believe that the following letter will be gratifying to the admirers of this beautiful fiction.]

The gentleman, by whom it was written, examined most carefully all the facts relative to the loss of the vessel; and, the better to acquaint himself with the different places mentioned by St. Pierre, made the circuit of the island on foot, visiting every part of that romantic spot. The correctness of his statements may be most fully relied on; the story required not the embellishments of fancy to render it deeply interesting.]

I have made the researches you requested, relative to the loss of the *St. Gerant*; and have discovered that nothing can be more true, nothing more affecting, than the fate of the unfortunate Virginia; its details must touch the coldest heart. I have examined and read the correspondence of the Directors of the India Company, as well as the declarations of those who were saved from the shipwreck, which are found upon the records. Almost all the circumstances of the sad event, I learned from an officer, who knew, and had made a voyage with Virginia; who was employed in saving the effects of the *St. Gerant*, and who had all the particulars of her loss from a naval officer, that had been fortunate enough to escape.

There were two young ladies on board this vessel, Mademoiselle Caillon and Mademoiselle Mallet; ut which of them was Virginia, I do not now recollect. She went, while still very young, to the Isle of France. In the year 1741, she returned to France with her uncle, who had been employed in the island as chief engineer. She was then about twelve years of age,—of a good figure, very pretty, and above all, interesting from extreme sensibility and modesty, which characterised all her actions. Her education was finished, and her mind and character fully developed, when her uncle.

M. de Belval was reinstated in his function of chief engineer ; and determining to return to the islands, took Virginia with him. They embarked at L'Orient in the *St. Gerant*, a vessel of the East India Company. A young lady, so pretty and fascinating as Virginia, could not remain long on board without attracting the attentions and admiration of all who surrounded her. M. Longchamp, of Montendu, a lieutenant of the vessel, was the first to pay her homage. He was twenty-six years of age, tall, well made, of a character mild, tender and enthusiastic. He very soon discovered the virtues and exalted character of Virginia, and gave her his vows of eternal love. Her conduct, during a long voyage, did not discredit the opinion he had formed of her on their first acquaintance. There can be no stronger trial of a disposition than a tedious voyage. So many persons, with so little congeniality of sentiment, embarked together, without having met before, crossed by the elements, and fretting and worrying each other, become at length so irritable, that they can no longer restrain themselves, and discover all the asperities of temper, which vanity or the restraints of society may have hitherto enabled them to conceal ; dislikes are engendered which augment the horror of a situation, already too trying by the maladies attending a long voyage. Virginia was always the same ; the presence of so many men, the attentions she received, changed not in the least the retiring modesty of her character.

The sight of land can only be appreciated by those who find again, after a long absence, a cherished object. Land was seen from the *St. Gerant* in the evening of the 17th of August, 1744. The joy, the negligence, the too great security of the officers, were the cause of the sad calamity which ensued. M. de la Marre, captain of the vessel, confided her direction to those who knew the coast better than himself. He took in sail to wait for day ; but the wind and current carried her towards the shore. Believing they were too near, he gave orders to veer the ship at two in the morning ; but it was too late. Scarcely had the orders been given, when she struck ; the rudder was carried away, and the waves beating over the deck, threw her against a chain of rocks. Nothing could resist the shock ; the masts were broken, and, falling with violence, crushed the sides of the ship. It being now evident that the vessel was lost without any resource ; every

one embraced, and gave and took a last farewell. M. Longchamp did not abandon Virginia; he saw that all the boats were destroyed, and resolved to swim to the Isle of Amber, which was about a league distant, promising Virginia to return for her in a canoe. He threw himself into the sea, and reached the shore without accident. This would appear incredible to you, did I omit to mention that the shallows and numerous rocks, while they increased the dangers, afforded him rest. All the men followed the example of M. Longchamp, though but few with the same success; the sea was covered with the fragments of the wreck, and night rendered their situation more appalling. M. de la Marre, who refused to undress, thinking it unbecoming his station, placed himself on a plank, which he soon after quitted for a raft, on which he was overwhelmed by the waves and drowned. At day-break the vessel split asunder, and opened a grave to about one hundred unfortunate creatures, who, sick in their hammocks, were unable to succour themselves. Virginia was almost alone upon the wreck. I leave you to judge of the horrors of such a situation. The image of death was presented in shapes the most shocking to the feelings; she was surrounded by the dead and dying, who were crushed by the floating timber, whose cries and groans mingled with the din of waters. It would seem, however, that we become familiarised to the idea of death, under whatever form he presents himself. Either Providence, merciful in his most severe judgments, softens the aspect of the destroyer in such frightful moments, or human nature, exhausted by such protracted suffering, gladly receives relief from pain in the arms of death. M. Longchamp, on reaching the shore, sought in vain for succour; till the rising of the sun he paced the then uninhabited coast, casting mournful glances around, in the hope of finding some means of assistance. He fixed his eyes upon the wreck, and, to complete his despair, he saw, or love made him believe he saw, his dear Virginia. A prey to all the feelings that agitate a generous and tender heart, he lost the natural desire of preserving his own life, and, listening alone to the dictates of love and friendship, threw himself into the sea, and, avoiding with incredible skill and courage the pieces of the wreck floating around him, he arrived in sight of Virginia. Her presence animated his exertions—he was soon on board.

He employed all the resources of his reason and imagination to induce her to undress, as indispensable to her safety. She was inexorable in her refusal; their situation admitted not of delay, her lover threw himself into the sea, and took her upon his shoulders. For some time his strength continued and enabled him to swim, but at length, borne down by a weight so dear, and confined in his movements by the garments of Virginia, he was unable to resist the power of a turbulent ocean. His strength failed. In this fatal moment, Virginia and her lover encircled each other in a last embrace, and gave and received reciprocally the last sigh. The sea respected so sacred an union, and carried them to land, where they were found firmly locked in each other's arms.

Such was the end of these unhappy lovers, victims to a passion the most faithful and generous; and to the unfortunate delicacy of Virginia. A delicacy that, at an age more ripe, she would without doubt have sacrificed to the duty of saving her life and that of her lover, who thus perished for her. Though the fate of these ill-starred lovers will excite our tears, may we not still call them happy, in having known each other but to love, and to share the same destiny. No stone transmits to posterity the memory of these interesting beings, whose noble and generous conduct was a tribute to virtue, and to the purest love.

Of two hundred and fifty persons on board the ship, but eight sailors and one officer were saved. The loss was not known at Port Louis until two days after it occurred, when succours arrived, only to bury those who were cast on shore. The curate of the parish of Pamplemousse attended on this solemn duty. I have examined the register of the church, but found no mention of the lovers. "Cape Misfortune" is so called from the numerous chain of rocks which surround it; the "Bay of the Tomb" receives its name from an Hollander having been buried there, in the time when the island belonged to that nation. The St. Gerant was lost about a league west of the Isle of Amber, and a league and a half from the Isle of France. It has given name to a passage you will find marked upon the maps of Mr. Bellin.

K.

A RETROSPECT.

BY SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF PALESTINE."

"Aspice retro."

In the despair that wrings my soul, great God, I turn to thee,
Thy aid alone can yield relief to this my misery ;
For, in the sadness and the gloom of this disastrous hour,
Nothing can soothe this bursting heart save thy Almighty
Power.

Too long, O Lord ! have I withheld this haughty heart from
thee ;
Too seldom in thy temples have I bow'd with humble knee ;
Unfrequent in thy solitude have I knelt before thy throne ;
Too little of thy saving grace, ALMIGHTY ! have I known.

But now, when sickness racks my frame, when sorrow pales
my cheek,
All worldly pride is laid aside—thy help, O God, I seek !
And humbly prostrate heart and soul before thy glorious
shrine,
Secure that thou canst give relief, even to despair like mine.

For slow to anger, Lord ! art thou, and ready to forgive,
For at thy beck we perish, and at thy will we live :
Creatures of dust, and things of clay, thine own, we are,
O Lord !
And when we claim thy mighty aid, thou dost thy help afford.

I am not now, as I have been, in youth's gay summer hour,
Sporting amid the sweets of life, 'mid many a fragrant flower ;
Affliction's dart hath done its part, and laid my proud hopes
low ;
The bloom of youth hath fled this soul, it lingers on my brow.

It lingers yet upon my brow, as roses wave above
The lowly pall, that covers all the heart of man may love :
When the bright star of beauty, that shone above his path,
Is hid from earth, eclips'd and quenched by the mighty tem-
pest's wrath.

It lingers yet upon my brow, a mockery of the grief
 That eats into this bosom's core, and cannot hope relief;
 Or as the fitful glory that consumption's tints bestow
 Upon the peerless victim's cheek, that soon will feel its throe.

Or as the light that shines o'er graves in midnight's solemn
 hour,

Or in the silent calm of night, or when the tempest's low;
 So doth that bloom of youth, that glows even yet upon my
 brow,

Seem but a wild and dreary mark of the grief that sits below.

In other days I have not been as now, alas! I seem,
 But the joys of earth have glided o'er my spirit like a dream;
 And thus I am, with breaking heart, in an unmirthful mood,
 Mourning the sad reverse that makes my paths all solitude.

I cannot weep; no tears have I to shed above my doom,
 It comes, it came to this lone heart, like the desert's wild
 samoom,

Destructive and devouring, and I know not how to weep,
 I only feel, I only know, that pang that will not sleep.

I had a friend—he pass'd away, with fortune's fickle smile,
 And there he sought to work my ill, and, smiling, stabb'd the
 while:

False friend—false friend, I will not name your name,
 I grieve above your cold deceit—I only mourn your shame.

I loved!—alas—alas! how soothly doth there spring
 A gush of feeling through my frame, at love's imagining!
 I thought I was beloved again, but the fickle maiden gave
 Her heart, her false heart, to another, and left me sorrow's
 slave.

Ambition chain'd me, for awhile, to her dark iron car,*
 And my youthful spirit bounded at the trumpet call of war;
 But, ere my sword was girded on, the flag of peace unfurl'd
 Its radiance, and its splendor, over an angry world.

* When murder bared his arm, and rampant war
 Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

I loved again, and was beloved, by a thing so very fair,
It seem'd as if she came to earth from some pure and sinless
sphere ;

But while my heart was full of joy, that like a meteor shone,
My loved and lovely consort from this cold false world had gone.

Thus friendship, love, ambition, in my bosom held their sway,
But false and fleeting was their light,—it came and pass'd
away ;

But I remain, and, in my heart, remains th' undying strife
Of all the woes, and all the pains, that wait on human life.

For all the dreams, I used to dream, have faded from my path,
And I stand alone, upon the earth, in the tempest's gloomy
wrath,

With nothing to console me, or make my spirit free,
Existing not upon vain hope, but upon memory.*

But in the woe that wrings my soul, O Lord ! I turn to thee,
Thy aid alone can yield relief to this my misery ;
For in the sadness, and the gloom, of this disastrous hour,
Nothing can soothe this bursting heart, save thy Almighty
Power.

CHRISTMAS OMENS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

One Christmas eve the young girls of the hamlet were assembled to divine their future fates by various ceremonies. Some threw their stockings behind the door—some rolled in the snow, or listened at the window, to discover in which direction the wind blew—and some dropped melted wax into cold water, predicting good or bad fortune to the assembly, according to the various forms it presented to their anxious eyes.

Then again, they took off their rings and ear-rings, and, casting them into a vase, covered it with white linen, and retired one by one, singing love-songs in chorus. A young

* Della Memoria vivo piu che della speranza."

cock became in his turn the oracle of fate, and each girl placed before him a handful of grain, carefully counted. Thrice happy was she whose grains were least numerous when the animal was satisfied ; she would first be united to the being whom she loved.

Like the beauteous star of night, when a dark cloud overshadows its soft and sparkling rays, the lovely Svetlana sat apart from the merry group, pensive and musing. " Why this unusual sadness, dear Svetlana ? Come and join in our sports, and mingle your sweet voice with ours in this joyous song."

" Come, hasten hither, jeweller, thy gold and silver bring,
And make for me a golden crown, and make for me a ring ;
My wedding-day will soon be here, and I must surely wear
A sparkling ring upon my hand, a bright crown in my hair.
Then hasten hither, jeweller, ah ! think not of delay,
My own true love will soon be here, to bear his bride away."

" Can I sing with you, O my friends, when my promised one is absent ? Separated from him, my days seem long and sad, and every moment increases my anxiety. A year has already passed away since his departure, a whole year ! and he has never sent me a single message to warn me of his return. Deprived of my lover, life has no joys for me. Has he forgotten his Svetlana ? Can absence have banished my image from his heart ? What detains him so long ? Return, O return ! your Svetlana languishes in grief ! Ye guardian angels, hasten his return ! guardian angels, grant my prayer !"

Yielding to the entreaties of her companions, Svetlana allowed them to conduct her to a lonely chamber, where she found a table, covered with a cloth, upon which was placed a mirror, a lamp, and two covers, apparently in readiness for two guests. " Seat yourself before this table," said her conductor, " the clock will soon strike the midnight hour ; at this solemn warning, look attentively upon the mirror, and it will reveal to you your destiny : he, who is most dear to you, will knock softly at the door ; he will come and place himself at your side, and sup with his affianced bride."

Having spoken thus, they retired, and left Svetlana, who felt a secret fear stealing over her, at finding herself alone in

this solitary chamber, around which the lamp shed but a dim and doubtful light ; the profound silence of the night, broken only by the murmurs of the wind, and the plaintive cry of the cricket, the flickering of the feeble lamp, all filled her soul with terror : She scarcely dared to look upon the mirror before her, over whose surface the shadows of the apartment passed and repassed in a thousand fantastic forms.

All at once she heard a slight noise at the door—it opened : with a trembling and palpitating heart, Svetlana cast an anxious glance upon the mirror, and beheld two sparkling eyes fixed intently upon her. She was nearly sinking with the terror which seized her, but a well-known voice softly met her ears—“ All our wishes are fulfilled, dear Svetlana—away with tears and sighs ; your lover returns the most tender, and the most faithful of men.”

She turned—O most unexpected happiness ! it is he ! it is her lover who encircles her with his arms ! “ Dear Svetlana, banish your alarm, we will never part again ; the priest waits to join my hand to yours : come, the chapel is now brilliant with a thousand lights, it already resounds with the nuptial song.” Svetlana smiled, and followed her guide across the court, where her light feet scarcely left their traces upon the snow ; they gained the gate, and there a sleigh awaited them drawn by two coursers, who stood champing their bits, and pawing with impatient feet.

More rapid than the winds before the tempest they pressed onward, filling the air with flakes of snow. Before the travellers lay an immense plain ; the moon, surrounded by a thick vapour, seemed to shed an unwilling light upon this dreary solitude ; no habitation was to be seen. Svetlana, in affright, pressed closer to her lover. “ Speak, O my friend !” said she, in a trembling voice ; “ Speak, I conjure you !” but in vain she interrogated him—she received no reply.

At last, through the thick mist, they could distinguish a vast edifice, towards which their horses directed their course, and Svetlana soon perceived it was an isolated church ; as they approached, a sudden whirlwind burst open the door, with the voice of thunder ; a crowd of men, clothed in mourning, filled the interior—the clouds of incense rose in the air ; a black coffin was before the altar, and the priest, carrying in his hand a funeral taper, recited in a low voice the prayers for

the dead. The horses continued on their way. Svetlana, trembling with horror, again addressed her mute companion, but, deaf to her entreaties, he preserved an obstinate silence.

At this moment the moon, escaping from behind a cloud, discovered to the eyes of the young girl the countenance of her lover, which the obscurity of the night had hitherto concealed. Great God! what a change! the pale and inanimate face, discoloured lips, and eyes immoveably and mournfully fixed upon the planet of the night; every thing in the appearance of the young traveller indicated that he was no longer an inhabitant of this world; all was cold and insensible as the tomb. At that moment a raven, the only inhabitant of those regions, uttering a funereal cry, flitted past the fiery coursers, whose manes bristled with affright.

A feeble light was seen at intervals in the distant horizon, and, as if urged on by supernatural force, the horses redoubled their speed, and soon stopped before a cabin of most dismal appearance. Suddenly the traveller, the horses, the sleigh, all disappeared, leaving Svetlana alone, exposed to the pelting of the storm, in the midst of a frightful desert; the snow fell around the poor girl, and embarrassed her faltering steps. Had her friend but been near her, to sustain her courage! but, alas! all nature seemed to abandon her. At length, the sound of footsteps strikes her ear; she turns, and again beholds the consoling light. She advances towards it, and knocks at the door of the hut, which flies open at her touch. She enters; a sad and mournful spectacle meets her view! a bier, covered with a winding sheet, a taper, whose feeble brightness shed around only a dim sepulchral light. Unhappy being! what brought you here? what fatality has conducted you to this desolate abode. Svetlana took refuge near the holy images, the sight of which re-assured her sinking soul; she threw herself on her knees, and, pressing with ardour a crucifix to her lips, invoked the protection of heaven by her fervent prayers.

The tempest no longer agitated the air; all was sunk into profound repose; the dying taper at times appeared extinct, and then again sent forth a brilliant light, which illuminated every corner of the hut; suddenly, a low murmur disturbed the death-like silence of the place, and a white dove, whose eyes sparkled amid the gloom, hovered around poor Svetlana, and, perching upon her shoulders, flapped its caressing wings.

Then, O horror! the dead started, and trembled under the winding sheet, and, throwing off the veil of death which enveloped it, disclosed to the eyes of Svetlana a ghastly and livid face, a forehead encircled by the funeral bandeau,* and eyes vacant in death; from the withered lips escaped a long-drawn sigh, and the lean and lank hands were with an effort extended towards the young girl, who stood immoveable with affright, till calmed by the sweet caresses of the beauteous dove. But the bird soon spread its wings, and, flying through the apartment, alighted upon the frozen bosom of the corpse, which uttered deep and hollow groans; the spectre rose, grinding his teeth, and glaring fiercely upon the terrified girl; but all at once the eyes closed, a death-like paleness passed over the features, and it fell motionless upon the bier. "Gaze, Svetlana, gaze upon this fearful corpse—it is thy lover!" Sinking under such an accumulation of horror, she uttered a piercing shriek, and suddenly awoke.

Where did she find herself? Before the mirror, in the same chamber, and in the same place in which her companions had left her. But the golden rays of the morning were already chasing before them the shades of night, and the cock, clapping his wings, greeted with his matin song the returning dawn.

Still agitated by the terrible impressions of her dream, Svetlana was seated at the window, her mind oppressed by the saddest presentiments.

A whirlwind of snow arose upon the mountain—the noise of distant sleigh bells was heard—the noise approached, and soon the tramp of horses, and the voice of the isvoschik was plainly distinguished—the door creaks upon its hinges—who is the traveller?—who, throwing aside his mantle, covered with snow, springs lightly from the sleigh? O Svetlana! it is your promised one—it is your faithful lover!

A TRIFLE. AN EPIGRAM.

Phillis! you rosy little rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a trifle.

* In Russia, they place upon the head of the corpse a crown, upon which saints and angels are represented.

STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF J. ATKINSON, ESQ.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE EMERALD ISLE," &c.

[In our former volume we had the good fortune of publishing, for the first time, an epitaph, by the English Anacreon, for the tombstone in Cheadle church-yard, over the remains of J. Atkinson, Esq. ; a gentleman to whom Mr. Moore dedicated his " Little's Poems," and whom he had characterised " as one in whom the elements were so mixed, that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency." We have been also fortunate in obtaining the following poem, to the memory of this Mæcenas of Irish literature, from the pen of Mr. Phillips, the distinguished barrister. The lines are alike worthy of the subject and the writer.—Ed.]

One shadow has pass'd, midst the thousands that glide
 From the pale of the earth, to the bourne of the grave ;
 A spirit so gentle, that memory's tide
 May seldom again bear such worth on its wave !

It hath pass'd—and the bard of the Bulbul can say
 How first it shone over its earliest hours ;
 Threw light on his hopes, and gave life to his lay,
 And awoke into being his slumbering powers.

Oh ! that heart was so kind, and that friendship so true,
 That, to know and to love, seem'd as link'd to each other :
 'Twas as binding a chain as one heart ever threw,
 To wind round the love and the joys of another.

That heart is now cold, and that friendship is hush'd—
 It hath pass'd, like the dream of the sleeper, away ;
 And the hopes that rose with it for ever are crush'd ;
 They never again round their patron shall play.

Oh ! let gratitude rise from the humblest of those
 Who have known and respected what still is so dear ;
 And the genius, that now has arrived at its close,
 With regret be remember'd, and named with a tear.

It hath pass'd—like the light of expiring day,
 As it melts into darkness—and scarce leaves a gloss
 Of its glory—but ah ; the cold weeds of the clay
 Remain in their dews but to weep for its loss.

TO AN INFANT.

Smile, lovely infant, smile !
 But thou canst not beguile,
 Nor sooth my woe-fraught heart :
 O ! say what power on earth can hide,
 Or lull to peace, or turn aside,
 Misfortune's barbed dart ?

Smile—smile, my cherub child !
 Thy face so fair and mild
 Enchants the very soul ;
 Thou little reck'st of gath'ring woes,
 The ills this world will soon disclose,
 O'er thee have no control.

Smile yet, a parent's pet !
 For thou know'st not as yet
 That villainy can smile ;
 Beneath its guise can treason lurk,
 And envy ply her dirty work,
 In mazy paths of guile.

Smile, smile, my charming boy !
 Thy early dawn enjoy,
 While innocence is thine !
 Alas ! too soon will fell despair,
 Mistrust, and heart-corroding care,
 Against thy peace combine.

Then smile, lov'd infant, smile !
 But thou canst not beguile,
 Nor sooth my woe-fraught heart :
 O say what power on earth can hide,
 Or lull to peace, or turn aside,
 Misfortune's barbed dart.

T. C.

REFLECTIONS ON INFANT INNOCENCE.

**"Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That, in the valley of decline are lost;
And virtue with peculiar charms appears
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years."**

How calm and peaceful are the slumbers of infant years ! How insensible of the cares, unconscious of the troubles which those of elder age are doomed to endure ! That babe, on whom my eye now rests, thinks not of future times, when care and trouble will as surely haunt his path as life is prolonged ; and when they will often cause him to indulge the wish, that heaven had never permitted him to live beyond the days of infancy. He imagines not how many bitter pangs will assail him, how many crosses he will meet with, how much fatigue he will be called on to suffer, before he quits this state of being for one more pure and happy.

It fills me often with regret to see the days of infant innocence emerge in those of riper years ;—to view the loveliness, affection, and beauty of youth, lose themselves in the darkness, coldness, and formality of manhood. It grieves me to think of such a wreck of charms—of such a transformation of manners and feeling—of such a change of quietude and peace—for the bustle, and care, and anxiety of the world. It seems cruel that we should lose a happy state of insensibility, to obtain one of knowledge that can add nothing to our temporal happiness, and only make us feel of how little value is life, separate from the consideration that it is given us to prepare for the enjoyment of eternity.

C. M. A.

THE MEMORY OF JOYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

There is a tear of sweet relief—
A tear of rapture and of grief ;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow.

It is when memory charms the mind
With tender images refined ;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends and joys no more.

There is an hour—a pensive hour,
And oh, how dear its soothing power !
It is when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale ;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
When all is silence and repose,
When memory wakes, and loves to mourn,
The days that *never* can return.

There is a strain—a plaintive strain,
The source of joy, and yet of pain ;
It is the song, whose dying measure,
Some friend beloved has heard with pleasure ;
Some friend, who ne'er again may hear,
The melting lay to memory dear ;
Ah ! then her magic spells restore
Visions of blissful days no more.

HOME SCENERY.

The harvest scythe is on a sunny slope,
A grassy nook form'd by the sinuous Ouse,
And merry sounds, and pleasant scents diffuse
Joy through that brief vale's limitary scope :
A spot it seems where age and grief might lie
To realise their dreams of early hope ;
Conning each feature over with fond eye,
To the dark verdure bank'd against the sky.
In sooth, 'tis a benignant landscape, fraught
With a domestic mild serenity ;—
A vision, meet to bless recurring thought,
When home and happy hearts have glided by,
And the glad rivulet of youth is dry
With fresh and balmy feelings in life's drought.

B. Y.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

A man may possess talent without possessing a spark of genius. Talent is the power of exertion and acquisition, and of applying acquisition in a judicious and effective manner. Talent is cool-headed—genius is hot-headed; talent may be cold hearted—genius can never be other than warm hearted; talent is generally prudent—genius is often imprudent; talent moves steadily and regularly forward—genius springs on impetuously and lags indolently, by turns; talent forms just and rational speculations—the speculations of genius are often wild and fantastic chimeras. The feeling of talent is judgment; the judgment of genius is feeling. Genius is proud and confident; talent is humble and unpretending. Talent constructed the lyre, while genius stood by and gave directions how the work should be done. Genius struck celestial melody from its chords; talent imitated the sounds, but soul and fire, and enthusiasm, were not in the strain. Talent chiseled the form of the Belvidere Apollo. Genius designed, and talent executed, the mighty plans of Napoleon. Talent is strong, but genius is both beautiful and strong. Talent influences our reason; genius influences both our reason and our feelings. The mind, in which both are united, makes the nearest approach to perfection; since the coolness of talent corrects the impetuosity of genius, and the conceptions of genius dignify the operations of talent. Genius, without talent, is a wild, and beautiful, and erratic meteor; talent, without genius, is a steady light, which lasts long, but never throws a flood of radiance upon earth or sky. Genius is generally in the extreme; talent is always in the mean. Talent is more earthly—genius more heavenly.

THE WEARY PEASANT BOY.

A SONG. BY PERCY NORTH.

Have pity, heaven, have pity, pray,
 Upon my mournful lot;
 A wandering outcast, doom'd to stray,
 By all the world forgot:



THE WEARY PEASANT BOY.

Published by Joseph Robins London & Dublin

O'er Siberia's deserts drear,
I rove without employ ;
And, void of every hope to cheer,
A weary Peasant Boy.

I once had parents, good and kind,
Who loved their only child ;
But now the sad reverse I find,
A wanderer o'er this wild :
Death snatch'd them from this world of woe,
Bereft me of all joy ;
And now I'm left o'er earth to go,
A weary Peasant Boy.

Farewell to every hope of bliss,
No friend on earth have I ;
'Twill be in purer realms than this
That I shall cease to sigh :
Here on this stone my head I'll rest,
My woes have no alloy ;
How changed, since parents once caress'd
Their weary Peasant Boy.

THE LITTLE DUTCH SENTINEL OF THE MANHADOES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," " THE SPANISH
GIRL OF THE CORDELLERAS," &c.

" How times change in this world, and especially in this new world !" exclaimed old Aurie Doremus, as he sat at the door of his domicile—the last of the little Dutch houses, built of little Dutch bricks, with gable end turned to the street—on a sultry summer evening, in the year so many honest people found out that paper money was not silver or gold. Half a dozen of his grown up grand children were gathered about him, on the seats of the little porch, which was shaped some-

thing like an old revolutionary cocked hat, as the good patriarch made this sage observation. He was in fine talking humour, and after a little while, went on amid frequent pauses, as if taxing his memory to make up his chronicle.

"It was the twenty-fourth—no, the twenty-fifth of March 1609, that Hendrick Hudson sailed from Amsterdam. On the fourth of September, after coasting along Newfoundland to Cape Cod, from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay, and thence back again along the Jersey coast, he came in sight of the highlands of Neversink, and anchored in the evening inside of Sandy Hook. This was in 1609—how long ago is that, Egbert!" said the good man, turning to me.

"Two hundred and sixteen years," replied I, after sore tribulation, for I never was good at ciphering.

"Two hundred and sixteen years—well, at that time there was not a single white man, or white man's habitation, in sight of where we are now sitting, in the midst of thousands, tens of thousands, I might almost say hundreds of thousands. Ah! boys, 'tis a rapid growth, and heaven grant it may not afford another proof, that the quick of growth, are quick of decay." After musing a little, he proceeded, as if speaking to himself rather than to us.

"If it were possible that an Indian, who had lived on this spot at the time of Hudson's first visit, could rise from the dead, with all his recollections of the past about him, what would he think of beholding the changes that have taken place? Nothing that he had ever seen, nothing that he had ever known, would he recognise, for even the face of the earth has passed away, and the course of the mighty rivers intruded upon by the labours of the white strangers. No vestiges, not even the roots of the woods where he hunted his game;—no landmarks familiar to his early recollections—no ruins of his ancient habitations—no traces to guide him to the spot where once reposed the remains of his fathers—nothing to tell him that his eyes had opened on the very spot, where they closed two hundred years ago." Again he paused a few moments, and then resumed his cogitations.

"And this is not all; its name and destinies, as well as its nature, are changed. From the Manhadoes of the ancient proprietors, it passed into the New Amsterdam of the Dutch, and the New York of the English; and now" continued he,

his eyes sparkling with exultation, " now it is the possession of a free and sovereign people. The sandy barren, which formed the projecting point of our isle, and where a few Indian canoes were hauled up, is now the resort of thousands of stately ships, coming from the furthest parts of the earth, and bearing the rich products of the new world, into every corner of the old. Their masts bristle around the city, like the leafless trees of a wintry forest. The rugged island, to which nature had granted nothing but its noble situation, and which seemed condemned to perpetual sterility, is now become a region of rich gardens, and white groups of houses ; the very rocks are turned to beds of flowers, and the tangled swamps of ivy clinging about the stunted shrubbery, into smooth lawns, embellishing and embellished by the sprightly forms of playful lads and lasses, escaped from the city to enjoy a summer afternoon of rural happiness. All, all is changed, and man the most of all. Simplicity has given place to the ostentatious, vulgar pride of purse-proud ignorance—the wild Indian, to the idle and effeminate beau—politeness to ceremony—comfort to splendour—honest mechanics to knavish brokers—morals to manners—wampum to paper money—and the fear of ghosts to the horror of poverty." Here again the old man paused, and seemed to retire within himself for a minute or two ; after which I observed him begin to chuckle and rub his hands, while his mischievous old eye assumed a new vivacity.

" I wonder what figure one of our Dutch belles or beaux of 1700 or thereabouts, would make at a rout, or the Italian opera ? I' faith I believe they would be more out of their element than the Indian I spoke of just now. They would certainly make rare sport in a cotillion, and, I doubt, would never arrive at that acme of modern refinement, which enables people to prefer sounds without sense to sense without sound ; and to empire with ecstasy at sentiments expressed in a language of which they do not comprehend a word. I dare swear they would prefer even a Dutch song they could understand, to an Italian one they could not."

" But did they believe in ghosts, grandfather ?" asked the youngest little grand-daughter, who was just beginning to dip in the modern wonders of romance, and had been caught by the word ghost in the old gentleman's harangue.

"Aye, that they did, and in every thing else. Now people believe in nothing but what they see in the newspapers; and the only exercise of their faith appears not, indeed, in believing a crust of bread is a shoulder of mutton, but that a greasy rag of paper is a guinea. I have heard my grandfather tell fifty stories of ghosts and witches; but they have all passed from my memory, except one about a little Dutch sentinel, which he used to repeat over so often, that I never forgot it to this day."

"O tell us the story," cried the little romance reader, who was the old gentleman's prime favourite, and to whom he never thought of denying anything, either in or out of reason, "I'll give you two kisses if you will."

"A bargain;" cried the good Aurie; "come hither, baggage." The little girl presented first one rosy cheek and then the other, which he kissed affectionately, and began as follows, while we all gathered about him, and listened like so many Schahriars.

"Once upon a time, then, to use the words of a pleasant and instructive historian, the governors of New Amsterdam were little kings, and the burgomasters such great men, that whoever spoke ill of one of them, had a bridle put into his mouth, rods under his arms, and a label on his breast recording his crime. In this trim he was led by the sheriff and tied to a post, where he remained a spectacle to the public, and an example to all evil doers, or rather evil sayers. I wonder how such a custom would go down now-a-days, with the great champions of the liberty of the press? Then, too, instead of street inspectors, whose duty it is to take care of one side of a street and let the other take care of itself, there were rooy-meesters to look to the fences, and keep the cows from trespassing on their neighbours' pastures—then the houses were covered with reeds and straw, and the chimneys were made of wood—then all matrimonial disputes were settled by "a commissary of marriage affairs," and no man could eat a loaf of bread, except the flour had been inspected by the "comptroller-general of the company's windmill," who could be no other than the sage Don Quixote himself—then the distinction of ranks, instead of being designated by great and little barons, was signified by great and little burghers, who danced hipsey-saw and reels—plucked the goose—ram-

bled on the commons, now the park, for nuts and strawberries,—made parties of pleasure to enjoy the retired shades of the Ladies' Valley, since metamorphosed into Maiden Lane—shot bears in the impenetrable forests of Harlaem Heights—hunted the deer along the Bloomingdale road, and erected May-poles on the first of May, in the great meadow where the college now stands."

"In what year was that,?" asked the little pet lady.

"Why, in the year 1670, or thereabouts, you baggage."

"I declare I thought it must have been somewhere about the year one," said she, laughing. The old man patted her cheek and went on.

"About this time the good citizens of New Amsterdam were most especially afraid of three things, Indians, ghosts, and witches. For the first, they had good reason for the Indians inhabited the country around them in all directions, and though the honest Amsterdammers could beat them at a bargain, there was another game at which they had rather the advantage. In regard to ghosts and witches, I cannot say as much in justification of their fears. But that is neither here nor there. Some people, that will run like a deer from real danger, defy ghosts and witches, and all their works, while the fearless soldier, who faces death without shrinking in a hundred battles, trembles and flees from a white cow in a church-yard, or a white sheet on a clothes line of a moonlight night. It was thus with honest Jan Sol, the little Dutch sentinel of the Manhadoes,

Jan was a short, square-built, bandy-legged, broad-faced, snub-nosed little fellow, who valued himself upon being an old soldier; a species of men, that, with the exception of travellers, are the most given to telling what are called tough stories, of any people in the world. According to his own account, he had been in more pitched battles than Henry the Lion, or Julius Cæsar; and made more lucky escapes than any knight-errant on record. The most miraculous one of all was at some battle, I forget the name, where he would certainly have been killed, if he had not very opportunely arrived just after it was over. But though one of the most communicative persons in the world, he never gave any tolerable reason for visiting New Amsterdam. He hinted, indeed, that he had been invited over to discipline the raw provinces;

but there was a counter story abroad, that he was drummed out of his regiment for walking in his sleep, and emptying the canteens of the whole mess. Indeed, he did not positively deny that he was apt to be a rogue in his sleep; but then he made it up, by being as honest as the day, when he was awake.

However this may be, at the time I speak of, Jan Sol figured as corporal in the trusty city guard, whose business it was to watch during the night, to guard against the inroads of the savages, and to enforce in the day-time the military code established for the good order and well-being of the metropolis. This code consisted of nineteen articles, every one of which was a perfect blue law. Bread and water, boring tongues with a red hot iron, hanging, and such like trifles, were the least a man had to expect in those days. The mildest infliction of the whole code was that of riding a wooden horse, for not appearing on the parade at the ringing of a bell. This town was always famous for bell-ringing. Jan had many a ride in this way for nothing. Among the most rigid of these regulations, was one which denounced death for going in and out of the fort, except through the gate; and another, ordaining a similar punishment for entering or leaving the city by any other way but the land-poort, after the mayor had gone his rounds in the evening, and received the keys from the guard.

“The state of society, and the neighbourhood of the Indians, I suppose, made these severe restrictions necessary; and we are not, while sitting quietly at our fire-sides, out of their reach, to set ourselves in judgment upon our ancestors, who planted the seeds of this empire in the midst of dangers. In the little sketch of New Amsterdam, to which I have before referred, and which is well worth your reading, it is stated that the gate was shut in the evening before dark, and opened at day-light. At nine o'clock the tattoo was beat, as the signal for the honest folks to go to sleep as quick as possible, and it is recorded they all obeyed the summons in the most exemplary manner. The sentinels were placed at different points considered the most accessible, and changed every half hour, that being the limit of a quiet orderly Dutchman's capacity for keeping awake after nine o'clock.

“One bright moonlight night, in the month of August, it

fell to the lot of Jan Sol to mount guard, not a hundred yards from the great gate, or land-poort, which was situated in Broadway, near where Trinity church now stands. Beyond this, between Liberty and Courtlandt streets, stood the company's windmill, where nearly all the flour was made for the consumption of the little metropolis. The place where he took his rounds was a sand bank elevated above the surrounding objects, and whence he could see the river, the opposite shore of New Jersey, then called Pavonia, the capacious bay, and the distant hills of Staten Island. The night was calm, and the cloudless sky showed thousands of wandering glories overhead, whose bright twinklings dawned in the slow undulating surface of the glassy mirror. All round there was perfect silence and repose; nothing moved upon the land, or the waters; neither lights were burning, nor dogs barking; these sagacious animals having been taught, by a most infallible way of appealing to their instincts, that it was unlawful to disturb the somniferous indulgences of their masters. It was a scene for poetic inspiration; but Jan Sol was no poet, although he often availed himself of the poetic licence in his stories. He was thinking of something else, besides the beauty of the night, and the scene. The truth is, his nerves were very much out of order at that moment.

"It was about the time that witches made their first appearance in the new world, whither they came, I suppose, to escape the pleasant alternative of being either drowned or hanged, proffered to them in those days by the good people of England. But they got out of the frying pan into the fire, as history records, particularly to the eastward of the Manhadoes, where some of them underwent the ordeal of Shadrack, Meshac, and Abednego. Others fled to New Amsterdam, greatly to the discomfiture of the good citizens, who took such umbrage at broomsticks, that the industrious and cleanly housewife's vocation of sweeping the parlour twelve times a day, was considered as nought. It is affirmed that, instead of a broom, they used the broad brimmed Sunday hats of their husbands in blowing away the dust, for fear of being taken for witches. There was a universal panic, and a universal dust, throughout all the city.

"But this was not the most of it, either. Just about this time, Dominic Egidius Luyck prophesied the world was com-

ing to an end, as plainly appeared from the great quantity of toad-stools, which made their appearance in the Ladies' Valley and Windmill Meadow after a heavy rain. This prophecy was followed up by the appearance of the northern lights, falling stars, and mysterious rattlings of invisible carriages through the streets at midnight. To crown all, an inspired fanatic had passed through the Broadway, crying out, 'Woe, woe, to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim! Two woes past, and the third coming, except ye repent—repent—repent!' All these horrors now encompassed the imaginations of Jan Sol, as he paced the little sand hillock with slow steps, and, from time to time, started at his shadow. The half hour seemed an age, and never did anybody long so much for the appearance of a corporal's guard to relieve him.

"He had not been on the watch more than ten minutes or so, when, happening to look towards the opposite shore of Pavonia, he saw something moving on the waters, like a canoe shooting across the river. Five hundred Indians, with tomahawks and scalping knives, all at once stood before the little sentinel, whose imagination was ready cocked and primed for the reception of all sorts of horrors. He had a great mind to fire his gun, and alarm the garrison; but a little of the fear of his companions' jokes restrained him for that time. However, he drew a pistol, and refreshed his courage with a little of the genuine Schiedam, after which he ventured to look that way again. But the canoe had disappeared in a most miraculous manner, and Jan was satisfied in his mind, that it was neither more nor less than the ghost of a canoe. There was not much consolation in this; but it was better than the five hundred Indians, with their tomahawks and scalping knives."

"The night breeze now sprung up with its chilling dews, and cooled Jan's courage, till it nearly fell down to the freezing point. The wind, or some other cause, produced a sort of creaking and moaning in the old crazy windmill, which drew the eyes of the little sentinel in that direction. At that moment, Jan saw a head slowly rising and peeping over the wall, directly in a line with the windmill. His eyes became rivetted to the spot, with the irresistible fascination of overwhelming terror. Gradually the head was followed by shoulders, body, and legs, which Jan swore belonged to a giant,

at least sixteen ells high. After sitting a moment upon the wall, the figure, according to Jan's relation before the governor next morning, put forth a pair of enormous wings, and, whirling itself round and round in a circle, while its eyes flashed fire, and its teeth appeared like live coals, actually flew down from the wall towards the governor's garden, where it disappeared, or rather sunk into the ground, close by the garden gate. Jan fired his gun, and one might have supposed he killed himself, for he fell flat on his face, apparently as dead as a door nail.

"Here he was found by the relief guard, about five minutes afterwards, with his face buried in the sand hill. The moment they touched him, he began to roar out with awful vociferation, 'woe, woe to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim.' They could make nothing of Jan or his story, and forthwith carried him to the 'big house,' as it was called, where the governor resided, and who, together with the whole corporation and city, had been waked by the discharge of the gun. Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man. Jan told his story, and swore to it afterwards; but all he got by it, was a ride on the wooden horse the next morning. The story, however, took wind, and there was more liquor sold that day at the Stadt Herberg, or city tavern, than for a whole week before. Coming upon the back of the Dominie's toad stools, the northern lights, the rumbling of the invisible wheels, and the mysterious denunciation of the drunkards of Ephraim, it made a great impression; and many, not to say all, believed there must be something in it. Several people went to church the next day, who had not been there since they were christened.

"Measures were taken the following night, and for several nights afterwards, to detect this gigantic spectre, but in vain. Nothing appeared to disturb the quiet repose of the guard and the city, till the next Saturday night, when it came to Jan Sol's turn to take his watch upon the sand hill, about the same hour as before. They say Jan fortified himself with a double allowance of Schiedam, and put a little Dutch bible in the pocket of one of his breeches. But all would not do, for many people were ready to swear afterwards, that his hair stood on end so sturdily that he could hardly keep his tin cap upon it. Ghosts, hobgoblins, and

that sort of thing, have not only a propensity to visit some one particular person, but are likewise extremely regular in their habits, as well as in their hours of appearing. Exactly at the same hour, the little canoe shot from Pavonia, the night breeze sprung up as before, the old windmill began to creak and moan, the gigantic spectre peered over the wall at the same spot as before, and cautiously glaring round with his fiery eyes, unfurled his mighty wings,, and, after turning a few somersets, flew towards the gate of the governor's garden, where he disappeared as before. This time Jan was too far gone to fire his matchlock, but a few minutes after he was found almost insensible with fright, by the relief guard, who carried him before the governor next morning, where he swore to the same story, and was complimented with another ride on the wooden horse.

“ But the repetition of a miracle is sure to make it less miraculous ; and a wonder twice told is almost half proved. People began to believe, and from believing, to be sure there was something out of the way, at least, in this affair. Miracles, like misfortunes, never come single ; and almost every one had a wonder of his own to reinforce that of the little Dutch sentinel. At least fifty of them happened within less than a week, each more alarming than the other. Doors opened at midnight by invisible hands—strange black cats with green eyes, and sparks of fire flying out of their backs, appeared at different times—the old mahogany chests of drawers made divers strange noises, and sometimes went off with a report almost as loud as a pistol—and an old woman coming into market with cabbages before daylight in the morning, met a black figure, she could almost swear had a tail and a cloven foot. A horseman was heard in the middle of the night galloping furiously towards the land-poort, crying ‘ whoa ! whoa ! ’ with a hollow voice ; and what was very singular, though several persons got up to look out of the windows, not one could see the least sign of horse or horseman. In short, the whole city of New Amsterdam was in a panic, and he was a bold man, that did not run away from his own shadow. Even the ‘ big house,’ where the governor dwelt, was infected ; insomuch that his excellency doubled his guards, and slept with loaded pistols at his bedside. One of these made a voluntary discharge one night,

and the bullet passed right through the picture of Admiral Van Tromp, which hung up in the chamber. If it had been the admiral himself, he would have been killed as sure as a gun. This accident was considered as very remarkable, as there were no hair triggers in those days, to go off of themselves.

“ There was at that time a public-spirited little magistrate in office, by the name of Dirck Smet, a pipe-maker by trade, who was the father of more laws than all the lawyers before or after him, from Moses down to the present time. He had the itch of legislation to a most alarming degree, and like Titus, considered he had lost a day, when he had not begotten at least one law. A single circumstance or event, no matter how insignificant, was enough for him. If a little boy happened to frighten a sober Dutch horse, which by the way was no such easy matter, by flying his kite, the worshipful Dirck Smet would forthwith call a meeting of the common council, and, after declaiming a full hour upon the dangers of kite-flying, get a law passed denouncing a penalty upon all wicked parents who allowed their children to indulge in that pestilent amusement. If there happened a rumour of a man, a horse, a cow, or any other animal, being bit by a mad dog, in some remote part of new England, or elsewhere, Dirck Smet would spout a speech enough to make one's hair stand on end, about the horrors of hydrophobia, and get a law passed against all the honest mastiffs of New Amsterdam, who had no more idea of running mad than I have at this moment. Owing to the number of little creeks intersecting the city, and the quantity of grass growing in the streets at that time, there was never a finer city for raising flocks of geese than New Amsterdam ;—in fact, there were as many geese as inhabitants. Dirck declared war against these in a speech of three hours, which so overpowered the council that they all fell asleep, and passed a law banishing the geese from the city ; although one of the members, who had the finest goose-pond in the place, talked very learnedly about the famous goose that saved the capitol. It is said, that Dirck's antipathy to these honest birds, arose from having been attacked and sorely buffeted by a valliant old gander, whose premises he had chanced to invade on some occasion. He was, indeed, the most arrant meddler and busybody of his day, always poking

his nose into holes and corners, ferreting out nuisances, and seeking pretexts for new laws ; so that if the people had paid any attention to them, they would have been under a worse tyranny than that of the Turk or the Spaniard. But they were saved from this by a lucky circumstance ; the council thinking they did enough by making the laws, let them take care of themselves afterwards ; and honest Dirck Smet was too busy begetting new laws, to mind what became of the old ones. Nevertheless, he got the reputation of a most vigilant magistrate, which means a pestilent intermeddler with people's domestic sports and occupations, and a most industrious busybody in attempting impossibilities.

“ As soon as Dirck Smet heard the story of the inroads of the winged monster, he fell into a fever of anxiety, to do something for the good of the community. He was on the point of proposing a severe law against winged monsters ; but from this he was dissuaded by a judicious friend, who represented the difficulty of catching this sort of delinquents, and that this was absolutely necessary, before he could punish them. Baffled in this point, he fumed about from one place to another, insisting that something must be done for the quiet and security of the city ; and that a law of some kind or other was absolutely necessary on the occasion, if it were only to show their zeal for the public good. It was his opinion, that a bad law was better than no law at all, and that it would be an inexcusable piece of negligence, to let these interloping monsters fly over the wall with impunity.

“ All this while his excellency the governor of New Amsterdam said nothing, but thought a great deal. He was a little jealous of the popularity of Dirck Smet, who had got the title of the father of the city, on account of having saved it from the horrors of flying kites, mad dogs, and hissing ganders. In fact, they were two such great men, that the city was not half large enough for them both ; and the consequence was, that, instead of assisting, they only stood in each other's way, like two carts in a narrow lane. We can have too much of a good thing, even as regards laws and rulers. The governor was determined to do nothing, for no other reason that could ever be discovered, than because his rival was so busy. The fears of the good citizens, however, and their increasing clamours against the negligence of their rulers, at

length roused the activity of the governor, who forthwith convened his council to deliberate upon the best means of saving the city of New Amsterdam.

“Dirck Smet, who was *ex officio* a member, was in his glory on this occasion, and talked so much, that there was no time for acting. At length, however, the inward man gave out, and he had not breath to say any thing more. It was then, tradition says, that a silent old member, who never made a set speech in his life, proposed, in as few words as possible, and in a quiet colloquial manner, that measures should be first taken to ascertain the truth of the story, after which means might be found to detect the miracle or the impostor, whatever it might be. It is affirmed the whole council was astonished that a man should be able to say so much in so few words, and that henceforth the silent member was considered the wisest of them all. Even Dirck Smet held his tongue for the rest of the sitting, thus furnishing another striking proof, my children, that good sense is an overmatch for the most confirmed garrulity. The same old gentleman suggested, that, as Saturday night seemed to be the period chosen for his two visits by the winged monster, it would be advisable to place some of the most trusty of the city guard in ambush, in the vicinity of the spot, where, according to the testimony of Jan Sol, he had flown over the wall, to intercept him there, or at least overtake him in his progress to the governor's garden. Every body wondered at the wisdom of this proposal, which was adopted, with only one dissenting voice. Dirck Smet moved as an amendment, that the word ‘progress’ should be changed to ‘flight,’ but it was negatived, greatly to his mortification; and therefore he voted against the whole proposition, declaring it went against his conscience.

“Accordingly, the next Saturday night a party was got in readiness, of six picked men of the city guard, under the command of Captain Balthazar Knyff, of immortal memory, who had faced more ghosts in his generation than any man living. The whole band was equipped with an extraordinary number of nether garments for defence, and fortified with double allowance of Schiedam, to keep up their courage in this arduous service. The captain was considered a person of the greatest weight in all the city, and in addition to this, he

added to his specific gravity by stuffing into his pockets all the leaden weights he could borrow of a neighbouring grocer, for he did not know but the monster might fly away with him. His comrades remonstrated that this additional weight would impede his pursuit of the foe ; but the captain nobly replied, ' it was beneath a soldier to run, either from or after an enemy.' The most perfect secrecy was preserved in all these arrangements.

Thus equipped, they took their station, about eleven o'clock on the Saturday night following the last appearance of the winged monster, under cover of one of the neighbouring houses, and there waited the coming of the mysterious visitor. Twelve o'clock, the favourite hour of spectres of all sorts, came and passed, yet no spectre appeared peeping over the wall. By this time they began to be wearied with long watching, and it was proposed that they should take turns, one at a time, while the others slept off the fatigue of such unheard-of service. The lot fell upon Jan Sol, who being, as it were, a sort of old acquaintance of the spectre, was supposed to be particularly qualified for this honour. Jan forthwith posted himself at the corner of the house, upon one leg, to make sure of keeping awake, as he had whilome seen the New Amsterdam geese do, ere they were banished from the city, by the inflexible patriotism of Dirck Smet, the great lawgiver.

" The little Dutch sentinel stood for about half an hour, sometimes on one leg, and sometimes on the other, with his head full of hobgoblins, and his heart full of fears. All was silent as the grave, save the sonorous music of the captain's vocal nose, as it might be poetically expressed, ' living lyre,' which, ever and anon, snorted a low requiem to the waning night. The moon was on the swift decrease, and now exhibited an arch not unlike a bright Indian bow, suspended in the west, a little above the distant horizon. Gradually it sunk behind the hills, leaving the world to the guardianship of the watchmen of the night, the twinkling stars. Scarcely a minute after, the heart of honest Jan was set bumping against his trusty ribs, by the appearance of something slowly rising above the indistinct line of the city wall, which, I ought to observe, was made of wood. The spectre gradually mounted higher and higher, and rested on the very spot where he had seen it twice before.



The teeth of Jan Sol chattered, and his knees knocked against each other; but he stood his ground manfully, and either would not or could not run away. This time the spectre, though he appeared with two enormous wings projecting from his shoulders, did not whirl them round, or expand them in the manner he had done before. After sitting perched for a few moments on the wall, he flew down to the ground, and crept cautiously along, under cover of the wall, in a direction towards the big house. At this moment, the trusty Jan, with some difficulty roused his companions, and silently pointed to the spectre, gliding along as before related. Whether it was that it saw or heard something to alarm it, I cannot say, but scarcely had the redoubtable Captain Knyff risen, and shaken from his valiant spirit the fumes of sleep and Schiedam, when the spirit took, as it were, to itself wings, and sped rapidly towards the gate of the governor's garden. The party pursued, with the exception of the captain, who carried too much weight for a race, and arrived within sight of the gate just in time to see the spectre vanish, either under, over, or inside of it, they could not tell which. When they got to the gate, they found it fast locked, a proof, if any had been wanting, that it must have been something supernatural.

In pursuance of their instructions, the guard roused the
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governor, his household, and his troops, with the intention of searching the garden, and, if necessary, every part of his house, for the purpose of detecting this mysterious intruder. The garden was surrounded by a high brick wall, the top of which bristled with iron spikes, and pieces of bottles set in mortar. It was worth a man's life to get over it. There was no getting in or out except by the gate, on the outside of which the governor stationed two trusty fellows, with orders to stand a little apart, and perfectly quiet. Now all the governor's household was wide awake, and a bustle of anxiety and trepidation, except one alone, who did not make her appearance. This was the governor's only daughter, as pretty a little Dutch damsel as ever crossed Kissing Bridge, or rambled over the green fields of the Manhadoes. Compared to the queer little bodies that figure now-a-days in the Broadway, seemingly composed of nothing but hats, feathers, and flounces, she was a composition of real flesh and blood, which is better than all the gauze, silk, tulle, and gros de Naples in the world. A man marries a milliner's shop instead of a woman now-a-days," said the old gentleman, glancing a little archly at the fashionable paraphernalia of his pretty pet granddaughter. "Her face and form was all unsophisticated native beauty, and her dress all simplicity and grace."

"Is that her picture hanging in the back parlour?" asked the little girl, in a sly way.

"Yes; but the picture does not do justice either to the beauty or the dress of the original."

"I hope not," said the other, "for, if it does, I would not be like her for the world."

"Pshaw! you baggage," replied the old gentleman, "you'll never be fit to hold a candle to her."

"The search now commenced with great vigour in the garden, although Jan Sol openly declared it as his opinion, that they might look themselves blind before they found the spectre, who could fly over a wall as easy as a grasshopper. He accordingly kept aloof from the retired part of the garden, and stuck close to his noble commander, Captain Knyff, who, by this time, had come up with the pursuers. All search, however, proved vain; for, after a close investigation of more than an hour, it was unanimously agreed, that the intruder, whether man, monster, or ghost, could not possibly be hid in the

garden. The governor then determined to have the house searched, and accordingly the whole party entered for that purpose, with the exception of the two sentinels without the gate. Here, while rummaging in closets, peering under beds, and looking up chimneys, in vain, they were alarmed by a sudden shout from the garden, which made their hearts quake with exceeding apprehension. The shout was succeeded by loud talking, and apparent tugging and struggling, as if between persons engaged in hot contention. At the same moment, the governor's daughter rushed into her chamber, and throwing herself on the bed, with a loud shriek, remained insensible for some time. Every body was sure she had seen the spectre.

"It appears, that while the search was going on in the big house, and the attention of everybody employed in that direction, the sentinels outside the gate, heard the key cautiously turned inside; then, after a little pause, slowly open. A face then peeped out, as if to take an observation, and the owner, apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, darted forward. The first step he unluckily tripped over a rope, which these trusty fellows had drawn across the gate, and fell full length on the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the two sentinels were upon him, and, in spite of his exertions, kept him down, until their shouts drew the rest of the guard to their assistance. The spectre was then secured with ropes, and safely lodged in the cellar, under a strong escort, to await his examination the next morning. Jan Sol was one of the band, though he insisted it was all nonsense to mount guard over a spectre.

"The council met betimes, at the sound of a bell, rang by a worthy citizen, who, in addition to his vocation of bell-ringer, was crier of the court, messenger to the governor, sexton, clerk, and grave-digger to the whole city of New Amsterdam. It was something to be a man in those days, before the invention of steam-engines, spinning jennys, and chess-playing automats, caused such a superfluity of human beings, that it is much if they can now earn salt to their porridge. At that time, men were so scarce, that there were at least half a dozen offices to one man; now there are half a dozen men to one office, all which is owing to machinery. This accumulation of honours in the person of the bell-ringer

made him a man of considerable consequence, insomuch, that the little boys about Flattenbarrack Hill chalked his name upon their sleighs, and it is even asserted that he had an Albany sloop called after him. I could, therefore, do no less than make honourable mention of a person of his dignity.

“After the council met, and every thing was ready, the door of the cellar was cautiously opened, and Jan Sol at the head, that is to say in the rear, of a file of soldiers, descended for the purpose of bringing forth this daring interloper, who had thus from time to time disturbed the sleep of the sober citizens of New Amsterdam. Jan offered to bet a canteen of Schiedam, that they would find nobody in the cellar, but, contrary to all expectation, they presently came forth with the body of a comely youth, apparently about the age of five-and-twenty, which was considered very young in those days. Nothing was more customary there, than for a sturdy mother to bastinado her boys, as she called them, after they had grown to be six feet high. They were all the better for it, and made excellent husbands.

“When the young man came into the presence of the puissant governor of the New Netherlands, he appeared a comely person, tall, fair-complexioned, and pleasant of feature. He was asked whence he came, and not having a lawyer at his elbow to teach him the noble art of prevarication, replied without hesitation—

“ ‘ From Pavonia.’

“ ‘ How did you get into the city ?’

“ ‘ I climbed the wall, near the company’s windmill.’

“ ‘ And how did you get into the governor’s garden ?’

“ ‘ The same way I got out.’

“ ‘ How was that ?’

“ ‘ Through the gate.’

“ ‘ How did you get through the gate ?’

“ ‘ By unlocking it.’

“ ‘ With what ?’

“ ‘ With a key.’

“ ‘ Whence came that key ?’

“ ‘ No answer.

“ ‘ Whence came that key ?’

“ ‘ I shall not tell.’

“ ‘ What induced you to scale the wall and intrude into garden ?’

“ ‘ I shall not tell.’ ”

“ ‘ Not if you are hanged for not telling ?’ ”

“ ‘ Not if I am hanged for not telling.’ ”

“ ‘ What have you done with the wings with which, according to the testimony of Jan Sol, you flew from the wall, and through the street, into the governor’s garden ?’ ”

“ ‘ I never had any wings, and never flew in the whole course of my life.’ ”

“ Here Jan Sol was called up, and testified positively to the wings and the flying. There was now great perplexity in the council, when the keeper of the windmill demanded to be heard. He stated, he remembered perfectly well, that on the two nights referred to, he had set his windmill going about the hour in which Jan Sol saw the spectre whirl round and fly from the wall. There had been a calm for several days previous, and the citizens began to be in want of flour ; he had, therefore, taken advantage of the rising of the wind at the time, to set his mill going. A little farther inquiry led to the fact, that the place where the spectre scaled the wall was exactly in a line with the windmill, and the spot where Jan held his watch. It was thus that the spectre became identified with the wings of the mill. This exposition, marvellously quietted the fears of the good people ; but there were a number of stern believers who stuck by the little sentinel, and continued to believe in the winged monster. As for poor Jan, he looked ten times more foolish, than when he used to be caught emptying the canteens of his comrades in his sleep. This elucidation being over, the examination proceeded

“ ‘ Did you know of the law, making it death for any one to enter or depart from the city, between sunset and sunrise, except through the gate ?’ ”

“ ‘ I did.’ ”

“ ‘ What induced you to violate it ?’ ”

“ ‘ I shall not tell.’ ”

“ ‘ Was it plunder ?’ ”

“ ‘ I am no thief.’ ”

“ ‘ Was it treason against the state ?’ ”

“ ‘ I am no traitor.’ ”

“ ‘ Was it mischief ?’ ”

“ ‘ I am not a child.’

“ ‘ Was it to frighten people ?’

“ ‘ I am no fool.’

“ ‘ What is your name ?’

“ ‘ My name is of no consequence ; a man can be hanged without a name.’

“ And this was all they could get out of him. Various cross questions were put to entrap him : he replied to them all with perfect freedom and promptitude, until they came to his name, and his motives for intruding into the city in violation of a law so severe, that none as yet had ever been known to transgress it ; then, as before, he declined answering.

“ In those early days, under the Dutch dynasty, trial by jury was not in fashion. People were too busy to serve as jurymen, if they had been wanted ; and the decision of most cases was left either to the burgomasters, or if of great consequence, to the governor and council. Justice was severe and prompt, in proportion to the dangers which surrounded the early colonists, and the spirit of the times in which they flourished. They lived in perpetual apprehension ; and fear is the father of cruelty. The law denouncing death to any person who should enter the city betwixt sunset and sunrise, except by the gate, was considered as too essential to the security of the citizens, to be relaxed in favour of any one, especially of a person who refused to tell either his name or the motive for his intrusion. By his own admission, he was guilty of the offence, and but one course remained for the council. The young man was sentenced to be hanged, that day week, and sent to the fort for safe keeping till the period arrived.

That day the daughter of the governor did not appear, to grace the table of his excellency ; nor in the management of those little household affairs that are not beneath the dignity of the daughters of kings. She was ill with a head-ache, and kept her bed. The governor had no child but her, and, though without any great portion of sensibility, was capable of all the warmth of parental affection. Indeed, all his affections were centred in this little blooming offspring, who was the only being in all the new world that carried a drop of his blood, coursing in her blue veins. He was also proud of her, so proud, that his pride often got the better of his affection. She had many admirers ; for she was fair, wealthy, and the

daughter of the greatest governor in the New World, not excepting him of Virginia. It followed, as a matter of course, that she was admired; but it was at an awful distance. The honest Dutch swains, who had not pursued the female sprite through all the mazes of romance, and learned how oftentimes high-born ladies stooped to lads of low degree, gaped at her at church, as if she had been a sea-serpent. They would as soon have thought of aspiring to the governor's dignity, as to to the governor's daughter. Besides, he was one of those absurd old blockheads, who consider nobody good enough for their daughters at home, and hawk them about Europe in search of some needy sprig of nobility, who will exchange his mighty honours for bags of gold, and a fair blooming virtuous virgin into the bargain. He had sworn a thousand times, that his Catalina should never marry anything below a Dutch baron."

"Was her name Catalina? was she my namesake?" interrupted the little granddaughter.

"Yes, girl, she was your great great grandmother, and you were christened after her," said the old man, and proceeded.

"This awe on the part of the young fellows of New Amsterdam, and this well-known determination of the governor, kept all admirers at an awful distance from the young lady, who grew up at the age of eighteen, loving no one save her father, now that her mother was no more, and an old black woman, who had taken care of her ever since she was a child. The throne of her innocent bosom had remained till then quite vacant, nor did she know for certain what it was that made her sometimes so weary of the world, and so tired of the length of the livelong sultry summer hours. She walked into the garden to pluck the flowers, until she became tired of that. She strolled with her old nurse into the rural retirement of Ladies' Valley, and the shady paths which coursed the wood, where the Park is now, until she became tired of that. In short, she became tired of every thing, and so spiritless, that her father was not a little alarmed for her health.

"About this time, the governor was called by important political business to the eastern frontier, and the journey was expected to take up several days. During his absence, a party was formed to cross the river, and spend the day in ram-

bling about the romantic solitudes of Weehawk, then a sort of frontier between the white man and the Indian. Catalina was pressed to accompany them, and at last consented, although against the will, not only of the governor himself, who would certainly have forbidden it, had he been present; but he was a hundred miles off, and, in the absence of the governor, there was nobody equal to the governor's daughter. The morning was fine, and the party set out as happy as youthful spirits and youthful anticipations could make them. Here they rambled at will and at random, in groups, in pairs, and alone, just as it suited them: gathering together to take their refreshments, and again separating, as chance or will directed them.

"Catalina had separated from the others, and wandered almost unconsciously, half a mile from the landing-place, by herself. Perhaps, when she set out, she expected some of the beaux to follow; but they stood in such awe of her, that not one had the temerity to offer his assistance. Each being occupied with his own pursuits and reflections, no one missed the young madam for some time, until their attention was roused by a shriek at a distance in the woods. After a momentary pause, the shrieks were repeated in quick succession, and almost immediately succeeded by the report of a gun. The little group of young people were struck with dismay, and the first impulse was to run to the boats, and escape into the stream. But, to do them justice, this was but a momentary selfishness; for the moment they missed Catalina, the young men prepared to pursue in the direction of the shrieks and the gun. At this crisis, a figure darted swiftly from the wood, bearing the young lady, insensible, in his arms; and, approaching the group, placed her with her head in the lap of one of the girls, while he ran to the river, and returned with some water in his hat.

"Catalina soon came to herself, and related that she had been seized by an Indian, and rescued by the young man, who, all the young damsels presently discovered, was very handsome. He wore the dress of a gentleman of that day, which, sooth to say, would not cut much of a figure just now. He was accoutred as a sportsman, and had in his bag sufficient evidence of his skill. It was decided on all hands, that the stranger, having saved the life of Catalina, or

at least, rescued her from captivity, was destined to be her future husband, and that her time was now come. Such prophecies are very apt to be fulfilled. The stranger announced himself as the son of the ancient and honourable lord of Pavonia, and was blushing invited by Catalina to come and receive the thanks of her father, when he should return from the eastern frontier. But he only shook his head, and replied, with a dubious smile, 'Are you sure I shall be welcome?'

"From this time Catalina became more languid and thoughtful than ever. When the governor returned, and heard the story of her straying into the woods, and of her deliverance, he swore he would reward the gallant young man, like a most liberal and puissant governor. But when, afterwards, on inquiring his name, he found it was the son of the lord of Pavonia, he retracted his promise, and swore that the son was no better than the father, who was an arrant splutterkin. They had quarrelled about the boundaries; his excellency claiming the whole of the river on the west side, up to the high-water mark, while the lord of Pavonia, whose territories lay exactly opposite the city of New Amsterdam, had the temerity to set nets and catch shad in the very middle of the stream. The feud was bitter, in proportion to the dignity of the parties, and the importance of the point at issue. The governor commanded his daughter never to mention the name of the splutterkin, on pain of his displeasure.

"Rumour, however, says that the young man found means to renew his acquaintance with Catalina, and that though she might never mention his name to her father, she thought of him all day, and dreamed about him all night. After awhile, the rumour died away, and the people began to think and talk about something else. Some of the young men, however, who happened to see the culprit that had dared to leap over the wall, against the statute, thought he had a strong resemblance to the youth who had rescued Catalina from the Indian. The young lady, as I said before, continued ill all day, and for several days after the condemnation of the spectre youth, who persevered obstinately in resisting any disclosure of his name, or his motives for scaling the walls of New Amsterdam. In the mean time the period for his execution approached, only two days of life now remained to him, when Catalina, with an

effort, determined to bring her fate to a crisis at once. She rose from her bed, pale and drooping like a lily, and tottering to her father's study, sunk at his feet.

" ' Father,' said she, ' will you forgive him and me ?'

" ' Forgive thee, my daughter ! I have nothing to forgive, so that is settled. But who is the other ?'

" ' My husband.'

" ' Thy husband !' exclaimed the puissant governor, starting up, in dismay ; ' and who is he ?'

" ' The youth who is sentenced to die, the day after to-morrow.'

" ' And who is he, in the devil's name—I had almost said ?' exclaimed his excellency, in wrathful amazement.

" ' He is the son of the lord of Pavonia,' replied she, hiding her face with her hands.

" ' And thou art married to that splutterkin ?'

" ' Yes, father.'

" ' Then I shall take care to unmarry thee. The knot the parson tied, the hangman shall untie, the day after to-morrow, or I'm no governor. But who dared to marry thee against my will ?'

" ' Dominie Curtanius.'

" ' He did ! then the Dominie shall hang by the side of the splutterkin. Go to thy chamber—to thy bed—to thy grave ; thou art no daughter of mine.'

" Poor Catalina crawled to her bed, and wept herself into a temporary forgetfulness. The next day she was so much worse, that the old nurse declared she would die before her husband. The governor kept up a good countenance, but his heart was sorely beset by pity and forgiveness, which both clung weeping around him. He went so far as to sound some of the council about pardoning the young man ; but one of them, who was suspected of looking up to the fair Catalina, talked so eloquently about the safety of the city and the public good, that he was fain to hold his tongue, and shut himself up, for he could not bear to see his daughter.

" At length the day arrived, big with the fate of poor Catalina and her unhappy husband. She sent to her father, for permission to see him before he died ; but the governor, after a sore struggle, denied her request.

" ' Then, indeed, he is no longer my father,' cried Cata-

lina, and, sinking upon her bed, covered her head as if to shut out the world. Presently the bell tolled the hour of sacrifice, and its hollow vibrations penetrated the ears of the mourning wife. In spite of her weakness, and the endeavours of the old nurse, she started up, and, rushing towards the door of her chamber, exclaimed wildly, 'I will see him—I will go and see him die.' But her strength failed her, and she sunk on the floor. In the meantime, a scene peculiarly interesting to the fortunes of Catalina was passing below. The proud, obdurate, rich old lord of Pavonia, had heard of the capture—the condemnation of his only son. For awhile his pride and hatred of the governor of New Amsterdam almost choked the thought of entreaty or concession to his ancient enemy. But as the time approached, and he heard of the situation of his son, and of his unfortunate wife, who had never offended him, his heart gradually relented. When the morning arrived, and he looked across the smooth river, from the long porch fronting his stately mansion, towards the spot where his son was about suffering an ignominious death, he could restrain his feelings no longer.

"Calling for his boatman and his barge, and hastily putting on his cocked hat and sword, he embarked, crossed swiftly over the river, and landing, proceeded directly to the big house. He demanded an audience of the governor,

" 'The old splutterkin is here too—but let him come in, that I may be satisfied the old dog is as miserable as myself,' said the governor, with tears in his eyes.

"The lord of Pavonia entered with a stately bow, which was returned in as stately a manner by the governor.

" 'I come,' said Pavonia, 'I come—' and his voice became choked, 'to ask the life of my son at your hands.'

" 'Thy son has broken the laws, and the laws have condemned him to death, justly.'

" 'I know it,' said the other 'but what if I pay the price of his ransom?'

" 'I am no money higgler.'

" 'But if I surrender the right of the river, to high-water mark?'

" 'What!' said his excellency, pricking up his ears, 'wilt thou? and the shad fishery, and the diabolical gill nets?'

" 'Yes—all—all,' said the other, 'to save the life of my only son.'

“ ‘ Wilt thou sign, seal, and deliver ?’

“ ‘ This instant, so I receive back my boy alive.’

“ ‘ Stay, then, a moment.’

“ The governor hastily directed his bell-ringer to call the council together, and laid the proposition before them. The concession was irresistible, and the council decided to pardon the son, on condition that the father executed the deed of relinquishment. He did so, and the young man was forthwith set at liberty.”

“ It is time for me to retire,” said our good grandfather “ so I must cut short my story. The meeting of the husband and his faithful wife took place without witnesses, and none was ever able to describe it. Catalina speedily recovered, and lived to see her children’s children play about the room by dozens. The lord of Pavonia and the governor of New Amsterdam continued a sort of grumbling acquaintance, and dined together once a year, when they always quarrelled about the fishery, and high-water mark. In process of time, their respective fortunes became united in the person of the winged monster, and formed a noble patrimony, some of which I inherited with your grandmother.

“ Jan Sol underwent many a joke, good, bad, and indifferent, about the winged monster. But he continued, to his dying day, to assert his solemn belief, that the young lord of Pavonia and the spectre were two different persons. Many a time and oft did he frighten his wife and children with the story, which he improved every time he told it, till he was at length gathered to his fathers, as his fathers had been gathered before him. He had enough people to keep him in countenance, for there were hundreds of discreet citizens, who treated all doubts concerning the appearance of the winged monster, with as little toleration, as do the good folks of the town of Salem, the wicked unbelievers in the existence of the great sea-serpent.”

ON THE LATE MR. SHORT AND MRS. LONG.

Nature with thee should seem to sport,
Thy life was long, but thou wert Short :
Yet, who shall say that Nature’s wrong ?
Thy life was short, and thou wert Long.

THE DRUNKARD.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Along Drumcondra road I stroll'd,
 The smoky town was just in sight ;
 I met a woman stoop'd and old,
 And she was in a ragged plight.
 ' Oh ! master, dear, for sake of heaven,
 In pity look on me ;
 You'll never miss a penny given
 Away in charity !
 That I'm in want the world may see —
 That I am old I'm sure appears ;
 At Christmas next my age will be
 Just eight-and-sixty years.'

' And how did all those years go o'er ?
 What have you through that time been at ?'
 ' Oh ! it would take an hour and more
 For me to tell all that.
 When I was small, ay, very small,
 To service I was sent ;
 And, by my mother, I was told,
 Not to be sulky, stiff, or bold ;
 But, to whatever place I went,
 Still to be jumping at a call,
 And act obligingly to all.

' Years pass'd, I grew, I work'd my way,
 My sweet young mistress on me doted ;
 She in the kitchen stood one day,
 And there she to the cook did say
 That I must be promoted.

' She thought it wrong to have me thrust
 In a dark kitchen under ground,
 Exposed to damp, and dirt, and dust,
 When other business could be found.
 Heaven be her bed ! Soon after this
 My kitchen clothes aside were laid :

Out, through the park, around the town,
And in the squares, all up and down
I walk'd, with master and with miss,
A dressy children's maid.
Oh, then what easy times I had !
My look was gay, my heart was glad.

' Of gowns I had full half a score,
I thought the stock could never fail ;
Nice borders still to each I wore,
With flounces, a yard deep or more,
All gathering round the tail ;
And then I had my big straw bonnet,
That flapp'd and flutter'd in the wind,
And there were heaps of ribands on it,
Tied up in knots of every kind :
I was a tidy girl to see,
My mistress took a pride in me.

' One evening I got leave to go,
Under the care of our old cook,
To see the showmen and the show,
And all the tents, at that strange fair.
That's known and talk'd of every where—
The merry fair of Donnybrook :
That fair was then, as it is now,
The place for boozing and a row.

' The cook and I dress'd very fine,
And we were to be home at nine.
We went, and heard the merryman.
And Mr. Punch, and Mr. Clown ;
And I laughed loud at all they said,
I thought with laughing I'd drop down.
The cook at last to growl began,
She talk'd of going home to bed :
But she was very, very dry,
And, in good earnest, so was I ;
She pointed to a great big tent,
And off we both together went. :
We settled near a table's end,
Where she by chance had found a friend ;

A sprightly pleasant nice young man—
God rest his soul ! 'twas John M'Cann.

' Oh ! heavens be with you, John M'Cann !
It's then you were a neat young man ;
I never, never can forget
That pleasant evening when we met :
The cook had known him in her range
Of friends ; they talk'd of some they'd seen,
And I, not willing to seem strange,
Dropp'd in at times a word between ;
And John he listened still to me,
And listened with so sweet a smile—
And his eyes looked so roguishly,
That I kept blushing all the while ;
Indeed I felt my cheeks quite hot,
But yet I didn't quit the spot.

' Now, how it was I cannot say,
But he a liking took to me,
For, as we moved to go away,
He turn'd and talk'd quite seriously ;
Up did he get from off his seat,
And, as he stood upon his feet,
By the two hands he held me fast,
And swore, before a month went past,
We man and wife should be ;
The cook she laugh'd, I nothing said,
But tittered, and held down my head.

' And faith ! before a month went by,
His words they turned out true,
For man and wife were John and I,
And gay as any other two :
A little gathering I had made,
A little more my mistress gave,
And John a cooper was by trade,
And every week a pound could save ;
And at that time, as markets went,
A pound was not so quickly spent.

‘ A week before our wedding-day,
Poor John a little room had got ;
Our friends who saw it used to say
That none could wish a cozier spot ;
’Twas two pair front, in Aungier Street,
Near where the coachmen have their stand.
Why should I boast ?—but, on my life,
There was no struggling tradesman’s wife,
In town or country through the land,
Could show a place so neat ;
For lots of furniture we had,
Nice pictures, too, for every wall,
And I was proud, and John was glad,
To hear our taste admir’d by all :
And then it was not very dear,
The rent was but five pounds a year.

‘ Oh ! we were both so happy there !
And we grew happier every day ;
Upon my mind there was no care—
The table for our meals was spread ;
When these were done some book I read,
Or sat and sewed, as humour led,
While John at work was far away ;
And then some friend, that chance might bring,
Sat with me, and we both talk’d on,
Sometimes of many a foolish thing ;
We prattled till the day was gone,—
For I was giddy, young, and wild,
And simple as the simplest child.

‘ A woman lived next room—her name
Was Mistress Kitty Donohoe—
When first into the house I came
I often met her on the stairs,
But didn’t like her showy airs ;
But she was sprightly company,
And forced her idle chat on me
For all that I could say or do :
On a child’s errand she’d come in,
To get a needle or a pin,

Or ask what was the day about ;
 And then she'd fret and blame the weather ;
 And sometimes slyly she'd pull out
 A little flask of rum or gin,
 And force me just to take a taste ;
 Indeed I always drank in haste,
 For still my mind was full of care
 Lest John should come and get us there
 Tippling away together ;
 But fond of Mistress Donohoe,
 And fonder of the drop, I grew.

‘ Of visitors she had a train,
 Their names ’twould take an hour to tell ;
 There was Miss Mary-Anne Magrane,
 And Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Lawson,
 And Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Dawson ;
 And Mrs. White, from Stocking Lane—
 As good a soul as e’er broke bread ;
 At least, so Mrs. Lawson said ;
 I never knew the lady well,
 But with her came Miss Jenny Bell,
 And one whose name has left my head.

‘ Miss Degan hurried from the Coombe,
 And from the rock ran Miss Devine ;
 Sometimes they over-throng’d her room,
 And then she show’d them into mine :
 Off went the bottle to the shop,
 For all these ‘ ladies’ loved the drop.

‘ With this gay set quite great I grew,
 And John’s poor pound so tight was drawn,
 That half the week it wouldn’t do,
 And then I took his things to pawn.
 Trick follow’d trick—ill brought on ill—
 I saw not where my guilt began ;
 Misfortune to misfortune led ;
 I had some little beauty still ;
 And, in a weak and wicked hour,
 When money over me had power,
 I vilely wrong’d my husband’s bed—
 Oh ! I was false to John M’Cann.

' And this went on twelve years and more ;
A fit of illness came at last,
And then my conscience it was sore ;
It keenly pain'd me for the past.
Oh ! then that sickness just began,
Indeed I thought I should have died ;
Poor John brought in a holy man,
Father Fitzhenry was his name,
And this old priest he often came
And pray'd at my bed-side ;
'Twould do you good his face to see,
He look'd all peace and piety.

' To this good priest I told my shame,
I told him of my sinful life ;
He call'd me by my proper name—
A wicked and a worthless wife.
Oh ! the sad lesson that he gave !
Why, till I'm rotting in the grave,
I won't—I can't forget what then
He spoke of—but through life again
My thoughts, my wishes, never ran
On any but on John M'Cann.

' I promised before God in heaven
To leave my drinking too :
I made the promise ; but, when given,
I found it would not do.
Oh ! sir, I was but up and well,
When to the drop once more I fell !
My husband saw that all was gone,
And let me for a time go on :
Two growing boys were all we had,
And they in dirty rags were clad.
I pawn'd their clothes—I pawn'd my own—
I left poor John quite bare at last ;
My figure as a show was shown—
(So poor, so naked, I had grown)
'Twas shown as through the streets I pass'd ;
And many laugh'd this end to see
Of all my former finery.

John bore as much as man could bear,
 But got at last quite tir'd of me ;
 And, in mere madness and despair,
 He bent his course across the sea :
 He took my William in his care,
 As good a son as son could be ;
 For he was brought up to the trade,
 And a smart hand he soon was made.

' Good workmen may go any where—
 They settled at New York, 'tis said ;
 But they were not a twelvemonth there
 When I got word that both were dead ;
 I think at first some tears I shed—
 A tear or two I might let fall,
 But the next *naggin* banish'd all.

' Poor naked Joe, my other child,
 Among the blackguards took his round,
 Till one fine morning, in the street,
 By great good luck he chanced to meet
 A swaddling dame, all smooth and mild,
 And in that dame a friend he found ;
 She took him home, and he was taught
 To do as tidy servants ought ;
 For clothing he was at no cost—
 Or food—Oh ! sir, I'd bless that dame—
 But that my boy's poor soul is lost ;
 For Joe, I tell it to his shame,
 At once took to the holy plan—
 A prim sly Swaddler he became ;
 And he could whine and wheedle so,
 The servants call'd him " Holy Joe ;"
 And, as he grew to be a man,
 If any mention'd but my name,
 I'm told he'd redden at the same ;
 And still he shunn'd me when I'd call :
 'Twas hard—but I deserved it all.

Well ; to the worst at last I went—
 I've begg'd for twenty years and more ;
 Sometimes my heart has felt content.
 And sometimes been both sad and sore :

Master—I'd be quite happy now,
 If I to yonder shop could go;
 I've but this penny left, I vow,
 And that wont get the glass, you know.
 Do, master, dear!'—I paused in vain,
 I could not let her ask again.

O'DONOHUE'S BAGPIPES.

A TALE OF IRISH SUPERSTITION.

In the kingdom of Kerry, where the men are brave and the women chaste, the cows little and the hills many, lived one Mick M'Connell, a *dark** man, who played upon the bagpipes; and a most beautiful fine piper he was, without an equal in the whole country, for a thousand miles round. Mick, though blind, knew every nook and corner from Kenmare to Tralee, and had a great advantage over those who could see, for he could travel just as well by night as by day, without ever making a false step, or once missing his road; and that was a great blessing indeed, and only for it poor Mick would have been badly off; for he had neither wife nor child, kit, kin, or relation, to say as much as 'How dow do you do?' or 'Do you want any thing, Mick?'

Poor Mick was a wet soul to boot, and was never sober when he could get any thing to drink, and that was always, and all weathers; for he was born in the good old times, ~~when~~ the real gentlemen lived in the country, that hadn't their hearts in a trifle: there was nothing then but coshering and patterns, dancing and hunting. Peelers were then unknown, and a gauger daren't show his nose within fifty miles of the Devil's Punch-bowl, and very bad punch it was the last time I tasted it; and if Old Nick can't make better, he might as well stay where he is, and never open a public house within sight of Mangerton mountain.

Of all the days in the year, it was May-eve that Mick was in the town of Killarney; and, as he met one and another who was right glad to see him, he had a shake hands here,

drank a glass of whiskey there; a tumbler of punch in one place, and a pint of ale in another, until Mick became as noisy as his own pipes, which he always carried with him, and particularly on this day; because he was on his road to visit Mr. Herbert, at Mucruss, whose house stands upon a spot, which, of all places in the world, I'd like to live and die in, if the proprietor would only let me. Mick was in no hurry out of town, because, you see, he didn't know the sun had gone to bed for the night among Mac Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, and only thought of going about his business when told by Mrs. Fitzgerald, the landlady of the Brien Boro, that she couldn't let him have any more whiskey that night, that she must go to bed, and that it was time for all honest people to be in theirs. "Oh! very well, *avourneen*," said Mick; and, putting his pipes under his arm, grasped his long staff, and walked away the best way he could; and that was bad enough, for the sorrow a well he could stand. He walked and walked till he couldn't tell where he was walking; and, at length, growing fatigued, he sat down upon a stone, screwed up his pipes, and began playing *Stawk Na Varaga*.* Before the tune was half finished, Mick cocked his ear, like an eve-dropper, and heard the sound of horsemen approaching, and, willing to show his abilities, he put elbow-grace to the pipes, and sure enough he made them speak, that you might have heard them at Coombui, if you had been there at the time.

"*Cuisleanach*," (that is, piper,) says one of the horsemen, "will you come with us?"

"May be I would, and may be I wouldn't," answered Mick; "but somehow or other I don't happen to know your voice. Are you a Kerryman?"

"What's that to you," said the stranger, "who I am. If you accompany me you'll not be sorry."

"That's something," said the piper, "for sorrow a much *araguth-chise*, poor Mick has seen this many a day, and faith it is now much wanted. I owe three *teaster*† to Mrs. Fitzgerald, four *hogst* to Widow Murphy, and—"

"And never mind," interrupted the horseman, "say whether you'll come or not."

"Why, what's the hurry?" asked Mick; "I'm no midwife. But may be it's a wedden you'd be taken me to."

* Correctly written *Stawk na Mharaga*—The Market Stake.

† Three sixpences.

‡ Shillings.

"Something like it," replied the stranger.

"Oh then, if that's what you want me for, I can't go; for I'm engaged for Mr. Herbert's to-morrow, the pattern next day, the wake the night after, and—"

"And to-night for us," interrupted the stranger, seizing Mick, and, lifting him up on the horse, galloped away as if the Puck was at their heels, and never *crack-cried* till they came to the lake; nor didn't stop there neither, but dashed into it, and went God knows where; for next morning Mick was found asleep under a tree in the Eskamucky Glyn by Tom M'Gordon. "Get up, you beast!" said Tom, giving the piper a kick; "an isn't it a burning shame for a Christian soul to be seen in your situation this time o'day, on the king's road?"

"O Lord!" cried Mick, and awaked up.

"Drunk again, last night, Mick?" said Tom.

"No, in troth, Tom M'Gordon," for he knew him at once, "for a drop didn't cross my lips, barren a few mouth-fuls at Mrs. Fitzgerald's. But, Lord bless us all! I've seen last night—"

"Arrah! you seen, Mick?"

"Yes, Tom, I did; for I was carried to O'Donohue's cave: laugh away, but I tell God's truth."

"Well, let us hear it."

So Mick began, and told him that he was walking to Mucross; that he sat down on the side of the road, and began to play on his pipes; that horsemen came up and carried him away; and that he didn't know where they took him to, "They dashed through thick and thin," he continued, "till at last they bid me alight."

"Welcome to O'Donohue's palace, Mick M'Connell," said a strange voice.

"Be easy," said I, "and don't be goen the *mursha* over me—O'Donohue, indeed!"

"Unbelieving piper," said he, "open your eyes and see; and sure enough I got my sight, the Lord be praised for all things! and where should I find myself but standing in a great hall, much finer than Lord Kenmare's, though that's a very fine one too. 'Cross o' Christ about us," said I, "what's all this?"

"The palace of the great and good O'Donohue," said he.

“ ‘ Well, by the powers,’ said I, ‘ this beats Bannacher, and, any how, I’ll give him a tune :’ so saying, I yoked the pipes, and commenced *The Fox-hunters*, when a hundred ladies and gentlemen, all in silks and satins, ran in to hear me ; and sure enough every body likes to please the great, and why should not Mick M’Connell ? The ladies laughed with their pretty smiling faces, and pity they’d ever do any thing else ; and the men cried out, ‘ Hoop ! halloo !’ for you know I can do anything with that same tune. Troth, I am complete master of it ! However, what’s hunney to one is pison to another, as the saying is ; and the ould bard, with a beard as long as my arm, and as white as my shirt, got so enraged, that, failing to stop his ears with his hands, he seized a rusty sword, and popped it into my poor bellows, and of course the tune was ended ; but one of the grandees present soon mended the matter, by bringing me a span new set of pipes, twice as good as the ould ones.

“ They were all so delighted with my music that they would hear no other play ; and, having placed me in a great grand chair, they forced me to eat and drink of the very best, for I was a little *shy* before such fine ladies and gentlemen. But troth they wern’t more pleased with me than I with them ; for, when they began to dance, it would do your heart good to see them handle their feet. Jigs, reels, and country dances, didn’t come amiss for them, and the sun performed a hornpipe on Lough Lane before they had concluded. Just at that moment a trumpet sounded, and I was led out, where a most beautiful horse waited for me, and in a jiffy the whole train was mounted ; and, what was most wonderful of all, was to see the horses walk upon the water without sinking. O’Donohue himself, on a white horse,* marched before his train, to sounds of music ; but, by the powers ! I was myself the best musicianer among ’em, so I was ; and so O’Donohue said when we all returned to the palace.”

* O’Donohue, according to a tradition yet brief among the Irish peasantry, was a prince of great virtue and renown, who lived near Lough Lane, now the Lakes of Killarney. He, as a reward for his terrene acts, is permitted occasionally to visit the scenes of his former greatness, and is to be seen on each May morning on his white horse gliding over the lakes, accompanied by the most delicious music. The particulars of this tradition may be found in ‘ Derrick’s Letters,’ in ‘ Weld’s Killarney,’ &c. The foam caused by the waves breaking on the shore is called, by the peasantry, ‘ O’Donohue’s White Horse.’

" ' Mick M'Connell,' said he, ' will you stop and live with us ?'

" ' I'd be mighty glad, your honour,' said I, ' only I am engaged this day at Mr. Herbert's, to-morrow at the pattern—'

" ' Oh, never mind,' said he, interrupting me, ' about Mr. Herbert, or patterns ; but stay here, and you must have eaten and drinken to your heart's content.'

" ' But sure, your honour,' said I, ' wouldn't have me break my word ; and if you'd just be after letting me go to—'

" ' If you stir,' says he, ' I'll strike you as blind as a brick-bat again.'

" ' Oh, your honour wouldn't do that, any way, for the sight is a mighty great blessing,' and so I *argufied* the matter with him ; but, if I said mass on the hobstone, it wouldn't satisfy him ; and so, when I said I should go, he gave me a polthoge in the side, and I never knew what became o'me afterwards until you awakened me here."

" A fine dream you had of it, Mick Agra," said Tom M'Gordon, " some drinken buckeens wanted to have their fun with you, and so carried you a piece of the way, but seeing you were too drunk to play, they pitched you here, where you lay like a hump of a block."

" Ay, you may think so," said Mick, " but see the pipes which I brought away with me."

" They're quare looken ones sure enough," returned Tom, " but you are like my Kate, a great believer in *ramashes*. Troth, if I took my bible oath, she wouldn't believe but that the child at home is one o'the fairies. He's a mighty odd child, sure enough ; his limbs are like spindles, his hands like I dianna what ; and, though he's ten years' ould, he isn't much bigger than a little *bonneen*."

" Very odd," said Mick ; " but how goes on the world with you—better than it used, I hope ?"

" Oh yea *diogha-dioghadh*," replied Tom, " the bit of ground is too dear—the cess is too high ; and yesterday I was cast in the tithe court to pay fifteen pounds instead of thirty shillings : so you see, Mick *avourneen*, that I am nearly heart-broken. But come, Kate has got something for breakfast."

As Mick lived always upon 'God send,' he didn't refuse, and so accompanied Tom to his cabin, a poor place it was, sure enough, for even in those good times there was plenty of misery; and more's the pity, for poor Paddy would be happy if he could then as well as now. In the corner next the fire stood the old wooden cradle, and in it the brat, who set up a *pullilue* the moment he saw Mick, and couldn't be pacified until he got the pipes to please him; but then he seemed highly delighted, and laughed with gladness.

Scarcely had they sat down to the dish of *sturabout*, when in walked the tithe-proctor, to demand the award of the bishop's court; and, while poor Tom was apologising for not having the money, the landlord's bailiff entered, followed by the constable, who came for the grand jury cess. "Any more of you?" asked Tom. "Yes," answered the parish clerk, "I come for the church rates."

"God bless you all," said Tom, as he turned around to wipe away the tears that stood in his eyes.

"Father, father," cried the brat in the cradle.

"Whist, you *cur*," says Kate, "there's no *ho* with you when your father is in the house."

"Oh, don't be cross, Kate *aghudh*," said Tom, "the poor child wants something;" and sure enough it did, for it was nothing less than to yoke the pipes for him; and so he did, and the brat slipped into them as if he had been a piper all his life.

"He's a genius," cried Mick, on hearing the first screech of the pipes; and the brat gave a loud laugh.

"Try it again, my boy," said the tithe-proctor, and so he did, when he set them all instantly laughing; nor could they help it; and, when he changed the tune, they began, as loud as they could bawl, to sing *Garryone na gloria*.

"That'll do," said the little fellow in the cradle, who seemed highly delighted with the effect produced by his music.

"Now for the *jig polthage*," and up bounced the tithe-proctor, the constable, the bailiff, and clerk, and commenced dancing like madmen, with their sticks (for every man in Ireland carries a stick,) in their hands.

"*Fogha-boileach*,"* cried the brat, at the same time chang-

* Strike altogether.

ing his music, and whap, whap, whap, went the sticks upon their heads. Mick crept under the table ; Tom jumped up on the dresser ; and Kate sought safety in the ashes' corner, while the little fellow kept screeching in the cradle even louder than his bagpipes. Once more he altered his tune : the combatants desisted ; but, instead of stopping to carry away poor M'Gordan's furniture, they ran from the house as if it had been infected, without saying as much as " Good by to you, Tom."

The astonished cottier turned his eyes up to heaven ; Mick crept from his hiding-place ; and Kate, after blessing herself, seized upon the brat. " I knew you weren't good," she exclaimed, " you *spawn* of a *Sheege* ! but now I'll settle you," and she flung him into the turf fire, and a good one it was after boiling the sturabout.

" Bad luck to you, you ould hag," says he, " I often suspected you for this, and weren't it for the kindness of Tom M'Gordon, I'd have made you sup sorrow long since." So saying, he floated like a balloon up the chimney, and father or mother's son never saw him afterwards.

As for the bagpipes, they were immediately purchased by the minister of the parish ; for such an instrument in the hands of the Irish peasantry would prove dangerous to the interests of those who live on tithes. The drones, it is said, were committed to the flames as not quite orthodox ; but the bellows are yet shown to the curious as the remains of O'Donohue's bagpipes.

THE OCEAN BY MOONLIGHT.

Beyond the immeasurable expanse of heaven
 The red sun sinks, and Cynthia lighteth up
 Her sapphire court with wreaths of clustering stars ;
 A languid tint floats o'er the marble clouds
 That fringe the billowy ocean ; and the waves
 Flow in blue silvery circlets to the shore,
 Gemm'd o'er with tufts of sea-flow'rs. On the rocks
 The mist of night reposes, like a cloud
 Upon the brow of battle ! When we mark
 Those proud survivors of the ocean's rage,

Feel we not energy surround our hearts
 With its warm lava ? When we see the sun
 Rest on their summits, like a mighty king,
 Confess we not the grandeur of their wild
 And glorious forms ?

The stars are shining out
 Among the gorgeous banners of the clouds,
 Like lilies dipt in dew. Some form themselves
 Into pale silvery wreathes, while others gem
 The dimples of the sky, and some, that seem
 To traverse Dian's path of purity,
 Sport like young dew-drops on the azure flower.
 The moon's white circle glitters on the deep,—
 An undivided circle ! and the ships,
 That stem the dark blue current, sweep along
 With sail and pennon-song, and jubilee :
 Oft from the lofty shrouds the whistle speaks,
 While, on the deck, the jovial mariner
 Thrums a response upon some broken drum.
 Delightful must it be to them that breathe
 The odours of calm midnight on the wave
 That breasts their native cliffs ! What buoyancy
 Must float around the spirit of him who sees
 His native island beckoning from the shore,
 Like a sun-mount of Araby !

Oh thou
 Ungovern'd and ungovernable deep !
 Perchance within thy chrystal palaces,
 Creatures as large as the Behemoth rest,
 Monarchs of their dominions ! From thy mouth
 Swell the proud floods that agitate the earth,
 And o'erwhelm cities ! man defiest man,
 But *thou* defiest heaven ; and when thou art
 Dark with thy wrath, thou plungest mighty fleets
 Into thy rich unfathomable depths !
 In thee we see the image of the sole
 All-seeing Deity ! Erst o'er thy breast
 The royal minstrel of the Israelites
 Pour'd his warm light of song. He saw thee heave
 Thy mountain billows ; and he saw thee sleep
 Like a young child : he saw thy going out,

And coming in, and to him was revealed
The spirit of the Omnipotent, through thy waste
Of wild and pathless waters !

Man doth know

The risings and the settings of the sun,—
But thee he knows not ; thy unbounded space
Baffles his best imaginings ; he shrinks
From thy stupendous billows ! he recoils
At the unrivall'd grandeur of thy floods,
And, in himself, seems nothing ! Sweet it is
To pace thy shores, when the rich breezes waft
The odours of bright summer on thy blue
And tranquil surface. Sweet it is to see
Thy azure circlets kiss the pendent flow'rs
That cluster round them ; but 'tis sweeter yet
To see the sun-god plunge into thy depths,
And hallow them with his unquenchable light.
His shrine is in thy waters ! he ascends—
And navigates the vast expanse of heaven :
With burning tints he gilds the opal clouds,
And then, behind thy verge of chrystal, sinks
Into repose ! Oh, mighty Ocean, thou
Art a sublime unfathomable thing !
Existence looks up to thee as a type
Of the great cause of thy infinity !

Deal,

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE ART OF LIVING HAPPILY.

Observe, inviolably, truth in your words, and integrity in your actions. Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions. Be not too much out of humour with the world ; but remember it is a world of God's creating ; and, however sadly it is marred with wickedness and folly, yet you have found in it more comforts than calamities—more civilities than affronts—more instances of kindness towards you than cruelty. Try to spend your time usefully, both to yourself and others. Never make an enemy, nor lose a friend unnecessarily. Cultivate such an habitual cheerfulness of mind, and evenness of temper, as not to be ruffled by trivial inconveniences and crosses. Be ready to heal breaches in friendship, and to make up differences ; and shun litigation



Drawn & Engraved by R. Page.

Marquis Anglessea.

yourself as much as possible ; for he is an ill calculator that does not perceive that one amicable settlement is better than two lawsuits. Be it rather your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station, than to rise above it. Despise not small honest gains, and do not risk what you have, on the delusive prospect of sudden riches. If you are in a comfortable, thriving way, keep in it, and abide your own calling rather than run the chance of another. In a word, mind to “ use the world as not abusing it,” and probably you will find as much comfort in it as is most fit for a frail being, who is merely journeying through it toward an immortal abode.

By strictly observing the foregoing maxims, or rules of action, they might be found to go far towards increasing the happiness, or at least diminishing the inquietudes and miseries of life, to which so great a portion of mankind, chiefly by their own folly, are victims.

LONG LIFE TO THE SHAMROCK AND ANGLESEA, BOYS.

A NATIONAL AIR.

Inscribed to the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lieut. of Ireland.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

Welcome to Erin ! the green isle of ocean ;

Welcome the hero who laurels has won ;

Welcome the man who will quell each emotion

Of rancour that long in our bosoms were sown :

Then push round the whiskey, and let us rejoice ;

Long life to the Shamrock and Anglesea, boys !

Down, down with dis-union—the foul blot no more

Shall mar the fair prospects on Erin unfurl'd ;

The tidings shall sound from our sea-beaten shore,

Throughout every part of the civilized world :

Then push round the whiskey, and let us rejoice ;

Long life to the Shamrock and Anglesea, boys !

Dissentions shall cease, and our trade shall revive,

The poor shall find work, and each heart shall be glad ;

The rose and the shamrock together shall thrive,

And exile from want no more hearts shall make sad :

Then push round the whiskey, and let us rejoice ;

Long life to the Shamrock and Anglesea, boys !

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her times."

How often are pain and pleasure strangely blended in the life and constitution of man ! It is no new or uncommon feeling to experience pain from one source, and pleasure from another, at the same moment, and to be nearly as much affected by the one as the other sensation ; yet there is generally a material difference. Joy can never have its full and just sway in the bosom of man, let there be ever so much other cause, if pain and anxiety are residents there with her. We are more ready to anticipate evil than good—to look for greater troubles than there is a probability of our being compelled to meet with, and to suffer these anticipations, which ever fall short of our fears in the accomplishment, to cast a gloom over our nature and feelings, which no instance of good fortune or prosperity can entirely remove, while our forebodings of future calamities remain undissipated by their non-appearance. As long, therefore, as we are not entirely free from anxiety and trouble, we cannot indulge the proportion of happiness we should be justified in doing, from the nature and extent of the benefits possessed. The mind will ruminate on its troubles and sorrows, whether present or in prospect, and this reflection will moderate, if not imbitter, the pleasures we should otherwise experience. There is a blessing, however, concealed in this restraint. Were we left to the full enjoyment of exhilarating pleasures, unshackled by cares of the past, present, or future moment, to what excesses might not our passions and feelings lead us ! how much beyond the point they were designed to afford us, amusement, might they not carry us, and how forgetful of their giver, might they not render us ! It is wisdom, then, that we should have the restraint of present troubles, or fears of future trials, imposed on our feelings, to prohibit them from being too buoyant and lifted above their strength, and to enable us, when distresses in reality overtake us, to be the better prepared, from having before experienced their power, to meet them with becoming firmness. It is well, too, that we have some enjoyments allowed us when bereaved of others, that will blunt and smooth the edge of the latter's bitterness, and encourage us to persevere in bearing up against

the frowns (the only salutations we may expect from many of the cold-hearted race of men,) we so often meet with. This medley, then, strange as it may appear, we perceive to be the effect of true wisdom, and not of chance or unconcern. Pleasure softening the hard fate pain condemns us to endure; and pain restraining the excesses and immoderate indulgences pleasure is apt to create. Give but the loose reign to pleasure, and see how rapidly she will drive us on the road to ruin. Transfer it to pain, and observe how sure, though slow, she drags the wheels of torment, crushing the ambition and energy of man, till he wishes for nought but death to stop her career.

Look at the influences other feelings exercise over us when they obtain full possession of the mind. Hope, when untrammelled by fear, is sure to give a colouring and gloss to the happiness we expect, which a trial of its virtues will not allow us to bear: and fear, when the mind is its subject, anticipates nothing but evil, nor will it allow us to imagine the possibility of the ills we look for being either averted or mitigated: so absolute does one feeling or the other exercise its power when it reigns singly in the bosom of man. Other instances might be enumerated where the same effect is produced; but those already mentioned are sufficient to prove, that a mixture of feeling in the mind is more for our happiness and welfare than the exclusive reign of any one impulse, however much it might be desired in connexion with others. I do not go so far, however, as to assert, that a mixture of pain with pleasure, and of fear with hope, will be for our present happiness and comfort; but that pain, correcting the excesses of pleasure, and fear dispelling the delusions of hope, will better prepare us for the enjoyment of eternal ages, than the unrestrained indulgence of either pleasure or hope.

ALTERATION. AN EPIGRAM.

Thomas, of late so gay and free,
 You sang to love full many a glee,
 Nor e'er from pleasure tarried;
 Now altered quite—the form of wo!
 Ah! Ben, my friend, you do not know
 That I am—I am—married.

LINES TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[When the celebrated Monsieur Alexandre, the ventriloquist, was at Abbotsford, in 1824, he chanced to mention to his distinguished host that he kept *an album*, in which were repositied various tributes which had been paid to his talents by eminent individuals in various countries. Sir Walter stepped aside, while the carriage was getting ready for his guest's departure, and wrote the following characteristic lines.]

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good,
To carry two visages under one hood :
What should folks say *to you*, who have faces so plenty,
That, from under one hood, you last night showed us twenty ?
Stand forth, arch-deceiver ! and tell us, in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?
Man, woman, or child ? or a dog, or a mouse ?
Or are you at once each live thing in the house ?
Each live thing did I ask ?—each dead implement too—
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw ?
Above all,—are you one individual ?—I know
You must be at least,—ALEXANDRE AND CO.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob ;
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job ;
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot Act, and bid you disperse.

Abbotsford, April 23, 1824.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE BROTHER.

BY H. SIGOURNEY.

The good ship struck the isle of ice, where northern seas were
high,
And midnight, with her ebon veil, enwrapp'd the starless sky ;
It struck !—what moment was there then for sorrow's power-
less strife ?
When but one bold and sudden rush remain'd 'tween death
and life.



Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The boat!—the boat! it dared the wave—it sprang the
awaken'd train,

But they, who sleep below, alas! the thought for them is
vain ;

A lone and tossing speck it toil'd amid the wrathful tide,
And woe was in their gallant hearts who left that vessel's side.

The moon look'd forth from sever'd clouds,—oh God, what
sight was there !

Who stood upon that fated deck, in mute and calm despair ?
Was it some creature of the deep, or spirit from the sky,
That bore such beauty in her form, such meekness in her eye ?

Her hand she waved in fond adieu, as if some friend she blest,
Then closer drew her snowy robe around her youthful breast,
And upward to the darken'd heavens imploring glances cast,
While her rich curls profusely fell, and floated on the blast.

But quickly from the labouring oar a manly form did start,
While wild and agonizing groans burst from his heaving heart,
His bloodless lips with ardour burn'd, strange lustre fir'd his
eye,

“ How can I bear a brother's name, and leave thee thus to
die ? ”

He plunged—the crested wave he ruled—he climb'd the
cleaving deck,

And clasp'd her, as the thundering surge swept o'er the
whelming wreck ;

“ Sweet sister, 'tis my voice,” he cried, “ my cheek is press'd
to thine,

From one dear breast life's tide we drew, thy last cold bed be
mine.”

The moon, like nature's priestess pure, look'd lone and silent
down,

Baptising them with holy light, as with a martyr's crown,
Then shrank behind her fleecy veil—loud shriek'd th' impetuous
main,

The deep sea closed—and where were they ?—Go, ask the
angel train !

Long with the billows strove the boat, and from its bosom
dark,

Rose sounds of wild and bitter grief, to wail that noble bark,
And when that wasted band were cast upon a foreign shore,
Enshrined within their faithful souls, those buried friends they
bore.

Proud dauntless hearts that night did rest beneath the
high,

And temples, white with honour'd years, and woman's
lit eye ;

While twining round its mother's breast, in silence call'd
deep,

Sweet slumbering innocence went down, amid the
sleep.

Yes, some to ocean's grasp did yield, without a struggling
breath,

So tranquilly their mortal dream had melted into death,
That still the soul bewilder'd sought the vanish'd scenes of
time,

Even when eternity's dread shore spread out in pomp sub-
lime.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S LOVER.

And then, a lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow—*As you like it.*

The language of lovers in all civilized society has been usually tinged with enthusiasm. Their description of successful love, and their complaints of slighted passion, are in most instances exhibited in a style very unsuitable to the views and feelings of the grave moralist ; such was the character of Jaques, who has called forth the image of the roaring furnace, to pourtray the effects of the lover's distress ; intending thereby a satire upon the extravagance of the passion itself.

On this subject, however, the *licentia poetica* has taken a range so extensive as to render it no difficult task to show that our poet has not, even in what he intended as a caricature, gone beyond either his predecessors, with whose writings he was probably unacquainted, or those who have succeeded him, in his description of the effects of love.



THE LOVER.

Engraved May, 1818 by Robt. S. Brine Court Bridge St.

In a critique upon an ode of Sappho, in which the writer has collected and displayed a great variety of anxieties and tortures, that are considered as the inseparable attendants upon jealous love. Longinus, the great author of the Sublime, has observed that the description is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, though they appear repugnant to each other, are constantly experienced in the frenzies of love "*sighing like furnace.*" Ovid, the great master of the art, speaking of the effects of love, says,—

What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his swoln cheek.

Even the stern god of war, when affected with this passion, is exhibited by Anacreon as groaning deeply :—

Mars, with sudden pains possess'd
Sighed from out his inmost breast.

And our own poet, Thomson, represents the lover as swelling "*the breeze with sighs unceasing.*" Again, on the same subject, he says,—

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins.

With these authorities Shakspeare cannot be accused of having trespassed beyond the poetical licence, although in satyrizing the passion of love he has described the subject of it, "*sighing like furnace.*" The bellowing noise of a furnace is rather characteristic of the agonies of a mind which has no other method of venting the passion, with which it is affected, than by deep and loud groans ;—of a mind distracted through despair of a remedy :—

"To cure the pains of love, alas ! no plant avails."

This part of Shakspeare's description sets the painter's art at defiance. Canvass is not capable of exhibiting sighs, however deep, nor groans, though loud as the boisterous furnace ; we have therefore in our picture the lover

With a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

The extravagance of the passion is very aptly and characteristically described by the seemingly unimportant and trivial part of the person who is the object of it. Inconsiderable, however, as this part of the lady's face may to some appear, yet the ancients paid a special regard to it, holding it in high estimation, supposing that a fine eye-brow constituted an essential part of beauty. Anacreon, in his direction to a painter for drawing the picture of his mistress, among other remarks, gives particular orders for the accurate delineation of the eye-brow :—

With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend,
That the fair space which lies between
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.

Shakspeare and Spencer have concurred in attributing beauty to the *eye-lid* :—

But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.
Winter's Tale.

Upon her *eye-lids* many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows.
Fairy Queen.

Fine eye-brows and fine hair are everywhere represented as of great importance in contributing to female beauty. Hence the high value at which Horace estimated a lock of his mistress' hair :—

Say, shall the wealth by kings possess,
Or the diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the east,
Purchase one lock of Licymria's hair ?

The reader will likewise recollect an exquisitely fine couplet in *The Rape of the Lock* :—

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.



HARRY MARTIN'S TOWER.

The cliffs of Wye, near the castle of Chepstow, are uncommonly picturesque, especially the ridge which forms the left banks of the river below the bridge ; this is extremely lofty, of a concave form, and tinted with a great variety of hues ; red, white, grey, and yellow, are beautifully blended, while the sober green is afforded by the foliage of the oak that skirts the top of the craigs, or shades their sides ; the darker ivy is likewise apparent, starting at intervals from the crevices of the rocks, and twining its tenacious arms in all directions. The massive and imposing remains of the castle form the most grand and prominent feature in this almost endless assemblage of sublimity and beauty ; they cover a large track of ground, and range along the brow of the perpendicular cliff which impends over the Wye.

The area of the castle is divided into four courts. The grand entrance to the fortress which leads into the first court is by a circular arch between two round towers ; here are seen the shells of the grand hall, kitchen, and numerous apartments, of considerable size, still attaining appearances of baronial splendour. A few of these rooms are tenanted by the family, to whom the castle is let.

At the south-eastern angle of this court is a round tower,
G. 28.

now called Harry Martin's Tower, which was the keep, or citadel ; the inside front presents a pointed entrance, over which are square windows ; and the whole seems of a date posterior to the original structure, while the outside appears in its ancient state, is massive, and bears striking marks of its Norman origin.

Martin was confined in this tower for the space of thirty years ; but, instead of its being—as often represented—a dark and miserable dungeon, it possesses apartments sufficiently airy, and of large dimensions. The first story of the tower contains a room which was occupied by himself and his wife ; over it were lodgings for his domestics. The chamber in which he usually lived is not less than thirty-six feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth, the height being proportionate ; it had two fire-places and three windows, two of which seem to be the original apertures ; the third was probably enlarged for his convenience. Here this dauntless republican breathed a determined hatred to royalty, to the day of his death.

Martin was a native of Oxford, and was born in 1602 ; he received the rudiments of education in that city, and was admitted a gentleman commoner of the University College ; at the age of fifteen he took his bachelor's degree, and, in 1619, repaired to London for the study of the law. He possessed great talents, which were improved by classical attainments ; but his temper was extremely capricious and volatile, which indisposed him for the grave study of the law ; he was soon relieved, however, from that necessity, by espousing a rich widow. He commenced his political career in 1640, by joining the party adverse to the court. For the last ten parliaments of Charles the First, he represented the county of Berkshire, made a conspicuous figure in the Long Parliament, and was among the foremost to display anti-monarchical principles, of which fact Lord Clarendon gives a striking instance.

Mr. Hyde, walking near the parliament-house at Westminster, in the church-yard met with Henry Martin, with whom he was intimate, and, upon inquiry into the nature of the pretensions of his party, Martin declared that they did not think one man was wise enough to govern all ; which was the first word that Mr. Hyde ever heard to that purpose. Martin added disdain and insult to his hatred of monarchy, and, at Longworth, tore to pieces the king's commission of

array. About 1642 he forced open a great iron chest within the college of Westminster, and took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre, used at the inauguration of the kings, observing, that there would be no further use for such toys. He was one who signed the death-warrant of the king, and, on that occasion, his trifling temper was very apparent. It has often been related, that Cromwell and Martin in passing the pen bespattered each other's faces with the ink.

On the west side of the court which contains Martin's prison, near a round tower called the old kitchen, a gate opens into the second court, now a garden, at the extremity of which another gateway leads into the third court, and to an elegant building, usually called the chapel.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

BY J. R. PRIOR.

Man's joys and sorrows, like the hues of light,
In time's elision and his life unite ;
Contrast of colour in the sky appears,
And every changing prospect peace endears :
The leaves of earth, that move upon the rays,
Instruct the heart to feel,—the lip to praise :
Young shadows, lapsing on the wavy stream,
Like silent sleep in weary eyelids steem.
What is not seen, felt, heard, or understood,
But points the way to ' Universal Good ?'
Between the lands and skies the clouds are spread,
Guarding, alike, the living and the dead.
The sun retires, the dark'ning air pervades
The golden remnants shrinking into shades ;
' Wet in her lap,' the moon leans like a wreck,
To which the evening star conveys a speck
Of hope-like brightness :—sister stars look through
The heavenly elements of spacious blue ;
Wisdom and grandeur from the throne of night,
And constellated worlds revolve in light :
Without one tear of dew, or sigh of wind,
Heaven's tranquil glory whispers—' Be resign'd !'

FATAL FANATICISM.

Incredible as the following horrible detail of facts may appear, there is no reason for doubting their authenticity, the whole having been publicly and juridically proved before the tribunals of Zurich, to have taken place in the year 1823.

In the northern part of the canton of Zurich is a little village or hamlet, named Weldensbuch, the inhabitants of which, amounting to about twenty-five families, are employed in agriculture. Amongst these, the family of Jean Peter was considered to be the most prosperous and happy, until the deplorable event which plunged them into misery and ignominy.

Marguerite Peter, aged twenty-eight years, one of the six children of Jean Peter, had acquired for some years back, amongst the fanatics of the country, a reputation for sanctity. She was considered a woman endowed with supernatural knowledge, and intrusted with a mission from heaven to resume the torch of faith. Her natural enthusiastic temperament had been excited and nourished by preachings to such a pitch, as to give her, in the ignorant eyes of those around her, an air of inspiration. By this means she insensibly acquired a most unbounded influence over her father, her brothers, sisters, and servants, and had even succeeded in forming numerous assemblies of persons of both sexes and all ages, who in these pious orgies, delivered themselves up to the most revolting practices that folly and superstition can suggest. One Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, a great number of persons, many of whom had been especially sent for by Marguerite, had assembled in the house. Marguerite made them ascend into one of the upper rooms, and there declared to them in a prophetic tone, that "the day was at hand when blood shall be shed for a multitude of souls, and that there was not a moment to be lost, if they wished to snatch the victory from Satan."

"I see," added she, "the ghost of my grandmother, who reveals to me, that in order to save the souls of my father and mother, it is necessary that one of us should lay down his life. I myself am ready to give mine, in order to redeem with my blood the souls of several millions of the living and the dead." She concluded by ordering those persons present to strike their breasts with their hands, which they accordingly did. After

this exordium she seized an iron mallet, and inflicted several blows with it upon her brothers, Ursula Kundig, and John Moser. Their blood soon flowed in abundance, and the life of her brother had nearly paid the forfeit of the holy vigour with which she applied the mallet. He was hurried away from her devout fury in the arms of a female servant, named Marguerite Jaeggli. Elizabeth Peter then offered herself as the first victim, upon which her sister Marguerite, and her friend Ursula Kundig, fell to striking her upon the head until she expired under their blows. Her sister Susanna, and Henry Ernst, helped on the work of blood also with the handle of a large scissors, and a piece of timber torn from the partition. Marguerite then declared to those present, *that her sister, though apparently dead, was alive in the spirit, and the Lord would not fail to recall her to visible life.* Then announcing her own resurrection as an approaching event, she commenced preparations for her own suffering.

It may be asked, what was Peter, the father of the family, doing during these hideous scenes? He was in a room below stairs, very calmly occupied with his domestic affairs. He saw with indifference his son brought down bathed in blood, and in a dying state, and he awaited with great calmness the dreadful catastrophe preparing above stairs; so completely had a stupid fanaticism stifled in his heart every natural sentiment. In the meantime, Marguerite seated herself upon the bed, on which was the still palpitating body of her sister, and commenced striking herself on the head with the iron mallet; but not satisfied with self-execution, she commanded Ursula Kundig to take the fatal instrument and try her hand. This did not even content her, for she exclaimed, that as she was the expiatory victim offered by Christ to his Father for the ransom of several millions of souls, it was necessary that she should not only die, but die the death of the cross. At these words Ursula and the others present shuddered; but she became indignant at their weakness, and said to her friend, "What? you do not wish to do any thing for Christ? take courage—strike! may God strengthen your arm!" At this command, Ursula redoubled her blows, and the blood, which soon followed in abundance, was received into a bucket. This was termed the precious pledge of the redemption of many.

Marguerite then called for a razor, and told Ursula to scar

her with it round the neck, and to make a crucial incision on her forehead, The trembling hand of Ursula at first refused the horrible office ; but Marguerite aroused her courage by saying, " May God strengthen your arm ! now is the moment of victory !—the souls are ransomed !—Satan is vanquished ! I see him plunging into darkness !"

During the operation, she gave no sign of pain, nor uttered the slightest complaint, unless against the irresolution of her executioner ; but all was not yet accomplished. She said that she must be crucified. " What fear you ?" said she to those around her, on seeing them hesitate. " My hour is come ; I am going so resuscitate my sister, and I myself shall come to life in three days. She then had some pieces of timber placed upon the bed, in the form of a cross. Upon these she laid herself, and, at her request, John Moser, Susannah Peter, and Ursula Kundig, commenced nailing her to the cross. Following her reiterated orders, they drove nails into her hands and feet, and into the articulations of her elbows, and through her breasts ! Marguerite, in the midst of these hellish operations, never uttered the slightest complaint. She only found fault with the want of vigour of her executioners. From time to time she exclaimed " I feel no pain ; be strong, in order that Jesus Christ may conquer."

Thus fixed upon the cross, and so transpierced with nails, that her body was but one wound, she cried in a loud voice, " Rejoice you with me, that God may rejoice with you in heaven !" and at another moment, " As the woman in labour cannot retard the hour of her deliverance, so must my death warrant be accomplished, in order that the souls yet in the power of Satan may be saved. To Conrad Moser, who endeavoured repeatedly to persuade her to put an end to her sufferings, she only replied, " Do what I command you."

The crucifixion being completed, Marguerite told them to drive a nail into her heart, or to split her head. Ursula Kundig, who obeyed most implicitly the wishes of her friend, endeavoured to pierce her skull with a knife, but the point turning, she cried out in a frantic transport, and looking at those near her, with a wild and haggard air, " What ! must I do every thing myself ? will no one come to my aid ?" Upon hearing this apostrophe, and after a fresh order from Marguerite, the youngest of the Mosers seized an iron mallet, and,

aided by Ursula Kundig, soon broke to pieces the skull of the victim. A low moan announced to them that the horrid ministry was at an end ; then the unfortunate wretch ceased to breathe. When the slaughter was over, and the hellish excitement of the perpetration had subsided a little, some feelings of horror came over them. At the sight of the mutilated bodies they shed tears in abundance, and evinced, if not remorse, at least inquietude. However, they soon re-assured themselves by the conviction, that they had performed the most sacred duties, in obeying the inspired commands of one whose death was to bring salvation to thousands.

All these individuals were taken up, and sent to the prisons of Zurich, whither also the bodies of the victims were also sent, and examined in the presence of several members of the tribunals, physicians, surgeons, and students. Never, probably, was there a more hideous spectacle than that offered upon the occasion, by those mutilated and mangled bodies, streaming with a thousand wounds, black and livid from numberless blows and contusions. Near them were exposed the instruments of death, covered with clotted gore, and portions of flesh, brain, and hair.

Eleven individuals were tried upon this occasion. Each of them addressed the court, and made a public avowal of their monstrous conduct. None of them were condemned to death. The sentence was, that they should be led through the streets in the day-time, the bells ringing, to the town-hall, and there hear the judgment of the court read ; from thence they were to be conducted to the principal church, there to listen to a sermon appropriate to the occasion ; after which they were to be confined in the house of correction.

The house of Jean Peter was ordered to be rased to the ground, the materials to be sold for the benefit of the poor, with the exception of the furniture of the room in which the murders were committed, which was to be burned. It was moreover expressly forbidden, ever to erect any building upon the site of the house of Jean Peter.

The Cantonal Consistory was charged with looking to the support and condition of a child of Marguerite Peter, the fruit of an adulterous commerce with Jaques Morf, a shoemaker. She seemed to have been devoutly attached to him ; a part of one of her letters to him is as follows :—

“ Ah ! why are you more dear to me than my mouth can utter ? why have I wished so much to love you ? The Friday after your departure I again ascended the hill where we took leave of each other. I kept my eyes fixed for a long time upon the spot where you live. I recognised the chateau of Rybourg. Since that moment I have often fallen into my delicious reverie.”

The magistrates took the wise precaution of exposing the bodies to public view, which prevented their promised resurrection being spread through the country, and credited by the ignorant. Thus closed this melancholy instance of fatal fanaticism.

LINES

Supposed to have been written by SIR WALTER RALEIGH, in prison, on a friend bidding him to look forward to better times.

Naye, telle mee not of blisse,
 But fortune and herre failinge :
 Howe ficklle friendshipde iss
 And tongues howe apte to railinge.

Boaste not of beauties lippes,
 Those buddes are soonest blastede :
 Nor howe shorte tyme love keepes
 His sweetnesse when once tasted.

Howe fleetinge pleasure iss,
 Whiche dies in its owne motione,
 Howe heartes are tuned amisse,
 And cold as priestes devotione.

What pride in greatnesse lies,
 Humilitie's pretension :
 While honestie in sighs
 Gives lawe its reprehensione.

See worthe in weedes of woe,
 But happie by exceptione !
 While Tymes are ordered soe,
 That fooles have the electione.

And truth goes masked in lyes,
Or, seene, is persecuted ;
While honor quicklie flies,
Iff fortune bee not suitede.

All this I daylie see,
That seeme not to admyre it ;
For courtes in noughte agree,
Save winke at sinne, to hyre it.

Where churchmen praye for grace,
To sit in the highe places ;
And statesmen statesmen chase,
Tille teares doe veile our faces.

To see the deedes men dare,
To give greate kinges permissione ;
To shame the heavens, and sweare
It is their holie missione.

While villages bee thinne,
To yelde extent of measure,
For parkes where *fine deere* be'en,
For kinges' and ladies' pleasure.

The people bee caste downe,
For favourites graspeing spirit,
That strives to please the crowne,
That theirs may soe inherit.

The fatnesse of the earthe,
Though wrung from orphan's portione,
To gilde the 'armes of birthe,'
And warme our priestes' devotione.

[A stanza wanting.]

I goe, thou fair *free* land,
But some brieve hours before thee ;
Now comes the tyrant's hande,
And others must deplore thee.

WALTER RALEIGH.

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness, during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes :

One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient dose by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man ; but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head, after the fashion of a cowl. " I am a poor traveller," said the stranger, " and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me ?" " Aye, to be sure," replied Schalken, " but I fear your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner, you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left." The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place.

In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him : " It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am ; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful ; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, your wishes shall be gratified."

Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them ; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views ; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence ; but, on the contrary,

had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. "Let my wife and myself live," he said, "fifty years longer than nature has designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger.

Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear tree, which was in his little garden had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to.

Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table, or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper, told him his third and last wish: that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way.

Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified, by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birth days of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him seventy-nine years, and Mietje seventy-three years of age, when the moon, that was shining through the window of the hut, seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds, and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death, and in a few minutes afterwards, sure enough he came.

He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little colour, but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years respite was granted, and when that period was expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away; and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance.

For the next fifty years, every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came, preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks," said he, "you now can have no objection to accompany me; for surely you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough.

The old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth, on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death, and said, "sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but, to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immoveable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree, until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came on the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been; for the trick that Schalken had put upon him, offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the

other day, (Death thinks but very little of fifty years!) and I am determined to lose no time—come.”

Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand, as he thus addressed him. “I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit the world, I would like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has always been kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down; in a few minutes my task will be ended.

Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years; at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt sea flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all the inhabitants.

ANECDOTE OF MOURAT BEY.

A peasant, near Damascus, in a year that locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell a part of his cattle. This resource was very soon exhausted; and the unhappy father, borne down by the present calamity, went to the town to sell his implements of labour. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, newly arrived from Damietta, he heard tell of the success of Mourat Bey, who after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, the character, the origin of this warrior. They related the manner in which he had arisen from a state of slavery to his present greatness. The astonished countryman immediately knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old!

The old man lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounted what he had learnt, and determined to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandrietta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta. But, a son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometanism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendour of the most brilliant fortune, was it likely that he would acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy on his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He entered the capital, and repaired to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presented himself to the prince's attendants, and desired permission to speak with him. He urged, he ardently solicited an audience: his dress, and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain him what he sought for: but his great age, which is much respected in the East, pleaded in his favour.

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey that a wretched old man desired to speak with him. "Let him enter," said he. The peasant advanced with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approached the Bey, who was reposing on a sopha embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, cried out, "You are my child." The Bey raised him up, endeavoured to recollect him, and on a further explanation, finding him to be his father, he seated him by his side, and loaded him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and brethren. The prince proposed to send for them to Egypt, and to make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometanism. The generous Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing

lest young people might have been dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly rejected therefore the offer of his son, and had even the courage to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succour, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria, with a small vessel laden with corn. The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort, and happiness.

THE DANDY'S CREED.

I believe that a gentleman is any person with a tolerable suit of clothes, and a watch and a snuff-box in his pocket,

I believe that honour means standing fire well ; that advice means affront, and conviction a leaden pill.

I believe that adoration is only due to a fine woman, or her purse : and that woman can keep but one secret ; namely, her age.

I believe that my character would be lost beyond redemption, if I did not change my dress four times a day, bilk my schneider, wear a Petersham tie, and patronize Hoby for boots.

I believe that playing at rouge et noir is the only honourable way of getting a livelihood ; that a man of honour never pays his tradesmen, because " they are a pack of scoundrels ;" and that buying goods means ordering them without the purpose of paying.

I believe that the word dress means nakedness in females ; that husband is a person engaged to pay a woman's debts ; that economy means pusillanimity ; that a coachman is an accomplished nobleman ; and that any person talking about decency is a bore.

I believe that there is not a cleverer or prettier fellow on the town than myself ; and that, as far as regards women, I am altogether irresistible,

TWM JOHN CATTI'S CAVE.

BY F. W. DEACON, AUTHOR OF "WARRENIANA," &c.

TIME: A THUNDER STORM.

[Twm John Catti's Cave is the name of a wild and romantic pass in South Wales, where Twm John Catti—a complete Rob Roy in his way—lived for some years, to the infinite terror of the neighbourhood. Sundry veracious legends assert that he still haunts his old place of residence, and certainly, if ever spot afforded comfortable and characteristic quarters for a demon, this savage, dark, and secluded glen is the place.]

'Tis eve, when thought is spun in magic loom ;
 Stranger, approach with awe ; this glowing hour
 Sunned by romance bids drooping fancy bloom,
 And memories faded spring again to flower :
 Here dwelt a forest outlaw in his power,
 Of wood and rock, and mountain pathway rude ;
 Here from the brow of yon deserted tower,
 In pride of soul the savage scenes he viewed ;
 There liv'd and died, the prince of Alpine solitude.

His spirit walks each valley and each glen,
 Sighs through the wood, and mingles with the gale ;
 Cent'ries have roll'd since last 'mid wondering men
 He stood ; but still they shudder at his tale ;
 Still, when the westering sun looks cold and pale,
 His name—his fate—rise, like an awful tower.

On memory's waste, still in yon dim-seen dale
 His bugle echoes, and each haunted flow'r
 Starts into fairy form ; 'tis eve's enchanted hour,

That hour when thought—but hark ! upon the wind
 Rides the tremendous demon of the storm,
 Whirlwinds in murky grandeur crowd behind,
 And heaven peals out the trumpet of alarm :

From yon prophetic cloud, with lightning warm,
 The wind-god hoarsely laughs, at that wild cry
 Pale shrinking twilight hides her vestal form—
 He comes—he comes—in thunder riding by—
 Hear ye his chariot wheels sweep echoing thro' the sky.



Painted by M. A. Shee, & Engraved by R. Page.

Thomas Moore.

'Tis well, the hour accords with the rude scene,
 The thunder's voice should be sole music here ;
 No west wind's female song should intervene
 To hush the soul, appall'd by withering fear ;
 But cloud and storm for aye should hover near,
 And dæmons, in sepulchral garb bedight,
 Should quit for this their sombre hemisphere ;
 While o'er each rock, on wing of gloom and blight,
 The phantom robber broods—an animated night.

SONG TO ANACREON MOORE.

As Jove, in good humour, was taking his glass,
 And lounging at ease in his high wicker chair,
 His cronies, delighted, the red goblet pass,
 And music and merriment ring through the air.

While jesting and laughter and song were in turn,
 And all strove to heighten the genial mirth ;
 Jove bellow'd aloud—"What is that I discern?"
 And instantly added—"Why, *there goes the earth*,"

All ran to the window, to see us glide by ;—
 Then seated again, the chat fell upon men—
 Momus talk'd of the days when joy liv'd in the eye,
 And said, we shall never see such days again.

"And why may they not?" jolly Bacchus replied,
 "Let Jupiter send them Anacreon down ;
 His name is remember'd with honour and pride,
 His presence will give to the world new renown."

The gods all agree—'tis an excellent thought,
 And second the motion by Bacchus thus made ;
 But Jupiter set their opinion at naught,
 And thus the great king of the gods gravely said :

"I love well these mortals, though sometimes they err,
 And blessings abundant upon them will pour ;
 The promise thus made, not an instant defer,
 You ask for ANACREON, but I will give MOORE."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

Our old gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower, or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious ;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig ; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the touquee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat ; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt buttons are of the best ; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs, (one for the neck at night-time,) his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A——, beginning,

“ When beauteous Mira walks the plain.”

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns ; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays, and Milton's Poems ; the Spectator, the History of England,

the works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill ; Middleton's Geography, the Gentleman's Magazine, Sir John Sinclair on Longevity ; several plays, with portraits in character ; Account of Elizabeth Canning ; Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts ; Junius, as originally published, a few pamphlets on the American War, and Lord George Gordon, &c., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua, an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby, ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney, a humorous piece after Penny, and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when he was sixty.

The old gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects ; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism of Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds, or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers, not caring to see them till after his dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so ; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart ; or, if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port ; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style

of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald, or Mr. Lampe, such as "Chloe, by that borrowed kiss," or "Come, gentle god of soft repose;" or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning "At Upton on the Hill there lived a happy pair." Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "My Lord North," or "My Lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says, simply, lord; it is generally "My lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular dim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arms' length, and, dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important hem! or so, and resumes.

In the evening, our old gentleman is fond of going to the theatres, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoy the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving a victory by getting the baggage; and, to win of a younger man, is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other, on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it

in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste—such elegance—such beauty! There was the Duchess of A——, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L——, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. sir, they came swimming by you like swans.

The old gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity, from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and, indeed, every species of ladies on the least holy-day occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the great frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best, perhaps, the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for perhaps half an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir,—mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that "there is a Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper,)—*She'll talk.*"

THE CAPTIVE'S FLOWER.

BY J. A. SHEA.

How many a weeping year hath pass'd its pinions o'er this
 bower,
 Since first you felt this nursing hand, my own companion-
 flower !
 Since first thy fragrant beauty blush'd beneath the gushing
 tear,
 Pour'd forth in memory of one more beautiful and dear.

But he dwells in the sunny land, beyond that starry sea,
 And, if immortals earthward turn, he gazes now on me,—
 Beholds the broken heart that once beat high at pleasure's
 call,
 And these wild drops from sorrow deep and burning fountains
 fall.

How oft I've mourn'd, my partner-flower, thy beauty, pass'd
 away !
 For 'tis thy sympathy hath kept my spirit from decay ;
 At noon I watch the liquid grief thy lid of languor bears,
 At eve I meet thy face again, and still 'tis steep'd in tears.

Yes, many a time thy virgin face hath faded from the day,
 But forth again it blossom'd, like man's spirit from the clay ;
 But the bright flowers of bliss that deck'd this wasted bosom,
 when
 The winter of the heart came on, will never smile again.

Bright flowers come forth from darkness, as morning springs
 from light,
 And clouds with wombs of thunder will weep themselves to
 light ;
 But this torn heart will weep, and mourn, and bleed, but
 ne'er again
 Can feel the bloom it felt before—the bliss it fell from then.



Long & Noses.

A DISSERTATION ON NOSES.

And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

Shakespeare.

It has been settled by Mr. Alison, in his "Essay on the Philosophy of Taste," that the sublimity or beauty of forms arises altogether from the associations we connect with them, or the qualities of which they are expressive to us; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in discoursing upon personal beauty, maintains that, as nature, in every nation, has one fixed or determinate form towards which she is continually inclining, that form will invariably become the national standard of bodily perfection. "To instance," he proceeds, "in a particular part of a feature; the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful, when it is straight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed:"—but this observation he is careful to limit to those countries where the Grecian nose predominates, for he subsequently adds, in speaking of the Ethiopians, "I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the goddess of beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me that he would act very unnaturally if he did not; for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea?" And he thus concludes his observation on the subject. "From what has been said, it may be inferred, that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful; and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all various forms."

If this definition be accurate, we are not authorized in admiring either the Roman or the Jewish noses, both of which are too exorbitant and overbearing—the high-born *ultras* of their class;—still less can we fall in love with the Tartarian notions, where the greatest beauties have the least noses, and where, according to Ruybrock, the wife of the celebrated Jenghiz Khan was deemed irresistible, because she had only two holes for a nose. These are the radical noses. *In medio tutissimus* seems to be as true upon this subject as almost every other, and, in the application of the dictum, we must

finally give the preference to the Grecian form, of which such beautiful specimens have been transmitted to us in their statues, vases, and gems.

Whether this were the established *beau ideal* of their artists, or, as is more probable, the predominant line of the existing population, it is certain that, in their sculptures, deviations from it are very rare. In busts from the living, they were, of course, compelled to conform to the original ; but I can easily imagine, that if it did not actually break the Grecian chisel, it must have nearly broken the heart of the statuary, who was doomed to scoop out of the marble the mean and indented pug-nose of Socrates. Whence did that extraordinary people derive their noble figure and beautiful features, which they idealized into such sublime symmetry and exquisite loveliness in the personification of their gods and goddesses ? If they were, indeed, as the inhabitants of Attica pretended, the Autochthones, or original natives, springing from the earth, it were an easy solution to maintain, that the soil and climate of that country are peculiarly adapted to the most faultless and perfect development of the human form ; but if, as more sober history affirms, they were a colony from Sais, in Egypt, led by Cecrops into Attica, we must be utterly at a loss to account for their features, and complexion. Traces of this derivation are clearly discernable in their religion and arts ; and the sources of their various orders of architecture are, even now, incontestably evident in the ancient and stupendous temples on the banks of the Nile ; in none of whose sculptures, however, do we discover any approximation to the beautiful features and graceful contour of the Greeks. Ethiopians, Persians, and Egyptians, are separately recognizable, but there are no figures resembling the Athenians. The features of the Sphinx are Nubian ; the mummies are invariably dark coloured ; and, though their noses are generally compressed by the embalming bandages, there is reason to believe that they have lost very little of their elevation in the process. Leaving the elucidation of this obscure matter to more profound antiquaries, let us return to our central point of beauty—the nose.

A Slawkenbergius occasionally appeared among the Greeks, as well as the moderns ; but from the exuberant ridicule, the boisterous raillery, with which the monster was assailed, we may

presume that a genuine proboscis was of rare occurrence. Many of the lampoons and jokes circulated by the wits of Athens, are as extravagant as the noses themselves, and enough has been preserved to fill a horse's nose-bag. Let the following, from the Anthology, suffice as a sample :—

“ Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
 (So long his nose is, and his arms so short ;)
 Nor ever cries ‘ God bless me ! ’ when he sneezes ;
 He cannot hear so *distant* a report.”

Or this, which is attributed to the Emperor Trajan :—

“ Let Dick, some summer's day, expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant mouth to cause
 Its shade to fall upon his jaws ;
 With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders, side by side,
 Dick, with a very little trial,
 Would make an excellent sun-dial.”

Many of these epigrams were derived by the Greeks from the Oriental Facetiæ ; and, if we could trace the pedigree of a joke, which, even at some dinner parties, sets the table in a roar, we should probably hunt it back to the symposia of Athens, and the festive halls of Bagdad. It must be confessed that, in several of these instances, if the wit be old, it is very little of its age ; for Hierocles, like his successor, Joe Miller, seems now and then to have thought it a good joke to put in a bad one.

Ovid, it is well known, derived his *sobriquet* of Naso, from the undue magnitude of that appendage, though it did not deter him from aspiring to the affections of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. But it is not, perhaps, so generally known, that the cry of “ Nosey ! ” issuing from the gallery of the play-house, when its inmates are musically inclined, is the nickname, which has long survived a former leader of the band, to whom nature had been unsparingly bountiful in that prominent feature.

Though a roomy nose may afford a good handle for ridicule, there are cases in which a certain magnificence and

superabundance of that feature, if not abstractedly becoming, has, at least, something appropriate in its redundancy, according well with the characteristics of its wearer. It has its advantages as well as disadvantages. A man of any spirit is compelled to take cognizance of offences committed under his very nose, but with such a promontory as we have been describing, they may come within the strict letter of the phrase, and yet be far enough removed to afford him a good plea for protesting that they escaped his observation. He is not bound to see within his nose, much less beyond it. Should a quarrel, however, become inevitable, the very construction of this member compels him to meet his adversary half-way. Nothing could reconcile us to a bulbous excrescence of this inflated description, if we saw it appended to a poor little insignificant creature, giving him the appearance of the Toucan; and suggesting the idea of being tied to his own nose to prevent his straying.

But suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent alderman, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Taliacotian supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or, to speak more respectfully, like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories, and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a polypetalous enormity, whose blushing honours, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses, and ribands of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the colours won in tavern campaigns. They recall to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnums. Esurient and bibulous reminiscences ooze from its surface, and each protuberance is historical. One is the record of a Pitt-club dinner, another of a corporation feast, a third commemorates a tipsy carousal, in support of religion and social order; others attest their owners' civic career, "until, at last, he devoured his way to the Lord Mayor's mansion, as a mouse in a cheese makes a large house for himself by continually eating:" and the whole pendulus mass, as if it heard the striking up of the band at a public dinner on the entrance of the viands, actually seems to wag to the tune of "O, the roast beef of Old England!"

As there are many who prefer the arch of the old bridges to the straight line of the Waterloo, so there are critics who extend the same taste to the bridge of the nose, deeming the Roman handsomer than the Grecian; a feeling which may probably be traced to association. A medallist, whose coins of the Roman emperors generally exhibit the convex projection, conceives it expressive of grandeur, majesty, and military pre-eminence; while a collector of Greek vases will limit his idea of beauty to the straight line depicted on his favourite antiques. The Roman form unquestionably has its beauties; its outline is bold, flowing, and dignified; it looks as if nature's own hand had fashioned it for one of her noble varieties; but the term has become a misnomer; it is no longer applicable to the inhabitants of the eternal city, whose nasal bridges seem to have subsided with the decline and fall of their empire.

While we are upon the subject of large noses, we must not forget that of the Jews, which has length and breadth in abundance, but is too often so ponderous, ungraceful, and shapeless, as to discard every idea of dignity, and to impart to the countenance a character of burlesque and ugly disproportion. It is not one of nature's primitive forms, but a degeneracy produced by perpetual intermarriages of the same race during successive ages. It is a deformity, and comes therefore, more properly, under the head of nosology.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that all our attention is to be lavished upon these folio noses; the duodecimos and Elzevirs have done execution in the days that are gone, and shall pass away from our memories like the forms of last year's clouds! Can we forget "*Le petit nez retroussé*" of Marmontel's heroine, which captivated a sultan, and overturned the laws of an empire? Was not the downfall of another empire, as recorded in the immortal work of Gibbon, written under a nose of the very snubbiest construction? So concave and intangible was it, that when his face was submitted to the touch of a blind old French lady, who used to judge of her acquaintance by feeling their features, she slapped it, exclaiming, "*away, this is a nasty joke.*" Wilkes, equally unfortunate in this respect, and remarkably ugly besides, used to maintain that, in the estimation of society, a handsome man had only half an hour's start of him, as, within that

period he would recover by his conversation what he had lost by his looks. Perhaps the most insurmountable objection to the pug or cocked-up nose, is the flippant, distasteful, or contemptuous expression it conveys, such as that of the late William Pitt, for instance. To turn up our noses, is a colloquialism for disdain; and even those of the ancient Romans, inflexible as they appear, could curl themselves up in the fastidiousness of concealed derision. Horace talks of sneers suspended, "*naso adunco.*" It cannot be denied, that those who have been snubbed by nature, not unfrequently look as if they were anxious to take their revenge by snubbing others.

As a friend to noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff; an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in his impeachment. When some "*Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,*" after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and ungraceful foppery; but when a filthy, clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils, with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders, as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognizable by his total loss of the sense of smelling—by his pale, sodden complexion—and by that defective modulation of the voice called talking through the nose, though it is in fact an inability so to talk, from the partial or total stoppage of the passage.

Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I would not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance. "*Every snuff-taker,*" says Lord Stanhope, "*at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of*

blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half, out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it." Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust; your snuff-box has seized you as St. Dunstan did the Devil, and, if the red hot pincers, with which he performed the feat, could occasionally start up from an Ormskirk snuff-box, it might have a salutary effect in checking this nasty propensity among our real and pseudo fashionables.

It was my intention to have extended this dissertation to a considerable length, but I apprehend that your readers will begin to think I have led them by the nose quite long enough; and lest you yourself, Mr. Editor, should suspect that I am making a handle of the subject, merely that you may pay through the nose for my communication, I shall conclude at once with a

Sonnet to my own Nose.

O Nose! thou rudder in my face's centre,
 Since I must follow thee until I die;—
 Since we are bound together by indenture,
 The master thou, and the apprentice I,
 O be to your Telemachus a Mentor,
 Tho' oft invisible, for ever nigh;
 Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
 From hostile tweak, or Love's blind mastery.

So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
 For hawthorn lanes, and copses of young oak,
 Scenting the gales of heaven, that have not yet
 Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,
 And breath of flowers, "with rosy May-dews wet,"
 The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell—violet.

LINES TO THOMAS TELFORD, ESQ.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. POET LAUREATE.

[An elegant marble tablet, executed by Messrs. Cleland, of Glasgow, is placed at Banavie, (Neptune's Staircase,) on the Caledonian Canal, on which the following lines are inscribed, in honour of the civil engineer under whose direction the canal was completed.]

Where these capacious basins, by the laws
 Of the subjacent element, receive
 The ship, descending or upraised,—eight times
 From stage to stage, with unfelt agency
 Translated,—fitliest may the marble here
 Record the architect's immortal name !
 TELFORD it was, by whose presiding mind
 The whole great work was plann'd and perfected !—
 TELFORD,—who o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,
 Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne,
 Carried his navigable road ; and hung
 High o'er Menai's straits the bending bridge ;
 Structures of more ambitious enterprise
 Than minstrels, in the age of old romance,
 To their old Merlin's magic lore ascribed.
 Nor hath he for his native land performed
 Less, in this proud design ; and where his piers,
 Around her coast, from many a fisher's creek,
 Unsheltered, and many an ample port,
 Repel the assailing storm :—and where his roads,
 In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,
 Wind with the vale, and win the long ascent,
 Now o'er the deep morass sustain'd,—and now,
 Across ravine or glen, or estuary,
 Opening a passage through the wilds subdued !

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so to—
 To live and die is all we have to do.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

After the awkward ceremony of your first appearance is over, and matters a little adjusted, take great care to be upon your guard : indulge in a variety of *significant gestures*, and *emphatical hems!* and *hahs!* proving you possessed of *singularities*, that may tend to excite ideas in the patient and surrounding friends, that a *physician* is a superior part of the creation.

Let *every action every word, every look*, be strongly marked, denoting doubt and ambiguity ; proceed to the necessary inquiries of "what has been done in rule and regimen previous to my being called in?" Hear the recital with patience, and give your *nod of assent*, lest you make Mr. Emetic, the apothecary, your formidable enemy, who will then *most conscientiously* omit to recommend the assistance of such *extraordinary abilities* on any future occasion.

Take care to *look wisdom* in every feature ; speak but little, and let it be impossible that *that little* should be understood ; let every hint, every *shrug*, be carefully calculated to give the standers-by a wonderful opinion of your learning and experience.

In your *half-heard* and mysterious conversation with your *medical inferior*, do not forget to drop a few observations upon the animal economy, circulation of the blood, acrimony, the non-naturals, stricture upon the parts, acute pain, inflammatory heat, nervous irritability, and all those *technical traps* that fascinate the hearers, and renders the patient yours *ad libitum*.

To the friends or relations of the patient (as the case may be), you seriously apprehend *great danger* ; but such apprehension is not without its portion of *hope* ; and you doubt not but a rigid perseverance in the plan you shall prescribe, will remove all difficulties in a few days, and restore the patient (whose recovery you have exceedingly at heart), to his health and friends ; that you will embrace the earliest opportunity to see him again, most probably at such an hour (naming it) ; in the mean time you are in a great degree happy to leave him in such good hands as Mr. Emetic, to whom you shall give every necessary direction, and upon whose *integrity* and *punctuality* you can implicitly rely

You then require a private apartment for your necessary consultation and plan of *joint depredation* upon the pecuniary property of your unfortunate invalid, which you are going seriously to attack with the full force of *physic* and *finesse*.

You first learn from your informant what has been hitherto done without effect, and determine accordingly how to proceed ; but, in this, great respect must be paid to temper, as well as to the constitution and circumstances of your intended *prey*.

If he be of petulant and refractory disposition, submitting to medical dictation upon absolute compulsion, as a professed enemy to *physic* and the faculty, let your harvest be as *short* and complete as possible.

On the contrary, should a *hypochondriac* be your subject, with the long train of melancholy doubts, fears, hopes, and despondencies, avail yourself of the faith implicitly placed in you, and regulate your proceedings by the force of *his imagination* ; let your prescription (by its length and variety), reward your *jackall* for his present attention and future service.

Take care to furnish the frame so amply with *physic*, that food may be unnecessary ; let every hour or two have its destined appropriation ; render all possible forms of the *materia medica* subservient to the general good ; *draughts, powders, drops,* and pills may be given at least every two hours ; intervening *apozems* or *decoctions* may have their utility ; if no other advantage is to be expected, one good will be clearly ascertained, the convenience of having the *nurses* kept constantly awake ; and if one *medicine* is not productive of success *another may be*.

These are surely alternatives well worthy your attention ; being admirably calculated for the promotion of your patient's cure, and your own reputation.

Having written your long prescription, and learnt from Mr. Bmatic any necessary information, you return to the room of your patient, to prove your attention, and renew your admonitions of punctuality and submission ; then, receiving your *fee* with a consequential *air of indifference*, you take your leave ; not omitting to drop an additional assurance that " you shall not be remiss in your attendance."

These, sir, are the instructions you must steadily pursue, if you possess an ardent desire to become eminent in your profes-

sion, opulent in your circumstances, formidable in your competitions, or a valuable practitioner to the company of apothecaries, from whom you are to expect the foundation of support.

A multiplicity of additional hints might be added for your minute observance ; but such a variety will present themselves in the course of practice, that a retrospective view of diurnal occurrences will sufficiently furnish you with every possible information for your future progress ; regulating your behaviour by the rank of your patients, from the *most pompous personal ostentation*, to the *meanest and most contemptible servility*.

EFFECTS OF ENVY.

Plurarch compares envious persons to cupping-glasses, which ever draw the worst humours of the body to them ; they are like flies, which resort only to the raw and corrupt parts of the body ; or, if they light on a sound part, never leave blowing upon it till they have disposed it to putrefaction. When Momus could find no fault with the face in the picture of Venus, he picked a quarrel with her slippers ; and so these malevolent persons, when they cannot blame the substance, will yet represent the circumstances of men's best actions with prejudice. This black shadow is still observed to wait upon those that have been the most illustrious for virtue, or remarkable for some kind of perfection ; and to excel in either, has been made an unpardonable crime. The following are striking examples of the direful effects of envy.

ENVY OF CAMBYSES.

Cambyses, king of Persia, seeing his brother Smerdis draw a stronger bow than any of the soldiers in his army was able to do, was so inflamed with envy against him, that he caused him to be slain.

ENVY AND MAGNANIMITY CONTRASTED.

Maximianus, the tyrant, through envy of the honours conferred on Constantine, and attributed to him by the people, contributed all that a desperate envy could invent, and a great virtue surmount. He first made him a general of an army, which he sent against the Sarmatians,—a people extremely

furious,—supposing he there would lose his life. The young prince went thither, and returned victorious, leading along with him the barbarian king in chains. It is added, that this direful prince, excited by a most ardent frenzy, on his return from this battle, engaged him in a perilous encounter with a lion, which he purposely had caused to be let loose upon him. But Constantine, victorious over lions as well as men, slew this fell beast with his own hand, and impressed an incomparable opinion in the minds of his soldiers, which easily gave him passage to the throne, by the same degrees which were prepared for his ruin.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S ENVY.

Alexander the Great, being recovered of a wound he had received, made a great feast for his friends, amongst whom was Coragus, a Macedonian, a man of great strength, and renowned for his valour, who, being heated with wine, challenged Dioxippus, the Athenian, a wrestler, and who had been crowned for many victories. It was accepted, and the king himself appointed the day. Many thousand were met, and the two champions came to the place;—Alexander himself, and the Macedonians with their countryman, and the Grecians with their Dioxippus, naked, and armed only with a club. Coragus, armed at all points, being at some distance from his enemy, threw a javelin at him, which the other nimbly declined; then he sought to wound him with a long spear, which the other broke in pieces with his club; hereupon he drew his sword; but his nimble and strong adversary leaped upon him, threw him to the ground, set his foot upon his neck, advanced his club, and looked on the spectators, as inquiring if he should strike; when Alexander commanded to spare him: so the day ended with glory to Dioxippus. But the king departed, and from that day forward his mind was alienated from the victor: he fell also into the envy of the court and all the Macedonians; who at a feast privily put a gold cup under his seat, made a feigned and public inquiry after it, and then pretended to find it with him: a concourse was about him, and the man, afflicted with shame, departed. When he came to his inn, he sent a letter to Alexander by his friends, wherein he related his innocency, and showed the envious villany that had been used to him, after which he slew

himself. Alexander, upon hearing of it, lamented his death, though he himself, as well as others, had envied him while alive.

MURDER OF HYPATIA.

Hypatia, of Alexandria, the daughter of Theon, the philosopher, had made such progress in learning, that she excelled all the philosophers of her time, and not only succeeded in the school of Plato, but also explained the precepts and aphorisms of all sorts of philosophers; so that a mighty confluence was made to her by all such as were desirous to improve themselves in philosophy. She came into the knowledge and courts of princes, where she behaved herself with singular modesty, and doubted not to present herself in public amongst the assemblies of men, where, by reason of her gravity and temperance of mind, she was received by all sorts, till at last the long-suppressed flames of envy began to break forth; a number of malevolent and hot-brained men, whereof Petrus, of the church of Cesarea, was the leader, seized upon her in her return home, pulled her out of her coach, carried her to the forementioned church, where, having stripped her of her clothes, they tore her flesh with sharp shells till she died; they then pulled her in pieces, and carried her torn limbs into a place called Cynaros, where they were buried. This deed was no small matter of infamy to Cyrillus, the bishop, and the whole church of Alexandria.

A BISHOP THROUGH ENVY.

Theodosius, the younger, was desirous to enlarge the city of Constantinople; and to that purpose to take down a great part of the wall. He committed the management of this work to Cyrus, the prefect of the city, who, with great industry and celerity, built up the Chersæan wall, that reached from sea to sea, within the compass of sixty days. The people of the city, who were well pleased with the work, and the prefect's expedition therein, cried aloud, "Constantine built it; and Cyrus had rebuilt it." For this only reason Cyrus became so hated, suspected, and envied, by the emperor, that he caused him to be shaven, and to enter into orders; and he was afterwards Bishop of Smyrna.

BOUNDLESS ENVY OF CALIGULA.

Caius Caligula, the emperor, was so possessed with the evil spirit of envy, that he took from the noblest personages of

Rome their ancient characters of honour, and badges of their houses ; from Torquatus, the chain or collar ; from Cincinnatus, the curled lock of hair ; and from Cn. Pompeius, an illustrious person, the surname of Great, belonging to his family. King Ptolemæus, —whom Calligula had sent for out of his realm, and honourably entertained, — he caused to be slain on the sudden, for no other reason, but that, as he entered into the theatre to behold the shows and games there exhibited, he perceived him to have turned the eyes of all the people upon him with the resplendent brightness of his purple gown. All such as were handsome, and had a thick head of hair grown out into a comely length, as they came in his way he disfigured, causing them to be shaved on the hinder part of their heads. Esius Proculus, (for his exceedingly tall and portly personage, surnamed Colossoeros,) he caused suddenly to be pulled down from the scaffold where he sat, into the lists, and matched with a sword-fencer, and afterwards with one armed at all points ; and when he was victorious in both, he commanded him to be pinioned, and dressed in tattered clothes, to be led through the streets, and showed to the women, and at last to have his throat cut. To conclude, there was none of so base and abject a condition, nor of so mean estate, whose advantages and good parts he did not depreciate.

JOLLY OLD BACCHUS.

A SONG. BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

'Tis the influence of Bacchus that drowns every care,
 As our spirits are cheer'd with our wine ;
 Though Apollo and Venus our thoughts often share,
 Whilst to Bacchus the heart does incline,
 For all mortal pleasures are shower'd from above—
 Apollo sends harmony, Venus sends love,
 And jolly old Bacchus sends wine.

Of the vine and the myrtle let each wear a crown,
 As a symbol of friendship below ;
 Then in wine, sons of Bacchus, our cares let us drown—
 The chief blessing the gods can bestow ;
 For all mortal pleasures are shower'd from above,—
 Apollo sends harmony, Venus sends love,
 And jolly old Bacchus sends wine.



DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTH PLACE.

The city of Litchfield claims the honour of giving birth to many persons of literary celebrity, especially the learned lexicographer Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was born in the house here represented, on the 7th of September, 1709, old style. Of Johnson's ancestors very little is certainly known, and he himself took no delight in talking of them, for he observed to Mrs. Piozzi, "there is little pleasure in relating the anecdotes of beggary." The doctor's uncle was a well-known pugilist and wrestler, who was never thrown or conquered.

The father of Samuel Johnson was the first who emerged from the obscure occupation of the family, which resided at Cubley, in Derbyshire, as day-labourers; he became a bookseller at Litchfield, and was a man of large athletic constitution, of violent passions, and of a melancholy cast, nearly approaching to madness. He was so attached to the Stuart family, that when Dr. Sacheverell, in his memorable tour through England, came to Litchfield, he carried his son Samuel, then not three years old, to the cathedral, and placed him upon his shoulders, that he might see as well as hear the far-famed preacher.

Dr. Johnson received the rudiments of his education at G. 28.

the free school at Litchfield, and on the 31st of October, 1728, was entered of Pembroke college, Oxford; he remained a short time at college, and returned to Litchfield; his father died soon after, and the whole receipt out of his effects was no more than twenty pounds. The life of this great man is too well known to require our following him through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life. He died on the 13th of December, 1784, and was buried in the poets-corner, Westminster-abbey.

The house in which he was born is situated opposite the market-house, at the corner of Sadler-street; it is a square stuccoed building, the upper part projecting in the ancient fashion, and resting upon pillars at the angles! The praises of Litchfield have often been poetically celebrated. The following is not one of the least deserving preservation:—

Here Johnson fashion'd his elaborate style,
 And truth well pleas'd, the moral work survey'd;
 Here, o'er her darling's cradle, wont to smile,
 Thalia with her Garrick fondly play'd;
 And here the flower of England's virgin train,
 Boast of our isle, Litchfield's peculiar pride;
 Here Seward caught the dew-drops of her strain
 From grief and fancy's magic-mingled tide:—
 Exult fair city! and indulge the praise
 A grateful stranger to thy glory pays.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S SONG.

Wherever sounds the voice of strife,
 With glittering glaves we come;
 There's glory in our martial life,
 And freedom in our drum;
 The dauntless banner o'er us waves,
 Appalling in its wrath;
 Avaunt, ye cravens, and ye slaves,
 Nor dare pollute our path!

To us, bright Europe's hymn ascends,
 From city, tower, and sea;
 And unto freedom's shrine she bends
 The pure and prostrate knee.

We free'd her when she stoop'd to slaves,
Her recreant foes we slew !
Attest it, with thy glorious graves !—
Thou lordly Waterloo !

France sent her youthful warriors forth,
With bayonet, sword, and flame ;
And, like a tempest of the north,
O'er Portugal they came.
The Lusitanian nobles fled—
We cross'd the angry sea ;
We reach'd their country—fought and bled—
And made their country free !

When Spain unsheath'd her patriot brand,
To check Napoleon's wrath,
Our banner beam'd in her proud land—
A lamp unto her path !
Corunna heard our cannons yell,
And saw our torches glare ;
Around us Gaul's pale champions fell !
The British sword was there !

Go, ask the dark untutor'd Russ—
Go, ask the belted Hun ;
How gloriously they'll speak of us,
And all the deeds we've done.
Europe ! exalt thy daring crest,
And wave thy gonfalons ;
Our finchless swords have gain'd thee rest,
And broken all thy bonds !

Let jovial tars the Nile extol,
Where Nelson's honour'd name
Along the crimson decks did roll,
And through the smoke and flame ;
But, deathless Albuera, we
Will deeply think upon ;
And when we die, Oh, may we be
With Moore and Wellington !

*Deal.**R. A.*

ALICE FORD ; OR, THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Close the book, Alice," said a venerable gray-headed old man, to his daughter, who sat beside him on a low stool reading aloud ; "it is getting dark ; I feel weary : we will have our customary meal, and then to bed."

His daughter rose immediately ; and, first carefully depositing the large and thickly-bound volume, with its many clasps, in a box which stood in one corner of the room, she set about making the desired arrangement.

The small cottage occupied by Stephen Ford and his daughter was situated in a retired lane, not far from the then royal forest of Epping. Its owner had, by early industry, obtained a sufficient competence to enable him to pass his old age in comfort. He was a widower, left with two children, a son and a daughter. Alice was seventeen, and the joy and delight of her father. To her feminine skill and neatness their humble abode owed much of its inviting appearance. Clean rushes were spread over the floor ; and the table, the chairs, and particularly her father's large high-backed one, all of oak, shone with the highest polish that good housewifery could give. The walls were, indeed, blackened with the smoke, as there was no chimney ; for chimneys were a luxury at that time, possessed by few houses, except those of a very superior description. A small, but well-arranged garden, lay behind the dwelling, cultivated by Stephen Ford himself, and in which Alice spent many of her leisure hours, tending the plants and flowers that were under her special care.

Alice quickly prepared the meal for her father's supper, and the old man sat down to partake of it.

"How long is it, my child," said he, "since I had the good fortune to be of service to the Lord Fortescue, when his horse stumbled and threw him, during a hunt in the forest hard by ?"

"Nearly four months, father," replied Alice, with a slight tremor in her voice, and a heightened colour in her face, which she turned aside to conceal.

"Methinks he has been much a stranger here of late," said the old man ; I miss his cheerful voice and kind manner ;

but one, who stands so well at court, cannot be expected to think much of us humble ones ; and yet I wrong him, for, since I first knew him, he has been ever considerate and condescending."

" You say truly, father," rejoined Alice ; " he always speaks of the service you rendered him with gratitude."

" Tush, girl !" interrupted her father, " mention it not ; 'twas but a trifle. He is a brave youth, and a noble ; and I pray heaven to bless him, and guard him in these strange and perilous times !"

" Amen !" said Alice, fervently ; and she arose from her seat to hide her emotion and her tears. She had scarcely done so, when they were interrupted by a slight knocking at the cottage door, which had been closed for the night.

" Open the door, Alice," said Stephen Ford ; " it may be our neighbour, Ambrose, has fallen ill again, and his wife needs our assistance."

Alice withdrew the bolt, and immediately two strange and fierce-looking men rushed in, and, in tones which made Alice tremble, demanded of the old man if his name was Stephen Ford, and if he had a son apprenticed to learn the craft of a goldbeater in the city of London.

" In truth have I," said Ford ; " and a dutiful and kind son he is : what know ye of him ?" and he looked at them with surprise, mingled with dislike, as he gazed on their ruffianly appearance.

" Of that anon," said one of the men, in an insolent tone ; " but I arrest *you* as my prisoner, under warrant from his reverence, Bishop Bonner, and you must with me to London forthwith."

A loud shriek burst from the lips of Alice, and she threw her arms round her father, as if to detain him.

" This is sad news, my girl," he said, looking fondly on her : " but heaven's will be done : tell me only, I pray you, the reason of my arrest. And of my son—what of him ?"

" Could we have found *him*, we had not come after you," said the man ; " he has spoken against the papal faith, and denied the doctrine of the real presence, in an argument which he held with the most holy father Clement ; and as he has absconded, you are ordered to be committed to prison in his stead."

"Now, heaven be praised, that I can suffer for my son!" said the old man, "and preserve my imprudent boy from the malice of his enemies. Fear not, my child; I have committed no offence, and shall, no doubt, be speedily set at liberty."

"I will not part from you, my father," said Alice, in an agony of tears; "I will go with you to prison."

"It may not be," replied her father; and would but add to my present sorrow. You can, however, be near, and abide for the time with your cousin in Eastcheap, where you will hear tidings of what befalls me more speedily; our neighbour Ambrose will gladly be your guide thither."

This was said in a low tone, apart, to Alice.

"Come!" cried one of the men, in an impatient tone; "time wears—we might have been half-way to London by this time."

"I am ready," answered Ford, advancing toward them.

"Yet one moment," interrupted Alice, and regardless of their presence, she threw herself at her father's feet, and implored his blessing.

"May heaven's blessing be ever on thee!" said the old man, fervently, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "and may we meet again in happiness!"—So saying, he raised her from the ground, and tenderly kissing her cheek, exhorted her to exert her fortitude in this trial which had come upon her, and to pray to the Disposer of all events that he would be their guide, and console and deliver them safely out of this trouble. He then gave himself up to the care of the man sent to seize him, and Alice, with a bitter sigh, saw the door close upon her father, which she, in her grief and fear, believed he would never enter again.

The next day saw Alice an inmate of her cousin's house in Eastcheap, for her own cottage seemed utterly forlorn and destitute, deprived of the presence of her kind parent. The noise and bustle of the town ill accorded with the melancholy feelings of Alice, but she strove to endure it, as she knew that she was near her father, and could gaze even on the walls of his prison.

Her cousin was a person of whom she had previously seen but little. Though evidently grieved at the misfortune that had befallen her kinsman, she was too fearful of being brought into trouble herself to take any active steps to serve him.

Thus, though Alice had a home, she had none to advise or console her. "If I could but be with my dear father," thought she, "I should feel more happy. He has been used to my attentions: they would comfort him, and render his imprisonment less irksome. I will make the attempt; they will not be so inhuman as to deny me." Alice, however, was mistaken. Several times she presented herself before the jailor, and begged for entrance only to *see* her father, but was sternly refused; and when she prayed them to tell her how it fared with him, they laughed at her anxiety, and bade her be gone.

"One more trial," said Alice, "and may heaven prosper it; if that fail me, I must submit;" and she wept bitterly.

The mansion of Lord Fortescue stood near the site of what is now Charing Cross, but which was then little better than a village; and its back windows possessed an uninterrupted view of the Thames, and of the fields and country on the opposite side of the river. Lord Fortescue was intently watching the first approach of an autumn twilight over the fair prospect before him, when one of his domestics entered, and informed him that a female was waiting in the outer hall, who prayed to see him on urgent business.

"Admit her," said Lord Fortescue; "I will see her here."

The domestic obeyed, and re-entered almost immediately, followed by a woman whose face was closely shrouded by a large wimple. The servant retired upon a sign from his master, and Lord Fortescue advanced towards the female.

"What want you with me, my good woman?"

"Help!" said Alice; for it was she who had thus ventured; and she partly removed her wimple, and disclosed a face, lovely indeed, but extremely pale, while her whole frame seemed to shake with the agitation she experienced. Lord Fortescue started in surprise, evidently mingled with pleasure; for his eyes brightened, and the flush of joy mounted even to his temples.

"You here!" he exclaimed, "this is happiness I could not have hoped for; and how fares it with your good father to whom I owe so much?"

"Alas! alas!" answered Alice, bursting into tears, "it is

of him I would speak to you : he is a prisoner by order of Bishop Bonner, though innocent of offence, for my brother's sake, who has fled from their malice, having spoken, I fear, too boldly on matters of faith. They will not let me see my father—I have no friend to aid me—none—but I thought that haply you might be induced to use your influence, for my poor father's sake, to permit my sharing his lot, whatsoever it may be."

"And why not for your own sake, sweet Alice?" asked Lord Fortescue; "I would readily use my utmost power to serve you; trust me, I have known but little happiness since we last parted;" and he sighed deeply; "but touching this affair of your father's," he continued, "I tell you freely, I like it not, for Bonner is a wily and insidious priest, high in favour with the queen, and full of burning wrath against the faith held by your family."

"Then in heaven alone must be our hope!" said Alice, clasping her hands fervently. "Nay," she added, earnestly, "I pray you, my lord, to stir not in this matter of ours. If there be so much of danger belonging to it, peril not your own safety, but leave us to our fate."

"You mistake my meaning utterly, Alice," replied the young nobleman; "I would but guard you against a hope of your good father's speedy release. I doubt not I shall, without much difficulty, be able to gain you admittance to the prison; and heaven knows that fear of my own danger does not appal me. Openly I cannot serve him against the power of the papal church; yet rest assured, I will leave no means untried to assist him, and, if possible, to secure his safety; and then, in happier times, will you promise to think more favourably of me, sweet Alice?" and he attempted to take her hand, but she instantly withdrew it.

"O speak not thus my lord!" and, as she spoke, her eye glanced on the rich dress of Lord Fortescue, on his embroidered silk vest, and green velvet mantle, which hung gracefully from his shoulders, and formed a striking contrast with the simplicity observed in her own attire. "It is not meet for a lowly maid, like me, to listen to such words from one of noble birth; and, but for my afflictions and utter helplessness I had not intruded myself thus upon your presence

this day : let this plead for me ; and may you soon meet with a lady of your own rank, who is worthy to receive vows of affection which Alice Ford must not listen to.

In despite of her efforts to repress them, tears filled her eyes.

" I will talk of this no more now, Alice," he replied ; " but see, it is nearly dark—where is your present abode ?"

She told him.

" Nay then, I will guide you thither in safety—for part of your way is lonely, and evil may befall you."

" It must not be, my lord, grateful though I am for your kindness ; God will be my protector. Tell me only, I pray you, when I may hope to see my father ?"

" The day after tomorrow present yourself at the gate of his prison, where, before then, I have no doubt, orders will have arrived to give you admittance. Is there ought else in which I can serve you ?"

" I crave nothing more at your hands, my lord.—Alas ! I know nothing of my dear brother, or I would pray your interest in his behalf."

" I trust," answered Lord Fortescue, " that he will have sufficient prudence to remain concealed ; for, where he taken, I fear there would be no hope for him."

" May heaven grant it !" said Alice ; " and now, my lord, farewell ! accept of my grateful thanks ; and may the blessing of heaven abide with you for ever."

" Amen, sweet Alice !" said Lord Fortescue, as he affectionately pressed her hand, which she suffered him to retain for a few moments ; then closing her wimple, and once more murmuring " farewell !" she quitted his presence.

Lord Fortescue was an only child, and an orphan. He had been most affectionately brought up by his uncle, to whom he was firmly attached, and who was now an aged man. It was to spare his feelings the shock, which he knew the intimacy would produce, that Lord Fortescue concealed the preference he felt for the reformed doctrines. He was little more than twenty, and of a frank and ingenuous disposition.

Accident introduced him to the presence of Alice Ford, when her unaffected piety, gentle manners, and retiring loveliness, made a deep impression on his young and susceptible

heart. Forgetting the difference of their stations, he spoke to her of his love ; but Alice, though she felt, alas ! that she could not look on him with indifference, refused to listen to his suit, for she saw the host of evils attendant on it, and forbade him ever to think of her, but in the light of an humble, though grateful, friend. It was this disappointment that had occasioned his long absence from the cottage previously to the period when our little history commences.

On the appointed morning, Alice repaired to the prison ; and, in reply to her question for admission, received a sullen consent from the jailor, who led the way along a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which was a low massive door, thickly studded with large iron nails. He applied a key, and unclosed the door. Alice's heart beat quick, and her head felt dizzy ; for she saw her beloved father at one corner of the cell, and she rushed toward him and threw herself into his arms. Their meeting was, indeed, a sorrowful one ; for Alice learned with dismay, that in two days more her father was to be brought to trial. The venerable man, however, remained serene under his affliction, and his trust in heaven continued unshaken. He at first vehemently opposed his daughter's wish of remaining in prison ; but when he saw how she clung to him, he consented to her stay, and blessed heaven for granting him the affection and dutiful attentions of his child. Neither did he forget to pray for Lord Fortescue, through whose friendly aid alone Alice had been enabled to be with him in his imprisonment.

On the day appointed for his trial, Stephen Ford seemed to acquire new vigour. He prayed long and earnestly with Alice ; and, when the officers entered to conduct him into the presence of his judges, he appeared not only resigned, but cheerful. Alice followed her father, and trembled when she entered the court and looked on the countenances of those who were to pronounce his doom. The crafty and insidious Bonner was seated on the bench in solemn state, accompanied by two inferior coadjutors in his unholy and unchristian proceedings. The old man stood up, firm and undauntedly, while an indictment was read to the following effect :—

“ That his son, Lionel Ford, had impiously denied the doctrine of the real presence, for which crime he was to have been put upon his trial ; but that, having escaped from the

hands of justice, it had been deemed right and proper that his father, Stephen Ford, should be apprehended in his stead, and brought into court to answer for the unwarrantable and treasonable doctrines held by his son, the said Lionel Ford."

A pause of a few minutes succeeded the reading of the indictment; it was first broken by the prisoner.

"If my son have erred, I alone am to blame; for from me did he receive instruction in his religious faith."

"And know ye not the punishment attendant upon the holders of such impious tenets?" asked Bonner, in a tone which made Alice move closer to her father, as though her feeble aid might avail.

"My faith, and, I trust, that of my son also, is founded on the written word of God," said the old man, boldly.

"Wilful and perverted sinner!" replied his judge, "thou art not able to distinguish the truth, neither is it for an unhallowed tongue, such as thine, to presume to speak slightly of mysteries which the spiritual directors of Christ's flock alone can solve."

"That be far from me," said Ford, in a tone of mildness; neither came I hither to argue against thee; but, touching the matter for which I am brought here, I do not deny its justice."

"Silence, babbler!" interrupted Bonner; "let the trial proceed!"

"Stay yet a few moments," replied the prisoner; "if it be the offence urged against me and my son, that we profess to be humble followers of, and believers in, the doctrines promulgated by the blessed reformers, then we are guilty of that which ye do lay to our charge; but that faith will neither make us evil men, nor rebellious subjects; and for that which ye would try us, we are alone answerable unto our maker."

The judge was here about to rebuke the prisoner harshly; but suddenly, a great noise and bustle were heard at the extremity of the court, and a young man rushed hastily past those who would have opposed his entrance, exclaiming—"Stop the proceedings! I surrender myself! set my father free!"

At the sound of the well-known voice, Stephen Ford recognised his son, and he cast on him a look full of parental fondness, while Alice burst into tears, and threw herself into his arms.

"O my father!" said Lionel, "had I sooner heard of the evil that had befallen you for my sake, think ye that I would have remained thus long concealed."

"Would that ye had!" said the old man, as he turned aside, and the first tears he had shed that day fell from his aged eyes, and he murmured to himself—"Alas! so young! and so like his sainted mother!"

"Lionel Ford!" said Bonner, as he contemplated the young man with malicious satisfaction, "ye have this day surrendered unto justice: our holy church, ever merciful, even now extends her arms to receive you, if you are willing to renounce your errors, and to abjure those tenets which your parent has this day openly proclaimed."

"For myself, I have nothing to say," said Lionel; "but for my father, I would implore your mercy—he has committed no offence; let him not be brought to harm for my sake, I entreat you."

"Speak not of me," interrupted his father; "my days on earth *can* be but few; what reck's it that they should be a little shortened? On *my* head," he continued, addressing Bonner, "alone let thy judgment fall: I will endure it willingly. But spare my son!"

Any other heart than that of their vindictive judge would have been moved to pity at sight of the affecting group before him. Alice had thrown herself upon her knees beside her father, and held one of his hands closely clasped in both of hers; and on the other side of the old man stood Lionel, with a brow and lip that told the beholders he would not shrink from suffering in a worthy cause. In Bonner's breast, however, pity had not found a dwelling.

"Speak!" he said; "are ye both willing to put from ye the wicked and blasphemous faith which ye have heretofore holden, or to receive the punishment awarded to all such?"

"We will *not* renounce our faith!" was repeated by both father and son, nearly at the same moment.

"Courage! my dear son," said Ford; "since hope for *thee*, even, is over, let us be firm; nor, though our lives are at stake, deny the true and everlasting doctrines of the gospel!"

"Away with the heretics!" said Bonner,— "what need of more? our ears have been too long profaned by their impiety; let them receive their doom!"

Accordingly, he proceeded to pass sentence upon them, which was, "that they should be burned at the stake, as obstinate heretics and enemies of the only true church, in the public place of Smithfield, on that very day week."

Stephen Ford and his son heard their sentence with calmness, and were led back to prison without a murmur escaping from their lips; examples, as they were, amongst hundreds, who, in that time of persecution, rejoiced that they were thought worthy to suffer for gospel truth. Alice, ere the sentence was pronounced, happily lost, for a time, all sense of sorrow, and was removed from court in a state of insensibility.

It is impossible to depict the misery of Lord Fortescue, when aware of the cruel sentence which had been pronounced on his humble friends. Vain were all the efforts which he made to procure a remission of their punishment; yet, at the risk of grieving his beloved uncle, he made frequent visits to Stephen Ford and his son, in their dark abode. He could not fail of being edified by the resignation which they both displayed; and even Alice seemed to have caught a portion of their christian spirit, and to fix her thoughts upon death as the welcome messenger that should end her sorrows, and give her a blissful re-union with those whom she best loved upon earth. The feelings of the father, however, frequently struggled for mastery in the breast of Ford, and heavy sighs would occasionally break from him, when he looked on the calm and youthful face of his son, so soon to suffer a cruel death. He remembered that he had been the cherished child of his mother, and that she had on her death-bed pathetically exhorted him to watch over and protect him.

"And I would have done," he exclaimed, "with my own life; but heaven willed it otherwise."

Lord Fortescue had given to her father a solemn promise that he would watch over Alice as his own sister, and preserve her, by every means in his power, from the world's ignominy and reproach; so that, with respect to his daughter, Stephen Ford felt his anxiety greatly lessened.

The days allotted to the prisoners previously to the closing of their earthly pilgrimage, passed quickly away; and the morning, appointed for the triumph of their faith and the termination of their sufferings, arrived, alas! too soon for the unhappy Alice. Early on that day, Stephen Ford prayed

long and fervently with his son, that resignation and patience might be granted to them, and heavenly support afforded. The hour for separation was drawing near, and Alice had thrown herself at her father's feet, and begged of him to bless once again, when the door of their cell was burst open—Alice started to her feet—

“The dreadful time is not yet come!” she said.

It was Lord Fortescue; his face was pale, and he seemed greatly agitated.

“Are you come to bid us a final farewell, my lord?” said the old man.

“I bring you good tidings!” he said; “I bring you *pardon*!”

“Nay, good my lord, you surely err!” said Lionel; “no pardon can be given by a relentless judge, like Bonner, to those of our faith.”

“I do thank God,” said Lord Fortescue, “that his power is broken, and that I live to state the happy truth. Ye are no longer prisoners, but free men—behold the proof!” and he drew a sealed packet from his pocket, and proceeded briefly to inform them that Queen Mary had died the day before; and that aware of the unjust sentence passed upon them, he had lost no time in hastening to the Princess Elizabeth, now queen; and, laying the case before her, had from her procured an order for their free pardon, and release from prison.

On that very day that was to see them victims at the stake, did Ford, with Lionel and Alice, reach their home; and, joining in prayer, they returned thanks to that God whose protecting hand had preserved and delivered them from the machinations of their enemies.

At the expiration of two years, the uncle of Lord Fortescue died; and then did he again seek Alice Ford, and speak to her of that love which he had so long entertained for her. Had not her own heart pleaded in his favour, how could Alice refuse one who had saved the life of her father and brother? She consented; and Stephen Ford lived to see his daughter a loved and loving wife, and his son advance in honour and prosperity, ere the light of this world closed on him for ever; and he sank calm and peacefully into the grave.

THE SWINDLER'S PROGRESS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief.—*Nursery Song.*

I sing : and aid me ye who have the power,
And ye who have not—please to stand aside ;
I hope, at least, the “ muses’ nine” will shower
On me the spray of the ircastalian tide,
And cause the latent buds of verse to flower,
For I would sing, and must, whate’er betide ;
My hero, chosen from the tribe of drones—
A Welshman and a rogue ;—his name John Jones.

A drone—because he neither toil’d nor spun,
But suck’d the honey from the well-stor’d hive :
A loitering idle thing of breeze and sun,
Who never sought out honest means to thrive :
Who, if he lov’d that meed of praise “ well done,”
Deserv’d it least of any wight alive :
And yet he might have had it had he sought,
For his was mind—at least so people thought.

He was a quaker in his youth, because
He in that sect was by his parent’s bred ;
And had by rote their wise religious saws ;
Yet other themes at times possess’d his head :
Whate’er they were, he warr’d not with the laws
Of his own sect—perhaps a father’s dread—
Nay, ’twas an uncle’s, who, old, rich and kind,
Had not an heir—’twas that which sway’d his mind.

A man may wear a hat with spacious brim,
Shady and sombre as a sycamore,—
(And such a hat, indeed, belong’d to him,)
A man may wear his coat plain down before,
Uncollar’d, unlappell’d,—amazing prim !
His manners open as a gossip’s door ;

Seeming a quaker in his mien and dress,
Yet be a heartless villain, not the less !

Unto the blast of fame our hero lent
Daily some pious puff, and took great care
That not one side-wind should be lost, but sent
To that old quaker uncle with no heir :
Was there a bible-meeting, there he went ;
His *speeches* and their plaudits rent the air ;
And these he took good care his uncle knew—
His fame, his wisdom, and long speeches too.

Awhile his vices slept ; his virtuous deeds
Were given to every wind—to every tongue ;
And as the arrow on its mission speeds,
So sped the object of his hope, ere long
True to its aim ; and he, whom it misleads,
That kind old uncle, in his honour strong,
Could not suspect his nephew, whilst his choice
Was loudly sanction'd by the public voice.

But one thing now seem'd wanting to the bliss
Of the adopted gentleman—a bride :
The old man's wishes were as strong as his
To see the knot effectually tied ;
And searching eyes were sent abroad for this,
Nor was it long before the maid was spied,
Not young, nor beautiful,—but then her dower
Would make amends ; it was a golden shower.

The match might be considered quite as made,
She never *could* refuse a youth like John !
Yet for awhile the wedding seem'd delayed :
The settlement—the lady wanted none :
But still he should have wealth himself, 'twas said,
For her the match were else no prudent one.
The uncle thought so too, and deeds were penn'd,
Which settled wealth upon him to that end.

The deeds were made, and executed too ;
The wedding did not take place as was thought ;
And yet the young man made not much ado,
As if the disappointment keenly wrought

Upon his mind—'twas certainly broke through,
 Or ne'er begun, as some have shrewdly taught :
 The *deeds* were *sign'd*,—the uncle's cash made *sure*—
 The youth was rich—and quickly both were poor.

" A change came o'er the spirit of their dream ;"
 Tom Paine and pleasure led the youth astray ;
 And on the quaker's hearth the fiddle's scream,
 Drove their old guest of quiet far away.
 The neighbours were amaz'd, the old man's team
 For red-coat hunters chang'd their wonted dray ;
 All was confusion in that peaceful place,
 And riot followed with as deep disgrace !

The uncle liv'd not long to see the change,
 But broken-hearted in the grave was laid ;
 The people lov'd him, and they thought it strange,
 That in his old age he should thus be paid
 Ingratitude for goodness ! Still the range
 Of John's excesses darker deeds display'd ;
 The servant girl was with—I need not say,
 Each reader can explain it his own way.

The child, of course, was the old man's—so John
 Would have persuaded people if he could :
 The girl was brib'd to say so—but anon
 They found the scheme productive of no good :
 The old man's *character* !—the youth's was gone !
 He quickly found how things were understood.
 The villain was well known, and vainly tried
 To fix a stain on him he had belied !

Branded, despis'd, and shunn'd by all who knew him,
 Save those of his own stamp—the vain and vile,
 The fashionably-ruined one clung to him,
 As to a hospital. In a brief while
 He ran the thief's career, and to renew him
 Paid i'th King's-bench his debts. In finest style
 Cheated the hangman ; but he'll have him soon—
 This quaker, deist, fiddler, and buffoon !

THOUGHTS ON DRAM-DRINKING.

BY DR. FOTHERGILL, OF BATH.

Such is the rage for the detestable potion, "*Genuine Hollands, neat as imported,*" that thousands of poor half-famished creatures daily swallow it with insatiable avidity. Though supported, together with their helpless families, at the expense of the public, they have been often known to pledge their allowance of bread, their clothes, nay, the very beds they lie on, to procure their accustomed dose of gin!

If we descend into their comfortless abodes, what an affecting scene do we behold! Disease, poverty, and wretchedness, pourtrayed in their strongest colours! This deplorable abuse of spiritual liquors, then, is a national evil of the first magnitude, and is certainly more malignant in its nature, and more fatal in its consequences, than is commonly imagined. It not only disqualifies men for activity, and habits of industry, but totally deprives them of that honest spirit of independence, which ought to be their pride as Englishmen. The time mispent in riot and debauch, occasions a vast loss of labour, ruins the peace of families, and strikes at the very root of population. Men addicted to this vice, have no idea of making provision for a family, or ambition of earning more at their respective trades, than barely sufficient to buy the daily portion of spirits; this being the sum total of their wishes, or, in their own language, "their meat, drink, and clothes," which is indeed, almost literally true, as they use very little of either besides.

This pernicious habit is highly injurious to public as well as private property. Among mechanics and tradesmen, it produces debts, disgrace, and bankruptcy. Among farmers, bad tillage, scanty crops, and universal bad management, such as fields and gardens overrun with weeds, broken fences, and half clad dirty children, without manners or education. Among servants and domestics, idleness, and extravagance, loss of character, and beggary.

In the year 1751, when the abuse of spirits had risen to an alarming height, the number of dram-drinkers in the kingdom of Great Britain, according to a very able calculator, amounted,

on a moderate computation, to 400,000 ; and he conceived it probable, that they might considerably exceed that number.

On balancing the account between the profits arising to government, and the damage accruing to the nation at large, he endeavours to prove, that a loss, little less than four millions, must yearly fall on the trading interest, and the revenues of Great Britain. Add to this, the damage sustained by the premature and untimely deaths of so many fellow-creatures, the loss is incalculable.

Supposing, for the present, however, we only consider the loss of time, the loss of labour, and of money mispent in public-houses ; can we wonder that our parishes are overburdened with poor ; that our prisons overflow with insolvent debtors ; or, that our poor-rates, which long ago amounted to the enormous sum of two millions a year should be rapidly increasing ? Is it not high time, then, that some powerful check should be given to this alarming abuse of spirits, and that some more efficient, or economical, plan be adopted, which may prove more favourable to industry and sobriety ? Should no means short of a total prohibition of them be found effectual, what ought to be the alternative ? Ought the mere acquisition of revenue, arising from spirits, even for a moment, be suffered to stand in competition with the *health* and *virtue* of the community ? or is there no method of supporting the revenue, but at the expence of population, property, and commerce, the great sources from whence revenue itself is derived, and to which it ought ever to be subservient.

THE LAWSUIT.

“ Well met ! ” I exclaimed, joyously, as I encountered my old college friend, Charles Morton, one morning in Oxford-street. “ Why, Charles, looking on your happy countenance recalls the gladsome days of youth and merriment ! ”

“ Is mine indeed a happy countenance ? ” asked Morton, as, after a hearty shake, he withdrew his hand from mine ; and he uttered the question in such an accent of bitter heart-brokenness that I involuntarily paused to look on him. There were still the same fine features — deep eye, aquiline nose, and

lofty brow, which had gained for him in his youth the appellation of 'the handsome Morton;' but care had paled his cheek, and after I had gazed at him for a moment, I almost imagined that it had bowed his tall and graceful figure.

"Charles," I uttered painfully, "you are ill."—"Yes my friend," replied Morton with mournful earnestness, "I am indeed ill—sick at heart—a disease which knows no remedy."

I asked the cause of his unhappiness. He felt that the question was one of friendship, not curiosity; and he told me of his sorrows like a man who had the miserable satisfaction of feeling, that although unfortunate, he was not degraded.

He was an orphan, dependant on a rich and parsimonious relative. On leaving college, he had induced the only daughter of a wealthy baronet to elope with him, and her father had resented the action even to his death hour. Morton's uncle, with the caprice incident on avarice, bequeathed to him but a poor pittance, almost inadequate to the support of nature, and thus Charles, in a few short months, beheld the woman of his heart, in all save his affections—a beggar! He had been induced to mortgage his slender annuity, and to dispute the will of the lady's father. "I have done it," concluded Morton in a hollow tone; "I have become the victim of a lawsuit. Alicia and my boy are the sacrifices of my credulity—but till to day I madly clung to a hope, wild and chimerical enough to satisfy the raving fancy of a lunatic—and to day, one more merciful than his fellows, told me that there was *no hope*. In a few hours the fiat goes forth, and I am taught that utter ruin will be the result. For myself I care not—but Alicia, bred in affluence, the child of luxury and indulgence,"—and he smote his brow, and trembled with the excess of his emotion.

"Do not despair while even a shadow of trust remains," I urged, gently, "Charles, for Alicia's sake—for your son's—you must hope on; let us return to your wife, if you are thus moved, what must be her suffering?"

A flush of the deepest crimson overspread the countenance of Morton; then bursting into a hysterical laugh, he himself directed my attention to it, as he exclaimed bitterly: "Do you not see how my impotent pride rushes to arms, when a friend would look on the wretchedness that will ere long be food for the cold eye of an unpitying world?—and yet—"

and he held me back a moment, and the glow of memory brightened his countenance and flashed in his dark eyes: "You will not see Alicia as I have seen her—as she once was—as she will be no more!" The vision of present wretchedness darkened the tablet of memory, and with an expression of subdued feeling, he led me in silence to an obscure street, and finally to his miserable lodging: the creaking stairs gave notice of our approach to the young and heart-stricken wife, and on our entrance her eye at once eagerly sought and rested on her husband. Fair and beautiful as the Mahommedan houri, there was a cast of thought upon her fine face, that pictured to the heart the deprecating sadness of the recording angel when noting down the trespasses of man—her dress was homely even to wretchedness, but what had dress availed to such a face and form? The long braids of raven hair that pressed her forehead, were lost beneath a close cap of the purest white: her child played at her knee, plump and rosy, unconscious of present troubles, and thoughtless of those to come.—Never did I bow so low before a titled beauty on a first meeting, as I did before the wife of Morton! On our entrance, Charles had thrown himself upon a chair, and with his face buried in his hands, sobbed aloud. Alicia was beside him—her white arms encircled his neck—her lips prest his brow—I was forgotten!

At length Morton raised his head, and his eye fell on me as I stood in the centre of the apartment. "Alicia, speak to him," he murmured in an unearthly tone, "our own sorrows are enough; why should we spread their pestilence abroad?" She approached me, and at the moment Morton's child playfully clung to his knees—hurriedly he grasped the little innocent, and raising him up at arms length, he exclaimed; "Charles, unhappy victim of a father's weakness—you are a beggar!" Pleased with the rapidity of the motion, and the emphatic accents of his father, the import of which he guessed not, the child laughed gayly in his face. Morton could not bear this:—in a frenzy of emotion he would have rushed from the room; Alicia, like his guardian angel, held him back:—she had not shed a tear; her bosom heaved wildly, and her cheek was deadly pale, but still she spoke with fearful calmness.

"Alicia," said the unhappy Charles, as subdued by the violence of his own emotion, he remained passionately in her

embrace, "why do you cling to me? have I not drawn the world's scorn down upon you?"

"If the world indeed scorn us, my love," said the young wife, tenderly, "let us be every thing to each other, and the sting will be unfelt."

At this moment a quick step was heard upon the stairs—the door yielded to the pressure of a heavy hand, and with a smile of honest joy upon his countenance, a man in a mean habit entered the room, "you have gained your cause, Mr. Morton," he uttered hastily—and I heard no more.—A wild laugh burst from the lips of Charles, and he strained the senseless form of his wife to his breast with frightful violence.

I was slowly sauntering down Pall Mall but three days ago, when from the window of a handsome chariot a fair hand motioned my approach.—For a moment I looked incredulously at the lofty brow, kissed at intervals by a superb snow-white plume; at the raven hair hanging in glossy and luxuriant ringlets; at the mild dark eyes, gleaming with tempered brightness;—but, in the next instant, a large tear swelled in them. I was in doubt no longer: it was Alicia; and as I extended my hand, her boy twined his little fingers around one of mine, and I drew my hat over my eyes to conceal my weakness.

TO MY PARENTS.

BY JOHN CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

Ah, little did I think in time that's past,
By summer burnt, or numb'd by winter's blast,
Delving the ditch a livelihood to earn,
Or lumping corn out in a dusty barn;
With aching bones returning home at night,
And sitting down with weary hand to write;
Ah, little did I think, as then unknown,
Those artless rhymes I ever blush'd to own,
Would one day be applauded and approv'd,
By learning notic'd, and by genius lov'd.
God knows, my hopes were many, but my pain
Damp'd all my prospects which I hop'd to gain;
I hardly dar'd to hope.—Thou corner chair!
In which I've oft slung back in deep despair,



John Clare.

Hadst thou expression, thou could'st easy tell
The pains and all that I have known too well.
'Twould be but sorrow's tale, yet still 'twould be
A tale of truth, and passing sweet to me.
How oft upon my hand I've laid my head,
And thought how poverty deform'd our shed :
Look'd on each parent's face I fain had cheer'd,
Where sorrows triumph'd, and pale want appear'd ;
And sigh'd, and hop'd, and wish'd some day would come
When I might bring a blessing to their home,
That toil and merit comforts had in store,
To bid the tear defile their cheeks no more.
Who that has feelings would not wish to be
A friend to parents, such as mine to me,
Who in distress broke their last crust in twain,
And, though want pinch'd, the remnant broke again ;
And still, if craving of their scanty bread,
Gave their last mouthful that I might be fed !
Nor for their own wants tear-drops follow'd free,
Worse anguish stung—they had no more for me.
And now hope's sun is looking brighter out,
And spreading thin the clouds of fear and doubt,
That long in gloomy sad suspense to me
Hid the long-awaited smiles I wish'd to see.
And now, my parents, helping you is sweet,—
The rudest havoc fortune could complete ;
A piteous couple, little blest with friends,
Where pain and poverty have had their ends.
I'll be thy crutch, my father, lean on me ;
Weakness knits stubborn whilst it's bearing thee ;
And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown,
To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.
My mother, too, thy kindness shall be met,
And ere I'm able will I pay the debt ;
For what thou'st done, and what gone through for me,
My last earn'd sixpence will I break with thee :
And when my dwindled sum wont more divide,
Then take it all—to fate I'll leave the rest ;
In helping thee I'll always feel a pride,
Nor think I'm happy till ye both are blest.

POVERTY IN BRITTANNY.

There is a tribe of snarling, cynical fellows among us, who, although they breathe English air, and eat English roast beef whenever they can procure it, are continually abusing their country. Judging from their conduct, one would be half inclined to think, that when trade is dead, and things wear a gloomy aspect, they had entered into some new employment, had been offered a reward for discovering blemishes in our national constitution, and that they were making their fortunes by collecting together all the imperfections which ingenuity could invent, or misfortunes afford.

It is the delight of such men, to make invidious comparisons between our country and other nations, and to draw inferences from the estimate, which are always to our disadvantage. The consequence of this mode of proceeding is, that it creates uneasiness in the minds of those who are represented as sufferers, unnerves the hand of industry, and actually gives magnitude and severity to the evils which caricature alone had rendered formidable.

To charge such characters with propagating falsehoods would, perhaps, savour too much of severity, and be in itself a deviation from the letter of truth. The plain fact is, that the selections are unfairly made; the worst that our country can produce being dressed up in the garb of disgust, and placed by the side of circumstances, drawn from other countries, which have little or no similitude in point of local situation, while real objects of fair comparison are carefully kept out of sight.

It is folly to talk of the cheapness of provisions, if people have no money to purchase them; and it is equally unfair to expatiate on the advantages of high wages, where men can rarely procure any employment. When comparisons are made, all facts and circumstances should be taken into the account, for without this we never can form a fair relative estimate of our own condition.

The fertility of France, and the ease and plenty which its inhabitants enjoy, are subjects of almost constant declamation; and were we to credit the persons who are thus lavish in their praises, we should be half ready to conclude, that the people of that highly-favoured country had formed either the

Eden of the bible, the Paradise of Mahomet, or the Elysian Fields of the heathen mythology.

To correct an error so replete with mischief, we need only give a description of Brittany from the pen of Mrs. Charles Stothard, who made a tour of part of France in 1818. It will at least furnish a presumptive evidence that poverty, misery, and rudeness, are yet abundant among our Gallic neighbours.

Proceeding from Rennes to Ploermel, Mrs. Stothard says : — We continued our journey in this highly picturesque country, passing through thick forests of chesnut trees, with which Brittany abounds. By the road's side, or in the fields, many wretchedly dirty-looking women were loitering with the distaff in their hands, watching their cows and goats. The Bretons dwell in huts, generally built of mud ; men, pigs, and children, live altogether, without distinction, in these cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathed excess ; and to this may be attributed their unhealthy, and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance : the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilized creatures is, that whenever they meet you, they bow their heads, or take off their hats, in token of respect. I could not have supposed it possible that human nature endured an existence so buried in dirt, till I came into this province. The common people are apparently in the very lowest state of poverty. In some parts of Brittany the men wear a goat-skin dress, and look not unlike De Foe's description of Robinson Crusoe. The furry part of this dress is worn outside : it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad-flapped straw or beaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings ; but the generality wear sabots, and thrust straw into them, to prevent the feet being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. You frequently see the women, old and young, sauntering along the fields with the distaff, employed in spinning off the flax. The girls carry milk upon their heads, in a vessel of rather an elegant form, somewhat resembling the common Roman household vessels.

We continued travelling, in the hope of coming into some
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town or village, where we might obtain some refreshments ; for, in consequence of leaving Rennes so early, we had not breakfasted, and, unfortunately, my little basket, from neglect, was unsupplied. You may imagine, therefore, that the postillion's annunciation of a town being in sight was most agreeable intelligence to persons numbed with cold, and sick for want of food. Accordingly, at noon we arrived at Pleilan, to us the land of promise, but, like many such lands, it afforded only disappointments, augmented by the comfortable hopes we had indulged. The horses, which, from custom, knew their resting-place, jogged on at a full trot, that was soon abated by the mud, through which they had to wade in passing down the village street. Pleilan consists of a few miserable houses, inhabited by the pallid and dirty natives of Bretagne. Before their doors several children, covered only by a few tattered garments, were paddling for very sport, in the pool of slush that flooded the street ; their savage manners and wretched looks, begrimed as they were with dirt, gave them the appearance of little imps appertaining to some lower world.

We stopped at the entry of what is termed an inn, distinguished by the bush suspended over the door. At most of the inns in this country, they hang out such a signal to denote that wine is sold within. This custom, now almost obsolete in England, reminds us of the old proverb, " Good wine needs no bush ; " but, if in the inns they sell only cider, it is expressed in Brittany by hanging a few apples to the side of the bush. Here the horses were to rest two hours, during which time we proposed regaling ourselves with something like a dinner. Upon entering the inn, the first view of the interior made me start back ; for I had never seen anything at all similar to it before. Some faggots were blazing in a ruined chimney, by the side of which stood a miserable bed, where an old man, sick of the gout, was sitting up ; the tortures of his disorder (for the fit was upon him,) gave to a naturally fierce and savage countenance, a malignant and dreadful expression : his complaints burst forth in accents of impatient execration, unchecked by the presence of strangers. The curtains of his bed hung in tattered rags, festooned by spiders, that crawled about, and made their intricate web upon the pendant shreds of the decayed hangings. A slush-pool,

in the centre of the room, served the double purpose of receiving the foul water, and a pond for the ducks, who enjoyed themselves by paddling about in it. A hen-roost stood above a larder of viands, beneath which a fowl was hatching her young upon a sort of dunghill. To think of dining was impossible. We begged to be shown into some other room, and inquired if they could give us bread and coffee. We were ushered into an apartment quite in character with the rest of the house. After desiring that the nearly broken down chairs might be wiped, (a caution very necessary before venturing to sit down,) we ordered a fire, and had at least the comfort of warming ourselves, for all hope of refreshment vanished as soon as the repast appeared. The bread was full of sand, that gritted between the teeth, and so sour that I could not taste a second piece; the coffee bore no resemblance to that beverage, excepting the brown coloured tinge; but seemed a mixture of dirty water and sugar. We resigned it after the first taste, and paid for looking at such fare, as we could not be said to partake of it, the sum of four francs; while some French travellers below were regaled in like manner for twelve sous each. One of these travellers had the charity to give me a bunch of grapes, which, with the addition of some raw chesnuts that Mr. S. pulled from the trees as we journeyed on, was all the refreshment we could procure from five in the morning till ten o'clock the same night, when we got into Ploermal. I cannot help thinking how useful a moral lesson a day's starvation would be to those who have plenty, and a daily meal; that they may experience the misery arising from the want of food, and learn to pity and feel for the needy who have none.

EARTHLY GLORY FADES.

The morn arose enthron'd in gold,
His course along the sky to hold,
The splendid ruler of the day
Cast on the mountains many a ray,
And gilded many a leaf:
When, at the trumpet's rousing blast,
The warriors to their stations pass'd;
Nor was it known which man came last,
Their tarrying was so brief:

And to their seats the horsemen sprang,
 Their glittering arms full fearful rang ;
 Their steeds the battle smelt from far,
 And paw'd, all eager for the war ;
 Snorting, they roll'd their eyes of flame,
 As up the black battalions came ;
 Their manes were floating in the wind,
 While proud their threat'ning necks they curl,
 And wait, (by curb but just restrain'd,)
 Their riders on the foe to hurl.

Our force was soon arrang'd, and on

We set with hasty march

But found, ere we'd proceeded long,

The foe we need not search !

For, winding o'er a neighbouring hill,

In numbers more than we,

On our delighted sight there fell

Their shining, thick array.

Now time would fail me how to tell

All that that direful day befell ;

Suffice it then to say,

With banners flying, trumpet sound,

And warlike shouting all around,

And trampling, e'en that shook the ground,

In deadly charge we met.

Now we prevail, now they succeed,

While many a gallant knight doth bleed,

Plunged in the battle's heat :

And thousands fall, on either hand,

No more to view their native land.

While fortune yet was dubious, I,

Whom reason sought to gratify,

Mine own ambitious mind,

Emerging from the ranks of fight,

Where mighty men contend for right,

With urging rollers sent my steed

Up the first eminence I find,

And shout, aloud,—They fly—they fly!—

Charge!—heaven awards the victory :—

“ They fly—they fly !” the hills reply ;

The mountains echo “ victory !”

Was quickly caught, the rousing sound,
 And quick repeated far around ;
 The truth was hidden from the sight
 Of those encircled in the fight,
 And so believing as they heard,
 The exulting squadrons onward pour'd,
 With tenfold fury clad ;
 And such a fearful rush they made,
 It well the debt of carnage paid ;
 Nor was it long ere low were laid
 The bravest of our foes who stay'd
 Behind the rest who fled.
 We gather'd then our scatter'd force,
 And faint and weary bent our way,
 With many a noble hero worse,
 To whence we came at break of day,
 And, as returning from the fight,
 We pass'd o'er friends and foes,
 Just by my side a gallant knight
 His mangled form half rose.
 He fix'd on me his dying eyes,
 I ne'er beheld such look before,
 And "*earthly glory fades*," he cries,
 Then fell to rise no more.
 I turn'd me round, and, with a sigh,
 A moment cast a pitying eye,
 And mutter'd o'er the words he spake ;
 But soon my musings did I break.
 " 'Twill do for dying men," I cried,
 And onward spurr'd my steed.
 Oh ! madness had the hint so thrown,
 Sunk deep into my heart ;
 It had preserv'd from many a groan,—
 From many a racking smart.
 But mortals, sanguine, rash, and proud,
 E'en if experience cry aloud
 Of others—still proceed :
 Though ninety-nine exclaim,—"*forbear !*"
 The headstrong hundredth will not hear ;
 And nought shall e'er excite his fear,
 Till, like the rest, he's sped.

S. W. N.

FAITH, HOPE, AND HUMILITY.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE. BY J. HORWITZ.

Rabbi Yehooda Margolah, a man very learned and pious, and withal a skilful physician, was one of those who had been driven, after the destruction of the first temple, into Persia. He became a great favourite with the king, and his majesty bestowed on him the rank of head doctor to his person and palace. The latter munificent act caused him to have many enemies, particularly among the physicians, who were jealous of his reputation and greatness.

After a residence of several years, in which time Margolah had often cured the King of Persia of several maladies, it happened once that his majesty was attacked with a severe fever, and the favourite and head doctor, had some medicines prepared for him, and sent them into the palace. But, as it is a law that the King of Persia could take no medicine without all the physicians of the palace being present, orders were given that they should all assemble at a certain hour. Accordingly, when the hour arrived, they were all present. The head physician then ordered the prime minister to pour out from a phial a certain quantity of medicine. Whilst the prime minister was in the act of pouring out the medicine, one of the physicians who was opposed to the head doctor, stepped forth, and commanded the prime minister to stop, alleging, that he could perceive, from the colour and smell of the medicine, that it was poison. A pause took place, and terror seized every one present. His majesty then addressed himself to the head doctor, in the following terms:—"Thou worm! whom I have raised from the dust of the earth;—on whom I have lavished houses, pleasure-grounds, slaves, and treasures! what have I done to thee, that thou hast sought my life?" The head doctor, according to the custom of Persia, when addressing the king, prostrated himself, kissing the hem of his majesty's garment, and then uttered these words:—"O thou greatest of earthly monarchs, by whom mighty empires are ruled, king of the east, when heretofore the God of thy fathers was angry with thee, and reproved thee as a father would his son, by visiting thee with sickness, I, thy unworthy slave, have several times been an instrument in the

hands of the almighty God, to raise thee from thy sick bed. This medicine, mighty monarch, was sent this morning from my house, prepared by myself, not to kill, but to heal thee ; and if it be poison, it must have been changed by the contrivance of the other physicians, who are mine enemies."

One of the wise men then stepped forth and said,—“ may in please your majesty to have this medicine given to a dog, in order to try its noxious qualities, perchance the physicians are trying to injure the head doctor.” His advice was adopted, and no sooner had the dog tasted the medicine, than he became convulsed and expired. The head doctor was immediately dragged from the presence of the king, stripped of his costly garments, and, clad in sackcloth, had heavy iron chains put round his neck and feet. He was then placed into a dungeon, that more resembled a grave than a prison, for he could neither turn himself, sit upright, nor stretch a limb. His daily allowance was a piece of coarse black bread, with a small pitcher of water, and even this scanty fare was some days neglected.

When the king had recovered from his malady, he inquired of his prime minister what had become of the doctor ; he was accordingly answered, that he was in prison until the recovery of his majesty, and now that his majesty was convalescent, he was awaiting his pleasure to pass his judgment on the doctor, as the crime which he had been guilty of was the most heinous in the annals of Persia, and required the most exemplary punishment. The king was silent, for he had still an affection for the doctor, whom he thought one of the wisest men he had ever known, and perhaps innocent of the charge, as his guilt had not been positively proved.

As soon as the courtiers and the prime minister had departed from the presence of the king, he gave secret orders to some of his servants to go to a little opening, which led to the dungeon, and try to converse with the doctor, in order to spy out his sentiments. They accordingly did so : and, although they tried their utmost to enter into conversation with the doctor, they did not succeed ; the doctor was perfectly silent. They brought their report to the king ; he then ordered them to stand and listen ; perhaps the doctor, in the bitterness of his heart, might talk to himself ; peradventure, he might curse the king for thus punishing him innocently, or curse himself, for having tried to poison his sovereign. But

all in vain ; the doctor was perfectly mute. The king then tried the stratagem of sending his wife, children, and near relatives to him ; at the same time giving orders to his spies to be at a little distance, so as to be able to hear, yet not be seen. His majesty very naturally thought, that when his near relations came to him, and bewailed his situation, they would extort from him his sentiments, and that he would open his heart to them. His wife and children were accordingly sent to him, and as soon as they perceived him they wept bitterly ; but on a nearer view, when they found that he had lost none of his flesh, and his cheeks were as rosy as ever, and he perfectly calm, they all began of one accord to ask him how it happened, heavily loaded as he was with iron chains, in a dungeon as narrow as the grave, food hardly enough to sustain life, and yet he had lost neither his flesh nor his colour ? Then the wise physician began to speak.

“ My dear friends ! I put in all my food seven kinds of herbs, that is the reason that neither my colour nor my flesh hath forsaken me.” His friends then requested him to tell what those herbs were, so if the stock he took with him to prison were exhausted, they might gather fresh ones and supply him : besides, they might be of use to themselves. The wise man then opened his mouth and said, “ My dear friends, listen and I will inform you of the names of the seven herbs. The name of the first is Faith : he that hath faith in the Holy one, blessed be he, need neither care nor grieve ; and, as I have my faith in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he will surely preserve me from all wo, and send me help ; and I am certain that he will turn the heart of the king that he may be satisfied of my innocence, and that the king will have mercy upon me, and release me from this prison, for he that hath trust in the Lord, mercy will surround him, and he will not be forsaken ; so that the verse of the holy prophet may be verified,—“ Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.” The second herb is Hope : every one should have his hope in the Holy One ; blessed be he ! in the midst of pangs and woes, we should lift up our eyes and hope to be relieved by the most high God. The third herb is called Punishment from the Lord. The Blessed One, no doubt, has punished me on account of my manifold sins, for no mortal is punished without he deserves it ; wherefore, then should I murmur, when the

Lord has seen fit to punish me? The fourth herb is called How can I help it. As the king has commanded my punishment, how can I alter it? it is, therefore, the part of a wise man not to grieve at those things that he cannot alter. The fifth herb is called To rejoice under Affliction: it is the will of the Holy One, blessed be he! that I should be punished in this world, in order that I may enter pure and spotless into the world to come, and that the verse of the psalmist, peace be upon him, may be fulfilled. "Blessed be the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord! therefore I rejoice under thy punishment." And it also accords with what Rabbi Joshuah Ben Levi hath said, "He that rejoiceth under affliction, brings redemption into the world." And he accomplishes the words of the prophet Isaiah, peace be upon him, "Behold thou art wroth, for we have sinned, in that consists eternity, for we shall be saved." The sixth herb is called To be satisfied with one's Lot. I am satisfied with the portion that the Holy One, blessed be he! has appointed unto me. I neither crave after wealth, health, pleasures, honours, nor even life, but surrender myself up entirely to the will of him who made me. Besides, I always consider that there are worse misfortunes and worse punishments than mine. The seventh herb is called The Help of the blessed God. I know that my Redeemer liveth, he will help me. For the help of the Lord cometh in the twinkling of an eye; he is a holy, merciful, and just God; he will deliver me from evil, and give due punishment to mine enemies who seek my life, and have enraged the king against me. These, my dear friends, are the seven herbs that I put in my food, and that is the reason that I am as healthy and fresh as you see me. Let me therefore beseech you, my dear friends, to make use of the same ingredients, and not to grieve on my account: on the contrary, rejoice. And when you are under the greatest tribulation, have your trust in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and he will surely help you. You will then fulfil the words of King Solomon, peace be upon him, "He that putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be made fat."

The emissaries of the king, who listened to the conversation of the doctor, reported it to his majesty.

He gave immediately orders that his irons should be taken off, his sackcloth changed into his former costly garments, and his dignity restored unto him.

THE FATALIST.

The subject of the following true though melancholy tale has long ceased to exist, and there is not in the place of his nativity a being who bears his name. The recital will, therefore, wound the feelings of no one ; nor will it disturb the ashes of the dead, to give to the world the story of his madness, rather than his crime.

The name of John Mackay appears on the criminal records of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. He was the murderer of his own child. It is unnecessary to dwell on the character of this unhappy man, further than to observe that from early education, and deeply rooted habits, he was a fatalist. An enthusiastic turn of mind had been warped into a superstitious dread ; and the fabric that might have been great and useful, became a ruin that betokened only death and gloom. Yet in his breast the Creator had infused much of the milk of human kindness, and his disposition peculiarly fitted him to be at peace with all men. The poison had lain dormant in his bosom, but it rankled there. Domestic sorrows contributed to strengthen his gloomy creed ; and its effects were darker, as it took a deeper root. Life soon lost all its pleasure for him ; his usual employments were neglected ; his dress and appearance altered ; his once animated countenance bore the traces of shame or guilt ; and a sort of suspicious eagerness was in every look and action.

He had an only child ; one of the loveliest infants that ever blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy legacy of the woman he had loved ; and never did a parent doat with more affection on an earthly hope. This little infant was destined to be the victim of his madness.

An intimate friend calling on him one morning, found the child stretched on the floor, and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe.

" God of heaven !" exclaimed his friend, " what is here ?"

Mackay approached, and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom, and sunk on a chair, covering his face with his hands.

" Why do you grieve ?" asked the maniac, why are you unhappy ? I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep ; - I am even joyful when I gaze on it. Listen,

my friend, listen : I knew I was predestined to murder, and who was so fit to be my victim, as that little innocent to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it ? He had no crime to answer for ; besides, how could I leave him in a cold world, which would mock him with my name ?”

Even before the commission of the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered, and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion ; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped in the blood of his babe, and without a sigh or a tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loath him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence ; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friends the storm of passions to which that horrid calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, whilst his brain seemed bursting his skull ; his friend was satisfied and still loved him. In the prison he was with him : though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still, even to the last, he believed he had but fulfilled his duty, in the death of his child ; and often when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was preparing to kill it, lisping his name as the weapon was at its throat, he would start with horror at his own tale, and curse the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed.

The time appointed for his trial approached ; he contemplated it without dread ; and talked of the fate that awaited him without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of his mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little dread of the result ; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner which might be destroyed, and never mentioned it to him.

The morning of his trial arrived ; he was brought to the bar ; his hollow eyes glared unconsciously on his judge, and he gave his plea, as if the words ‘ not guilty ’ came from a being without life. But his recollection seemed for a moment to return ; he opened his lips and gasped faintly, as if he wished to recal them. The trial commenced, and he listened with the same apathy ; but once betraying feeling, when he smiled on his friend beside him. The evidence had been heard ; the jury had returned to their box, and were about to record a

verdict of insanity, when a groan from the prisoner created a momentary pause, and he dropped lifeless in the dock. He had for some minutes shadowed his countenance with his hand, and no one but his friend perceived its dreadful alteration. He attributed it to the awful suspense of the moment, the agony between hope and despair. Its cause was a more awful one—he had procured poison, had taken it, and with an almost superhuman strength, had struggled with its effects until he fell dead before the court.

He was buried in the churchyard of his native village, where a mound of earth marked his grave, but there was neither stone nor inscription to preserve the name of one so wretched.

RETROSPECTION.

BY THE REV. W. KENNEDY, A.M. T. C. D.

Why should I blush that fortune's frown
Dooms me life's humble path to tread?—

To live unheeded and unknown?

To sink, forgotten, to the dead?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,

That surest shine, or highest rise;

The feather sports upon the wave,

The pearl in ocean's cavern lies,

Each lesser star, that studs the sphere,

Sparkles with undiminish'd light;

Dark and eclips'd alone appear,

The lord of day, the queen of night!

The dove, to ease an aching breast,

In piteous murmurs vents her cares;

Like me she sorrows, for oppress,

Like me a load of grief appears.

Her plaints are heard in every wood,

While I would fain conceal my woes;

But vain's my wish, the briny flood,

The more I strive, the faster flows.

Sure, gentle bird, my drooping heart

Divides the pangs of love with thine;

And plaintive murmurs are thy part,

And silent grief and tears are mine.



THE GRACE MAUSOLEUM.

The Grace Mausoleum occupies the site of Grace's Chapel, or south wing of the old church of Arles, on the summit of Arles Hill, in the barony of Slievemarigue, and Queen's County, Ireland. Elegance of design is here happily combined with a characteristic style of architecture. The general effect, for which this sepulchral edifice has been admired, is produced by its apposite situation, and its height; by the rich carving of the two Gothic pinnacles which surmount it, the projecting buttresses, and the handsome cut stone mouldings of the narrow Gothic doors, windows, and labels, which adorn its walls. No wood work belongs to any part of this little structure, excepting its oak doors; and the peculiar durability of its roof consists in being covered with a strong flag-stone, three inches thick, brought from the Boley quarries, on the estate of Sir William Grace, baronet. The lower rows of these ponderous flags rest on a massive eave-course, as the upper ones do on the edges of each other; and the whole being divided by mock joints, or lines, into courses of ten inches by six, resembles a number of oblong stones.

G. 28.

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A vault, formed by a semi-circular arch for the repository of the dead, and an upper chamber, or chapel, formed by a high-pointed Gothic arch for the reception of funereal monuments, comprise its internal arrangements. The decorations of the chapel or upper chamber, in its vaulted and groined ceiling, are strictly of the Gothic order. Moulded ribs spring from the corbel capitals of the piers, which divide the monuments on the walls. These run diagonally on the ceiling, and, intersecting in the centre, are there connected with beautiful boss flowers, entwined through the several members of each rib. The windows of this funereal chapel are of a quatrefoil figure, and admit a "dim religious light," eminently suitable to the architectural character of the place, and in unison with the solemn purposes to which it is consecrated.

The cantred of Grace's country is rich in traditionary lore, as well as extremely fertile in the more general and visible subjects of antiquarian research. The following short poem, translated from the Irish language, which relates to this interesting district, is calculated to command the admiration, as well as gratify the curiosity of our readers. During the protectorate of Cromwell, the Grace family suffered a temporary deprivation of their estates, a circumstance to which the poem alludes, and thus the date of the composition is determined. Though the following translation is not unfaithful, it is far from doing justice to the strength and pathos, the artless diction, and affecting turn of sentiment in some parts of the original.

GRACE'S COUNTRY.

Country of Grace! by heaven divinely plann'd!
Well till'd and peopled is thy fertile land,
From narrow Nore's bright stream extended wide,
By smooth Momonia's gay and flowery side;
Thence (widening far where Munster river flows,)
To fam'd Kilkenny, powerful o'er its foes.

Thy fields are spacious, and thy meadows green,
And snow-white lambkins gambol o'er the scene;
Thy groves, delightful, decorate each glade,
And, widely-spreading, form a grateful shade;
While wavy autumn gilds the fruitful soil,
To recompense the hind's industrious toil.

Through golden vales thy crystal rivulets flow,
 There silvery fishes leap and sport below ;
 With hounds and horn, chac'd o'er the mountain's height,
 Thy native roebuck flies from morn 'til night ;
 And fox and hare, the nimblest of their race,
 Are hunted down, the wearied in the chace.

Country of Grace ! by heaven divinely plann'd !
 A cloudless sun illumines thy smiling land :
 Each good is thine, that nature can bestow,
 And every other bliss enjoy'd below.
 But ah ! what woes these iron times impart !
 Woes that must sadden every feeling heart.

Ill-fated land ! thy joyous days are o'er ;
 Thy good, thy generous chieftains are no more ;
 Whose mighty arm pour'd vengeance on the foe ;
 Who laid th'invader in the battle low ;
 Whose hardy valour ne'er was known to yield,
 But triumph'd ever in the ensanguin'd field.

Whose castle-towers in feudal splendour rise ;
 Whose sacred abbeys glisten to the skies ;
 Who rear'd the fort, and rear'd the palace halls,
 Where festive merriment oft rung the walls,
 Where mantling wines in golden cups went round,
 And Erin's harp pour'd forth its silver sound.

Where, ceas'd the dance, the tuneful harper done,
 A minstrel sung the praise by Raymond won ;
 Illustrious Raymond ! author of that race,
 Which, settling here, first took the name of Grace ;
 When to Ierne's shores the warrior came,
 And crown'd his followers with immortal fame.

AN EPIGRAM DEFINED.

An epigram, the greatest wits
 To make it well, has pos'd :
 'Tis like a shoe that nicely fits,
 The better it is clos'd.

J. R. P.

THE TUB-SNATCHERS.

A TALE OF THE COAST BLOCKADE.

————— Shall she expire
And unaveng'd ? arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !—*Byron.*

“ The stars are twinkling out,” said Pat Franklin to his pot-fellow, “ and the moon’s as bright as a maiden attired for the bridal. By my soul, Wolf, this will be a fine night for the tub-snatchers !” “ Ay,” returned Wolf, cramming the bowl of his pipe with tobacco, “ I’ll warrant ye, there’ll be a good look out too ; there’s a cruiser in the Downs, and its ten to one if she don’t keep a pretty sharp eye on the jolly-boats. But I hope—(*puff—puff*)—I hope, please God, the tub-snatchers will cheat her for once ! (*puff—puff*)—here’s a health to their undertaking !” (*puff—puff—puff.*)

Such was the conversation that passed between two labourers at the Freshwater Tar. This public-house was so completely antiquated by time and repairs, that the north frosty wind frequently whistled through its numerous crannies, and the pelting hail made such ravages on its broken windows, that the landlady had become completely tired of both glazier and carpenter. It stood on a small sunny hill that sloped gradually downward, and terminated in a sweet little valley, so famous for wild-flowers, that the children of the neighbouring village always resorted there for materials to make May-wreaths. A few paces beyond this valley expanded a broad sandy shore, diversified with mounds of sea-flowers, and clusters of shells. At the northern extremity of this shore, the waters have formed themselves into a small haven, at whose mouth the ruins of an old monastery are still standing. To these ruins came a party of smugglers, provided with lanterns and torch-lights ; and having concealed their contraband cargo in large pits, which they had hitherto provided for their reception, they withdrew to their boats, and disappeared on the blue expanse of the sea.

Already had the landlady of the Freshwater Tar scolded her spouse to bed, and already had Pat Franklin and his pot-fellow defrayed the expense of their carousal, when a stranger presented himself at the bar, and was instantly accommodated

with the chair of the absentee. The unknown guest placed himself betwixt the two work-fellows, and, with sundry evolutions of his countenance, requested them to prolong their stay.

"Why, d'ye see," said Pat Franklin, scratching his carotty pate, "we both like a dish of chat, certainly; but then its likely we shall have our crockery-ware rattled about our ears by our wives at home:—egad, they are two Jezebels, ar'n't they, Wolf?" "Ay, to be sure," replied the pot-fellow, extending his mouth beyond its usual width; "but howsomever, there's no harm, ye know, in having another quart of ale." "My wife a Jezebel, Pat! she rattle the crockery-ware about my ears! nay, I'd send her to the devil first. Come, brother, sit down, there's nothing like cracking the vapours while you can."

Pat Franklin needed but little persuasion to induce him to accept the proposal of the stranger. A fresh quantity of logs were kindled on the vacant hearth, the pots were replenished with good double ale, and the newly arrived guest, whose name was Walsingham, commenced his inquiries.

"This sea-coast of yours is a rum place," said he.

"Very rum," rejoined the milk-and-water landlady, "its a jolly place for smugglers, too.

"Smugglers!" reiterated the stranger, "gadzooks, they are nothing to the old ugly minsters that fringe the neighbouring shores, and seem to threaten you if you only trespass on the shadows they create! I passed one of them about a mile from hence, and was so terrified with the supernatural noise that issued from its precincts, that, God help me, I would not pass it again if this government were to reward me with the produce of the Indies." "Ter-ter-terrified!" exclaimed the landlady, directing her suspicious eye to the assembled pot-fellows; "heaven forgive me! why, my poor husband, who's a-bed and asleep, would tell you of circumstances connected with the old ghostly place, that your hair would stand upright on your head."

"Pooh, pooh!" returned Pat Franklin, smashing the bowl of his tobacco-pipe on the worm-eaten bench; "pooh, pooh! don't talk to me of haunted minsters, and such like superstition. Many a time have I passed by the old ruins that breast the north-western part of this coast, during night-fall, and

deemed it a pleasure to explore their moonless recesses. Pooh ! I've heard nothing but the dismal notes of the owl, or the pick-axes of the smugglers, who occasionally conceal their tubs of liquor there."

"Tubs of liquor ! did you say ?" inquired the stranger, emphatically ; " I wonder that you were not tempted to become a snatcher in the absence of the owners."

" Oh !" rejoined Wolf, " as the tubs are guarded by the devil, methinks it would be somewhat difficult to effect their dislodgment. Suppose you should share the fate of Tom Walker's wife ? eh, Pat ?"

" I !" returned Franklin, " I am none of the lubbers that constitute the coast blockade, d'ye see. I share the fate of Tom Walker's wife ! by the saints of heaven, if I would not willingly go to the old ruins at this precious moment for the value of a groat !"

The desired remuneration was instantly handed to Franklin by the stranger, who expressed a willingness to accompany him.

" No," said Pat, " I will have no partner in my undertaking, the honour of the design shall rest on me alone ; and if I return not to this house, as safe and sound as a roach, I'll barter my head for a broomstick."

" Don't go," rejoined Wolf, affectionately ; " don't go, Pat ; if thou incurrst any mischance in thy way, thy wife and children will become a burthen on the parish, which is sufficiently burthened already, God knows."

The remonstrance of Wolf availed not. In the lapse of ten minutes, Pat Franklin was within an acre of the ruinous building. As he approached its spacious walls, he thought he heard a confused murmur of voices, and, on a nearer approach, he was startled by an inward light, which threw its broad yellow glare on the fractured windows of the minster. Pat Franklin rubbed his eyes, and stood for awhile in listless apathy ; but the midnight wind, intermingled with the crackling of the dark ivy boughs, and the hollow tones that issued from the lonely pile, awoke him to a degree of consciousness which he would have gladly exchanged for the warm fire-side, and the hospitable jokes of the Freshwater Tar : curiosity, however, impelled him to complete his adventure. With a faltering step he gained an old arch, through which the in-

trior of the ruin might have been explored by the naked eye, when, to his utter astonishment, he perceived a gang of tub-snatchers rescuing their treasures from the bosom of the earth, and occasionally directing their *batsmen* to preserve a most diligent look-out. Reckless of his situation, did poor Pat gaze on the droll scene that was passing within the old building. Not a thought that would have been conducive to his escape, in that perilous moment flitted across his brain ; but, like a man awaiting the attack of his enemies, with breathless anxiety he stood regarding the ferocious countenances of the smugglers, and seemed to anticipate an interest from the vengeful imprecations that issued from their lips. His reverie was, however, soon dissolved, and his courage totally exterminated. The stroke of a cudgel, used by one of the gang, felled him to the ground, and, to further his destruction, the sentinels raised a loud cry of " a spy ! an informer ! to the work ! to the work ! stifle him with earth !" A crowd of tub-snatchers instantly congregated round the unhappy criminal, and a young woman, who seemed to act as their leader, struck him in the face with a small staff. The moonlight descending on this daring female, revealed a countenance not less beautiful than the orbit itself. Her luxuriant curls were clustered o'er her dark blue eyes in thick profusion, and the pale lily, that increased the delicacy of her feminine cheek, seemed to usurp the rosy hue of her lips as she gave her companions the following injunction :—" The brave die the death of the brave," said she, " but cowards shall endure the punishment of cowards ! Prepare a pit for the caitiff's reception, and let him think of his ignominy in this spectral ruin, enclosed in dust as dark as his own mean spirit."

With the utmost avidity did the desperadoes execute the sentence of their female chief on the unfortunate Pat Franklin, and as soon as they had concluded their office, they quitted the ruin, leaving the object of their revenge to the serenity of a moonlight night, and to the thoughts that accrue from a burthened spirit.

Pat Franklin had not remained an hour in his perilous situation, before a long succession of shouts broke wildly on his ear. The heart of the poor labourer bounded within him, when he heard the challenging voice of the cutter's drum, and saw the old windows of the minster lighted up with the

fire of the musketoons. Proudly the shouts of the conquerors rose to the sky like the waves of a troubled sea, and the moonless yews that encompassed the ruin, returned an unbroken murmur back. The sunshine of anticipation was, however, soon forbidden to warm the heart of Pat Franklin. A gang of smugglers, headed by the noble-minded female whom we have already described, burst into the desolate recesses of the ruin, impelling a manacled captive along with them. Walsingham was soon recognised in the person of the stranger, and the spirit of Pat Franklin sank within him at the sight. But a second glance at the prisoner reminded him that it was not the pale superstitious Walsingham who had prolonged his revels at the Freshwater Tar;—nay, he appeared in the brightest moment of his youthful glory. His brow wore a scowl of defiance, and his upcurled lip evinced the disdain with which he regarded his ruffian conquerors. Though the skies were dark and unpromising, and though a sight of Walsingham was but partially assisted by the fleeting radiance of a few boat lanterns, yet Franklin could discern all those fine characteristics that distinguished him in that hour of trial. His attire consisted of a small blue jacket, to which was attached a broad leathern baldric; a white-hilted hanger decorated his thigh, and a pair of national trowsers formed a delightful appropriation to his scarlet neck-kerchief, and sailer-like beaver

“ Trimm'd with the smart cockade.”

As the most ferocious desperadoes of the gang dragged him to a shaggy eminence, on which their female leader had previously taken her position; the yellow moonshine glided along the walls of the ruin, and illumined its innermost recesses. Suddenly the courageous young woman, whom the smugglers designated by the name of “ Fan Hawkeye,” surveyed Walsingham with scrutinising observation, and clasping her fair hands together, uttered the mysterious sentence of—“ Oh God! 'tis he!”

In an instant all tongues were silent. There was a mute tranquillity, a breathless anxiety among the conquerors, which seemed to forbode something terrible; not a lip moved—not an eye-lid quivered: the cutlass was suspended in its sheath, and the butt-end of each musket rested on the foot of him that

bore it. Had not the gentle breeze occasionally wafted its elfin music through the chasms of the fractured roof, the whole scene would have been without a sound to gladden it; but the mute terror which the heroine had sown in every man's heart, melted away as her troubled spirit burst from her lips in these words:—"Oh, my brother—my brother!—conceived with me in the same womb! Oh, Frederick! can I embrace thee, after thou art so dishonoured and disgraced?"

A torrent of tears drenched the manly cheeks of Walsingham, as his sister thus upbraided him. His round black orbs that had hitherto been radiant as "the plume of some dark beauteous bird," now sank within their sockets, pale and sorrowful. Silently he wept on the bosom of his sister, as she continued to pour her ejaculations into his ear. "Oh, Walsingham!" said she, "ne'er did I deem that thou wouldst have engaged in so inglorious a cause! Had I known thy intention, I would have forsaken father and mother, and clung unto thee. I would have snatched thee from ignominy and destruction! my warriors would have rallied round the standard of their predecessors, and defended thee until death. In the wild inaccessible eyries of thy native cliffs thou wouldst have hurled thy defiance on all around thee. My heart is but the heart of a woman—thine was formed for adventure, and deeds of enterprize! Oh, Frederick! thou art like a bruised reed! the womb that bore thee is disgraced—the hands that reared thee are sullied—the shore that witnessed thy infant rambles is become a mocking-stock among men, and *thou*—thou art dishonoured! Oh, my brother! if I weep the tears of sorrow o'er thee, surely thy parents will shed tears of blood. Thou hast neglected their injunction. Oh that I had expired in the sunny hour of infancy, for then thy degradation would have been unknown to me."

"Do not unhinge my soul, Fanny," exclaimed Walsingham; "though I have disobeyed the dictates of an outlawed father, I have stood by my country when none would stake their lives in its defence: mine has been the sword that has ever been red. Oh, Fanny, reprove me not! though I love thee, I will not abet thy rebellion. But who is this? surely I recognise one of my acquaintance."

"Ah, good Jesus!" returned Pat Franklin, "times are sadly altered since you laid a wager with me, Mr. Walsingham."

"That man is faultless," said Walsingham to his sister; "let him be released, or his wife and little ones will cry for revenge against thee and me."

"I accept thy intercession," replied Fanny; "unearth the dastard, ye men of the cliffs!" The heroine's injunction was obeyed, and Pat once more found himself safe and sound on his precious feet. But ere Walsingham could slide a word of consolation into the ear of Franklin, the echo of distant footsteps was heard. For awhile did the magnanimous Fanny stand as mute as the Niobe of old; then brandishing her sabre in the air, she uttered a few broken sentences. "To the field, outlaws!" cried she; the arm of your leader is unweakened yet! the wolves pant for blood, and, by the gods of our household, they shall have blood!"

At her command, the band of smugglers rushed through the entrance of the ruin, and Walsingham, who was intent upon the preservation of his sister, lost not a moment in following them. After gaining the spacious sea-shore, on which the cutters of the desperadoes were moored, a fierce conflict ensued between the hostile hosts. Carabines were loaded and discharged—pikes were broken—and many a gallant mariner was stretched on the bed of death. The seamen of the blockade were, however, victorious, and "no quarter" became the prevailing shout. Fanny Walsingham, who was fatally wounded, escaped in a small smuggling craft, and a few of the most resolute ruffians retreated to the old minster, where they found a transient refuge from the fury of their foes. As the boat of Fanny floated along the radiant blue wave, she sank on her brother's bosom, and, pointing to the shore, exclaimed, "Ohr, Frederick! on yonder glorious cliffs our fathers have preserved their independence through time unknown. It is sweet for my languid eyes to fade into death on the wave which embraces my native land. Long have I loved the dark blue ocean, and the triumphant voice of its billows; and, to die on its crystal plain, is rapture to my heart. Thou hast erred, Walsingham—thou hast fought for a tyrant's sceptre; may the gods of thy father's household forgive thee! revolt, and they will forgive thee; enlist thyself beneath the banners of liberty, and receive thy sister's blessing—farewell—farewell!"

A cutter manned with marines now approached. The oaths of the commanding officers recalled the expiring spirit of

Fanny. She turned her fading eyes on Walsingham, and ejaculated, "Do not suffer my corse to be insulted by the conquerors." In the lapse of a minute she was no more, and the helmsman, profiting by a fresh breeze, overturned the boat at some distance from its exulting pursuers. No shriek burst from the lips of the smugglers, as Walsingham and his sister descended to the depths of the sea.

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE CONVICT.

The verdict was given, the sentence past,
But he saw not the gloom before him ;
He heard not his fate, but he star'd aghast,
As a feverish dream pass'd o'er him.

They bore him in haste to his darksome cell,
Keen rose each varied emotion !
His heart-riv'n thoughts on his children dwell,
Left to buffet life's troublous ocean.

And can he the wife of his bosom leave ?
And not think of her high-wrought anguish ?
Oh ! who can her woe-fraught heart relieve,
Left in widowed sorrow to languish ?

He had bade farewell to each tender tie,
Ere night's murky shades were retreating ;
But his wan, wan cheeks, and his sunken eye,
Display'd not each pulse which was beating.

They bore him, at length, to the fatal tree,
And they plac'd the man of God near him ;
And he kneeled down, ere his soul should flee,
And he pray'd the Almighty to hear him.

Some minutes were spent in his final prayer,
When the last awful signal was given ;
In a moment was finish'd his earthly care,
And, ah ! flew not his spirit to heaven ?

T. C.

BORNOUESE WAR SONG.

Thou God of our prophet ! whose strength we all own,
Whose smile is all sunshine, but tempest his frown ;
Look forth on the fight, make our spears like thy flame,
To scathe where they strike, and to strike in thy name.

Make the battle to us like the gay wedding feast,
And the neigh of our steeds like thy bolt in the east,
To the ears of the Kerdies : let us the fight wage
With the strength of the elephant—buffalo's rage.

Make us rush upon danger, with death in full view,
For glory is sweeter than honey when new ;
And the faithful who fight for their prophet and creed,
Shall never expire, though in battle they bleed.

And now for Mandara ! the battle of spears,
The thunder of strife and the blood-stream of tears.
Wherever we strike, may wild terror prevail,
And the might of our strength make the Kerdies bewail.

Our spears now shine forth like the red lightning fire,
To shed the foul blood of the foes who conspire
To scoff at our prophet, his shiek and his laws—
The all-seeing eye that looks down on our cause.

Stronger than rocks, than the lion more fierce,
Our forest of spears shall the enemy pierce,
For who can the rage of the Bornouese restrain ?
The flame of his fix'd eye what foeman sustain ?

Till prostrate on earth, they our mercy implore,
Acknowledge our prophet, and vow to adore,
Spear them, nor cease till the sun sees their bones,
And hyænas feast in the midst of their groans.

The timbrels and zemtoos now bid us prepare,
The yerma is floating too, proudly in air ;
Then onward, believers, then onward ! away !
The sword of the prophet must conquer to-day.

S.



Painted by Major Anderson.

Engraved by R. Page.

BORNOUESE BODY GUARD.

THE LAST PINCH.

As I am a faithful christian man,
I would not pass another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

Shakspeare.

Entranced in a heavy and uncomfortable slumber, I thought myself in the streets of a city ; but I was not that which I had been : I was poor—miserably poor ; but my poverty afflicted me only as it incapacitated me from replenishing my snuff-box. I rapped on the lid, and never shall I forget the hollow sound which my box emitted ; it still rings in my ears—it still dwells in my memory with all the semblance of reality. I raised the lid—what a distressing scene met my view ! my box, which had been so regularly filled with the “best brown,” was almost empty ; the melancholy sight overcame me. I felt my heart turn sick within me ; my eyes filled with tears, and my nose felt, Oh, I shall never forget how it felt ; even at this distant period, I shudder to think of it.

But description is of no avail ; those alone who know the luxury of a pinch of snuff, and what a misfortune it is to be kept without it, even for an hour, can form any idea of my feelings. I rubbed my finger round the interior—I gathered the little which remained into one place ; I was about to raise it to my nose, when a breeze, “a killing breeze,” robbed me of it, and scattered it abroad as the dust of the earth.

Now was my existence become a burthen to me ; the cup of misery had been full, and I had drained it to the dregs. Hunger and thirst, and heat and cold, and the sneers of the world, I could have borne ; but to see my nose deprived of its accustomed food was death. I sat me down to contemplate my box—a train of sad ideas presented themselves to my mind ; it appeared to be impossible to live without my accustomed pinch, and, in the anguish of my spirit, I cried, “I will die.” I arose, my box still in my hand, and went towards a river : I reached its banks, and in a moment its waters were closed about my head.

When I recovered from the feeling, or rather shock, which (as all know who have tried the experiment) stuns one at his sudden plunge into the water, I found myself at the side of an

old man, whose beard, grey with age, reached nearly to his feet ; my first impulse was to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me, and, taking me by the hand, said in a voice which betrayed no signs of age, " Mortal, fear not, thou art under my protection ; know that I, who stand beside thee, am no other than the most high and mighty Genius of snuff-takers and cigar-smokers ; thou hast well and duly served me during your life, it is meet, therefore, that thou shouldst now receive thy reward." At these words he took me by the hand, and, although I could perceive no instrument which caused us to move, I felt that we were journeying through the regions of the deep. At length we arrived at land, and I once more found myself on terra firma, but it was not that earth which I had quitted ; no, it was, as the Genius informed me, the paradise of snuff-takers and cigar-smokers. This beautiful land was not like that which I had left ; as far as the eye could see, the ground was covered with tobacco plant, which flourished with marvellous fertility.

The happy inhabitants of this land came forward to meet me, with their boxes in their hands, and cigars in their mouths ; one offered me his box, another his cigar ; here were no envyings, no strife, no ambition—they had all one common object—that of taking their snuff, and smoking their cigars—no other ideas entered their minds ; to them might be applied that most comfortable saying, that they passed their time in smoke.

In this happy country, you were not obliged to throw aside your cigar in order to refresh yourself by sleep, the body retained all its powers ; and the Genius would send some inferior spirit to see that your cigar did not burn your lips.

The superiority of the tobacco over that of this world was remarkable, inasmuch as I could not help exclaiming, " Oh, my fellow smokers, it cannot enter into your heads to think, nor can your minds understand how, in the world from which I come, we are imposed upon ; shall I say it, instead of this nourishing and excellent plant, a noisome weed which causes head-aches, and I know not what, is sold to us by the tobaccoists : yes, my brethren, frauds, of which you can form no idea, are practised upon us. I have even now (and here I shuddered,) in my pocket a cigar which I brought from that world of iniquity." At these words, methought I put a cigar

in their hands, at the sight of which there arose a loud and piercing shriek, so much were they shocked at the sight of the stuff which we call cigars. No more—no more—the shriek awoke me—I found myself in my chamber; yet I had great difficulty to persuade myself that the troubles which I had undergone, and the reward which I had enjoyed, were not realities; my trouble had been severe—my reward great; still I would not dream another such a dream, for even now, when my box is getting low, I hear the bubbling of the water, and I think on the last pinch and sigh.

C. R. B.

HIGHLAND HONOUR.

Towards the beginning of the last century the county of Inverness was infested with a band of Catharans, or robbers, commanded by one John Gunn, who levied contributions in every quarter, and came under the walls of the city, to bid defiance to an English garrison which defended the castle. An officer who went to Inverness, bearing the pay of the troop, and escorted by a feeble detachment, was obliged to pass the night at an inn, thirty miles from the city. In the evening, he saw a man of a good figure enter, wearing the Scottish costume; and, as there was only one room in the inn, the Englishman invited the stranger to partake of his supper, which the latter reluctantly accepted. The officer, judging by his conversation that the stranger was perfectly acquainted with the defiles and by-paths throughout the country, begged him to accompany him the next morning, made him acquainted with the purport of his journey, and his fears of falling, together with the depot, which was confided to him, into the hands of the celebrated John Gunn. The Highlander, after a little hesitation, promised to be his guide; they, in fact, departed on the following day, and, in crossing a solitary and barren glen, the conversation again turned on the robberies of John Gunn.

“Would you like to see him?” said the guide, and he immediately gave a whistle, which was re-echoed by the rocks; in a few moments the officer and his detachment were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, armed from head to foot, and

sufficiently numerous to render every effort of resistance fruitless.

"Stranger," said the guide, "I am that same John Gunn, whom you are afraid of, and not without reason, for I came yesterday evening into your inn to discover the route you meant to take, in order to carry away your military chest; but I am incapable of betraying the confidence which you have put in me, and having now proved to you, that you are in my power, I shall send you on your way without loss or damage."

After giving him the necessary directions for the journey, John Gunn disappeared with his troop as suddenly as they had arrived.

SONNET.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

Night follows day, and morning fellows night;
 And Nature is the same from year to year.
 Not so the lot of man—his life is care,
 Changing incessantly from hope to fear,
 Yearning for joys he ne'er can hope to share;
 Meeting with bliss, and woe, as life takes flight.

Youth is the season of expectancy—
 Deception meets it with a smiling look—
 Eager for joy youth lends a willing ear,
 And looks with doubting on a friend's rebuke,
 Resisting counsel, till conviction's tear
 Enters and shows deceit's delinquency.

So passes life mid toil and hope and fear
 Till death in mercy ends life's strange career.

EPIGRAM.

Good epigrams, like hailstones which descend,
 Strike hardest by appliance to their end:
 Bad, are like shoes, which cobblers cannot mend,
 Or bring the understanding to the end.

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAN'S.

It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity,—a burial-place, which, from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within it. I speak of the vaults beneath St. Michan's church—a scene where those, who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face, will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humiliation that are periodically preached above.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage, that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is, to find that the clergy has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances, the coffins have already disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unrebuked by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to re-appear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation than can know nothing of your name and character beyond the prosing tradition of some moralising sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands first on the sexton's lists of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face "the old nun." In point of fact, I understood that her age was one hundred and eleven, not including the forty years that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michan's.

Death, as has often been observed, is a thorough radical, and levels all distinctions. It is so in this place. Beside the

nun, there sleeps, not a venerable abbess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic felon of the seventeenth century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of St. Michael's vaults. This was about one hundred and thirty years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear that persons who had been temperate livers enjoy any peculiar privileges. The departed toper resists decay as sturdily as the ascetic; supplying Captain Morris with another "reason fair to fill his glass again." But it is ascertained that children are decomposed almost as rapidly here as elsewhere. Of this, a touching illustration occurs in the case of a female who died in childbirth, about a century ago, and was deposited in St. Michael's. Her infant was laid in her arms. The mother is still tolerably perfect; exemplifying, by her attitude, the parental "passion strong in death;" but the child has long since melted away from her embrace. I inquired her name, and was rather mortified to find that it has not been preserved.

But I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much: the ill-fated brothers, John and Henry Sheares. I had been told that they were here, and the moment that the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupied, I quickly recognized them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career—the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side: John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner; one ligament of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm, except from historical reports; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of a few tears: he lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes which he mentioned have been already published. Two or three, which interested me, I had not heard before.

"It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befel him: his doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for liberty, as he conceived it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature;—wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but, in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another. I have heard that he assisted, in the uniform of the national guard, at the storming of the bastille, and that he encountered the perils as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered her a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead, if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigor did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland full of her image, and I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprize in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing: but of this, and all his other hopes, you see," pointing to his remains, "the lamentable issue."

I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied, "When I was at Paris, during the short peace of Amiens, I asked the same question; but I met with no one who had personally known her. She was then living, in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution. John Sheares" he continued "flung himself into the revolutionary cause from principal and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator: of this he was forewarned by an accident that I know to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an united Irishman, it was toward the close of the year 1797, he was present at the election for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion: a tradesman,

who resided in the vicinity, hearing the shout, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause. The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling, and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened. Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he valued his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eyes on Sheares, and said, "Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics: you have not nerves, sir, for the business you have engaged in." But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example prevailed.

"When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits, that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know nothing more pathetic in conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited them in prison to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and, embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself, he offered to plead guilty—to die at an hour's notice—to reveal all that he knew, with the exception of names—to do anything that might be fairly required of him, provided the government would consent to spare his brother."

The preserving power of the vaults of St. Michael's was long ascribed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground; but modern philosophy has unwrought the miracles by explaining, on chemical principles, the cause of the phenomenon.—Water is a sure decayer of dead bodies. The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonate of lime, and argillaceous earth; a compound, that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp: the consequence is, that animal matter being exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chemical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains for a length of time its

external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses, which is fastened up, is the burial-place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendants assured us that it was more than a year since any one entered the place. He inserted a taper within the grating, to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Sheare's rest.

I had seen the catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself, in the vaults of St. Michan's.

STANZAS.

If there be a rolling star in the sky,
 Or a heaven in thy breast, or a bliss in thine eye ;
 As sure as that star will still roll on,—
 As that heaven is mine,—as that eye hath shone
 With approving ray, and still will shine,—
 By all that live, so sure I'm thine !

If thy virgin breast can harbour aught
 That might tarnish an angel's purest thought ;
 If there be one wandering wish in thy soul
 Which would not bend to my control :
 If there be not a thrill within thy breast,
 When thy beating heart to mine is prest ;
 Or thy cheek be cold when it rests on mine ;
 Then believe me not,—I am not thine !

When the waves shall cease to be stirr'd by the wind ;
 When the power to love shall be lost by the mind ;
 When the thunder is silent, and lightnings gleam
 Shall move slowly along as a lover's dream
 Of bliss, who expects it hour by hour ;
 Then, and not till then, I'll disown thy power.

ALP.

THE SOLDIER.

Then a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth,—*Shakspeare.*

"Bearded like a pard," or leopard, from which the poet borrows his resemblance. It should seem from this and other passages of Shakspeare, that our ancestors were very curious in the particular fashion of their beards, each having one of a different cut, according to the profession in which he was engaged. Mrs. Quickly, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," asks if Slender "does not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?" To which she receives for answer, "No, forsooth ; he hath a little wee face, with a little yellow beard—a Cain-coloured beard." On this passage a commentator remarks, "That Cain and Judas in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards." In "*Henry the Fifth*," we find that the general had a beard appropriated to his profession ; "And what a beard of general's cut." Beards were cut into a variety of whimsical shapes, such as spades, stilettos, &c. instances of which may be found in many old portraits, particularly in those of the *Earls of Southampton and Essex*.

To persons conversant with the works of the immortal Shakspeare, and who suppose, with Mr. Malone, that "*Henry the Fourth*" was written three years prior to the play of "*As you like it* ;" there can be no doubt that the author had the character of Hotspur in his mind, when he drew his picture of the soldier.

"Full of strange oaths." Profane swearing was probably, at that time, much in fashion with the army. In the historical play of "*Henry the Fifth*," the soldiers are represented as boasting of their valour in action, "And this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with *new turned oaths*." To Hotspur, this part of the description is very applicable, who, among other passages that might be quoted, vehemently exclaims,—

Speak of Mortimer ?
 Zounds, I will speak of him : and let my soul



Drawn by T. Stothard.

Engraved by S. Freeman.

THE SOLDIER.

Joseph Robins, Bride Court London.

Want mercy, If I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king.

As a competitor for *honor*, how eloquently he cries out,

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright *honor* from the pale-faced moon ;
 Or dive into the bosom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned *honor* by the locks ;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corral, all her dignities.

“ Sudden and quick in quarrel.” The impetuosity of the soldier, and his violence of temper in opposing an insult, are admirably described :—

Nay, I will ; that's flat ;—
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer :
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Hotspur's solicitude for celebrity through the path of danger, is finely drawn in the following soliloquy :—

Were it good,
 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast ? To set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
 It were not good : for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

That fame which Hotspur hoped to acquire in the contest

with the Prince of Wales, but which proved "bubble reputation," is painted in all the enthusiasm of poetry :—

Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours.

At the moment of encounter, and till the "bubble reputation" is near his heart :—

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 To end the one of us ; and would to God
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

Hotspur's last words are highly expressive of Shakspeare's soldier :—

O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth ;
 I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.

Such is the illustration of the soldier described by Jaques ; a profession truly honourable and glorious, when devoted to the defence of one's country.

Without a sign, his sword, the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Pope's Homer.

EPIGRAM.

Wheels run on waves, and cart wheels run
 Till all of skill and toil is done ;
 But Fortune's wheel runs round and makes
 Thousands by those her wheel forsakes. : P.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE*.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the British make it their abode;
 Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
 And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky.
 Our oaks secure as though they there took root,
 We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Waller.

The British Navy has always been a noble subject, and the very name is a mighty and an inspiring sound. During the war, the bare report of it communicated vigor and strength, not only around the entire extent of our coast, but also through the whole interior of the kingdom, and over every dependent and friendly country the globe contained. When the army began its triumphs in Spain, and especially when it completed them at Waterloo, the navy seemed to decline in popularity and interest. Like many a hardy veteran servant, having done its work, it became slighted and almost forgotten amidst the enthusiasm, which the brilliant success of a more fashionable substitute suddenly inspired. This state of things continued till the death of the Duke of York, whose surprising efficiency, as commander in chief, had matured the system by which the victories of Wellington were achieved, and had raised the army to the highest pitch of popular favor, as well as military excellence.

Now, however, the scene has shifted again, and the navy is suddenly restored to its former pre-eminence in the public esteem; or, to speak more correctly, to its former hold of the public feeling. We need not detail the causes and circumstances of this change. It is sufficient to remark that the illustrious subject of this sketch, if not the chief instrument in effecting the change, is likely to be the principal agent of its perpetuation. The appointment of the Duke of Clarence to that sovereign rule in the navy, which his lamented brother held so long and administered so well in the army, has given more complete and general satisfaction than any event

* As this volume is dedicated to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, the following memoir may not be inappropriately introduced. We are indebted for it to a very amusing volume, entitled "Public Characters," containing Portraits and Memoirs of distinguished living Persons.

of the kind within the memory of the present race. How far previous neglect and abuse, in this essential department of our national strength, prepared the way for this sudden alteration, and the remarkable approval of it by the whole country, the present is not the work to determine or to discuss : but in sketching the character of the royal duke it is of importance, after the long neglect with which he was treated, to ascertain the strength of the public feeling in his favor, and the great probability of his rewarding the confidence, which the nation is placing in his industry and talents.

The Duke of Clarence was born just three years after his present Majesty, in August 1765 ; and in the following month received at his baptism the name of WILLIAM HENRY. It is said that there was something in his countenance and behaviour when a child, and more especially when he rose to youth, which encouraged the purpose of the king to devote him to the naval service. In personal bravery he did not appear likely to surpass either of his brothers ; but in corporeal strength, and constitutional hardihood, there was from the first a striking distinction in his favor : while he betrayed an early indifference to those refined studies of which they were fond, and in which they rapidly excelled him. Early as was the period of his departure to sea, there were much earlier indications of his preparation for the enterprising and perilous service. Aware of the subordinate rank and laborious station he was first to assume, and in which he was to continue the full period allotted to other midshipmen, he was notwithstanding, eager for the commencement, and reconciled to the continuance, of his arduous undertaking.

The first vessel in which he sailed was the Prince George, a ninety-eight gun ship, recently built, and named in honor of his royal brother, the present King. He was then just fourteen years of age, and well fitted by constitution, both of mind and body, for a service to which the progress of the war with America gave unusual importance. In this ship, under the command of Admiral Digby, his Royal Highness bore a part in the great naval engagement between the English and Spanish fleets, commanded by Admiral Rodney and Don Juan de Laugara. Before he left the Prince George, he was also present at the capture of a French man of war.

and three smaller vessels, forming part of a considerable convoy. In neither of these instances, however, was the action very severe, or the victory doubtful or difficult: his Royal Highness did his duty, but no opportunity was furnished to him or his brave associates for any signal effort of bravery or skill.

Two acts of generous humanity, performed soon after this period, are recorded to the honor of the Prince. The first, which occurred just before the conclusion of the war, is described by a midshipman of the Torbay, in the following letter to his friends.

“ Port Royal Harbour, April, 1783.

“ The last time Lord Hood’s fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner, and he was condemned to death. Deeply affected as the whole body of the midshipmen were at the dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make their appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of success in a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his Royal Highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then himself carried the petition to Admiral Rowley, and in the most pressing and urgent manner begged the life of our unhappy brother; in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest and grateful thanks to our humane, our brave, and worthy Prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of his brother sailor.”

The war ceased before the period of the Prince’s naval apprenticeship expired, and in the year 1783, then a fine midshipman of eighteen, he visited Cape Francois, and the Havannah. It was during this visit that a second instance of his exemplary humanity occurred. Some of his countrymen having broken their parole of honor, and oath of fidelity to the Spanish government, they were in danger of suffering under a sentence of death; when the governor of Louisiana, Don Galvez, offered, at the intercession of the Prince, to

spare and liberate them. The following letter, which his Royal Highness addressed to the governor soon after from Jamaica, sufficiently shews the delight with which he acquired for his countrymen so welcome a boon.

"SIR,—I want words to express to your excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and your generous conduct towards the unfortunate in your power. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions, in the course of the late war.

"Admiral Rowley is to dispatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your excellency's clemency with gratitude: and I have sent a copy of your letter to the King, my father, who will be fully sensible of your excellency's attention to me.

"I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as those of your excellency will ever be remembered by

"Your's sincerely,

"WILLIAM P."

The introduction of his Royal Highness to Nelson, and his subsequent intimacy with the gallant hero of the Nile, are circumstances of too much interest to be lightly passed over. They first met at Quebec in the year 1782, when Nelson was in the Albemarle off that station, and whence he was ordered to convoy a fleet of transports to New York. A transient and casual interview created between them a strong attachment, and the Prince deeply regretted the departure of one, whom he resolved from that moment to befriend to the utmost of his power. It was not, however, long before they met again. Happily for both, at the close of the war they were appointed to the Leeward island station, and were sufficiently near each other to allow of their frequently dining together. The Prince had already beheld proofs of Nelson's superior courage and skill, and he had now an opportunity of witnessing the young hero's resolute obedience

to orders, amidst circumstances of personal danger, as well as strong temptations to avarice.

The law excluded all foreign vessels from trade and intercourse with our West India islands ; and America, being now independent and as much a foreign nation as any other, Nelson, the senior captain on the station, ordered all American vessels to quit the islands within 48 hours, on the pain of seizure and prosecution of their owners. Four vessels at Nevis, remained, which he ordered to be searched, and on being found American, they were adjudged legal prizes. The proceeding exposed Nelson to considerable difficulty ; but he ultimately triumphed : and though the thanks of government for protecting its commerce were given to the Admiral of the station, who had, in fact, opposed the measure, Nelson was conscious of having done his duty, and happy in the applause of the disinterested witnesses of it.

Among these were two individuals, whose friendship and approbation compensated him for every loss : one was Mr. Herbert, the president of Nevis, who became his bail in an action for damages, and whose neice he afterwards married ; and the other was Prince William, who had been an admiring observer of his intrepid conduct, and who thus remarks upon it in a letter to a friend. " It was at this era, that I particularly observed the greatness of Nelson's superior mind. The manner in which he enforced the spirits of the navigation act, first drew my attention to the commercial interests of my country. We visited the different islands together, excepting the naval tuition which I had received on board the Prince George, when the present Rear Admiral Keats was lieutenant of her, and for whom we both entertained a sincere regard, my mind took its first decided naval turn from this familiar intercourse with Nelson."

While the Prince thought thus highly of Nelson, the latter held his Royal Highness in the highest estimation. In a letter to Captain Locker, about the same period, Nelson says, " You must have heard, long before this reaches you, that Prince William is under my command. I shall endeavour to take care that he is not a loser by that circumstance. He has his foibles as well as private men, but they are far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line he is superior to near two-thirds I am sure of the list ; and in at-

tention to orders, and respect to his superior officers, I hardly know his equal. His Royal Highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship, and without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered frigates I have ever seen."

These incidents afford the finest possible illustration of the character of a free country like our own; in which the talent and merit of Nelson are at once seen through all the obscurity of his birth, and recompensed as soon as they are discovered; in which too, even royal birth and blood must stoop to earn promotion by the same adventurous path with others. Here, is the son of the King, because he is Nelson's junior in years and in service, placed under his command rather than his care, and cheerfully taking the lowest office in an ordinary ship, content till some subject of his royal father sees fit to promote him. The Spanish admiral, after Rodney's victory, went on board the Prince George; and, when he wished to return to his own ship, Prince William, as midshipman, came to announce that the boat was ready; on which the Don lifted up his eyes with amazement, and exclaimed—"Well may England be mistress of the ocean, when the sons of her king are thus employed in her service!"

After passing through the regular duties of midshipman, lieutenant, and captain, his Royal Highness, at the close of the year 1790, received a commission as rear-admiral of the blue, having then been about eighteen months a peer of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the titles of Duke of Clarence* and St. Andrews, and Earl of Munster. He received these distinctions when the peace of the country tendered his active services unnecessary, and when little prospect existed of the early renewal of hostilities with any nation of the world. The revolution had commenced, however, in France, and its rapid and horrid excesses at length provoked Europe to war. The Duke of York was among the first appointed to face the enemy, and it has naturally been asked

* We are familiar with *Clarence* as a royal title, rather than an English town. The word is a mere extention of the name *Clare*, probably for the sake of a finer and better sound. The first Duke of Clarence was the third son of Edward the Third, and the title was given him because he had married a descendant of the Earl of Clare. Since that period it has continued one of the *reserve* titles of the royal family, to which recourse has been had in the event of the more frequent names of York and Gloucester being taken up.

why his brother of Clarence was not sent forth at the head of some suitable portion of the British navy? That such an appointment would have been generally approved, and followed by gratifying manifestations of his heroism and skill, there can be no doubt: but some unknown considerations of policy or duty—some difficulty springing from rank, etiquette, or age—some reluctance on his part, or objection on the part of those with whom the appointment rested, deprived him of all share of the honor and glory, so abundantly showered upon our naval heroes through that long and trying period.

Of these probable causes of the Duke's long inactivity, the least probable is that which relates wholly to himself. Whatever reluctance he might feel to personal service on the sea in an early part of the war—and even this is by no means probable—at a later period he was extremely anxious to be employed. He made repeated and earnest application to the King to be allowed to hoist his flag, and relieve Lord Collingwood, then in a declining state of health, in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. About the same period, a letter, addressed by the Duke to Commodore Owen, appeared in the public papers, which thus describes his solicitude to share the dangers of war and the glories of victory. "When I shall have the honor to hoist my flag, I cannot be certain; but I am very much inclined to think that, eventually, I shall have the honor and happiness of commanding those fine fellows whom I saw in the Spring, in the Downs and at Portsmouth. My short stay at Admiral Campbell's had impressed me with very favorable ideas of the improved state of the navy; but my residence at Portsmouth has afforded me ample opportunity of examining, and consequently of having a perfect judgment of, the high and correct discipline now established in the King's service."

It is with reluctance we glance at the domestic life of the Duke, through the long period of his professional repose: especially as there is too much reason to believe that this was the chief cause of his acknowledged unpopularity. The people of this country can make ample allowance for the indiscretions of their princes; but they are averse to having those indiscretions obtruded upon public notice, and especially for any thing like popular applause to be sought in pursuits on which both human and divine statutes have

inscribed disgrace. While, however, we partake of the general displeasure created by the *public* manner in which Mrs. Jordan was kept, we cannot join in casting upon his Royal Highness the undivided odium of the poverty which preceded, and perhaps in some degree caused, the death of that unhappy lady. A highly respectable publication remarks, and, we have reason to know, with justice and truth :—" When the time arrives that the historian shall feel himself at liberty to enter into details, and sift matters to the bottom, we entertain no doubt that his Royal Highness will come out of the investigation, not without blame, for who is faultless? but undeserving the reproach which has been cast upon him."

The neglect with which the royal Duke was treated as a naval officer, he also strangely received in every other respect. Neither as a Peer, nor as a Prince, did the nation seem concerned to distinguish him, or even to remember that he was in being. According to a recent declaration of his own to the Goldsmith's company, not a single corporate body had before presented him with its freedom, nor had he been honored with any token of public confidence and regard. To impute this inattention wholly to his own misconduct, would be as erroneous as to imagine that there was nothing in his conduct to excite the displeasure of the nation. But, whatever were his faults, the clemency of John Bull has at last forgiven them; and if his Royal Highness were " more sinned against than sinning," he appears to have pardoned the offence.

The parties are now perfectly reconciled. The course of providence has placed the Duke of Clarence next in succession to the throne; and it is neither wise nor safe for the country to keep alive its ancient prejudices against one who may to-morrow be their sovereign. Sometime before this important change in his prospects, his Royal Highness had married, evidently to his own satisfaction, as well as agreeably with the wishes of the government and the people. The effect of matrimony, upon both his private habits and his public character, has been good; while the amiable Princess, his wife, is one to whom the nation can look with hope, in the event of her becoming Queen of Great Britain. Moreover, the past neglect of the Duke's official talents and

claims is already compensated : he is now Lord High Admiral, and the honor and authority of the office were revived, after a sleep of a century, that he might be invested with them.

Sufficient time has not elapsed for the Duke to exemplify all the qualities, which the nation looks for in a wise and devoted naval chief ; but that, if his life be spared, and no fatality attend the throne to call him to the higher station, he will fulfil the utmost wishes of the country, no one seems inclined to doubt. Two extremes, observation and experience will teach him to avoid. Real abuses must not be spared, but met with a firm, inviolable resolution to suffer no precedent or patronage, no influence or intrigue to plead for their respite. On the other hand, doubtful and difficult experiments must not be encouraged, nor novel courses, in any branch of this wide administration, be commenced, until some moral certainty appears of real improvement becoming the result. This is not the day for tampering with the British navy—for weakening a single buttress, or lowering a single rampart, of our wooden walls—for commencing or speculating on the commencement of a new system, which may be but half matured, when war returns to render its abandonment and its completion alike impossible.

SONNET.

The dewy freshness of our early years,
 That is the spring-time of our life's delight,
 Now that our manhood's sun attains its height,
 Before its summer fervor disappears :
 All sober-brow'd around us are our peers ;
 As summer leaves, no longer green and bright,
 Are from their early beauty changed quite :
 Whilst for high hopes come heart-disturbing fears.
 The sun that wasteth much yet giveth more,
 Withering the bloom it cherisheth the fruit :
 Who sows in spring shall have an autumn store,
 Of pleasures strong, though of a graver suit—
 The well-till'd mind with plenty running o'er—
 Spring-gifts, when flowers are dead, and songs are mute.
R. H.

THE RAID OF CILLECHRIST.

Bordering clans, like neighbouring nations, were never upon terms of hereditary concord ; vicinity produced rivalry, and rivalry produced war : for this reason the Mac Donells and the Mac Kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud ; firing houses, driving herds, raising rents, and slaughtering each other's clansmen, were feats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbour ; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity than lack of good will.

Among all the exploits which were occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist, (Christ's Church ;) it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner.

In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Mac Lelans, a race who were the followers of the Mac Kenzies, took occasion to intercept and assassinate the eldest son of Donald Mac Angus, of Glengarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chieftancy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprise to revenge the death of his brother : his cousin, however, Angus Mac Raonuill, of Lundi, acted as his captain, and gathering the Mac Donells in two separate raids, swept off the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still, this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief ; the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered ; and he therefore projected a third expedition, resolving in this to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim.

In the possession of his design, he awaited a favourable opportunity, and gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of the Mac Kenzies early on a Sunday morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, whilst a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavoured to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aisle of the church, and they beheld the bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation, scarcely knowing what they did,

endeavoured to force their way through the weapons and the flames! but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not able to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch: men, women, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transfixed at the gorge of the entrance! the flames increased on every side, a heavy column of livid smoke rolled upward on the air, and the roar of infuriated men, and wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile.

While the church was burning, the piper of the Mac Donells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music! The pibroch which he now played was called from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building; the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in mouldering vapor, and all was silent.

Angus was looking on with stern unrelenting determination, but the deed was done, and recollection now warned him of the danger of delay; he immediately gave orders to retreat, and, leading off his men, set off with the utmost expedition to his own country. The flames of the church had, however, lighted a beacon of alarm, which blazed far and wide; the Mac Kenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigour, that they came in sight of the Mac Donells long before they came to the border of their country. Angus Mac Raonuill seeing the determination of the pursuit, and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and shift each for himself; they dispersed accordingly, and made every one his way to his own home as well as he could. The commander of the Mac Kenzies did not scatter his people, but intent on securing the leader of his foemen, held them together on the track of Angus Mac Raonuill, who, with a few men in his company, fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of the pursuers.

Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone; but yet the pursuers turned not aside upon the track of any other. When they came near the burn of Ait Shian,

the leader of the Mac Kenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river which was before them runs in this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth: Angus knew that death was behind him, and, gathering all his strength, he dashed at the desperate leap, and being a man of singular vigour and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mac Kenzies, reckless of danger in the ardor of the pursuit, followed also at the leap; but less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and, slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch tree, which grew above him on the brink. The Mac Donell looking behind in his flight, to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank: he turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mac Kenzie;—"I have left much behind me with you to-day," said he, "take that also." The wretched man rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water.

Angus Mac Raonuill continued his flight, and the Mac Kenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. checked, however, by the stream, which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musket discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his speed. After passing the river, the Mac Kenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his strength to fail, with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch; he rushed into the water, and for some time, refreshed by its coolness swam with much vigour and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability have failed him, before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite bank; but Fraser of Fyars, a particular friend of the Glengarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mac Kenzie's country, and knowing that the Mac Donells had gone upon an expedition in that country, got a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mac Kenzies, seeing their foeman had escaped, discontinued their pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glengarrie.



PENTILLY CEMETERY.

The cemetery at Pentilly, in the parish of Pillaton, Cornwall, is situated on a very considerable eminence, named Mount Ararat, overlooking the river Tamar, (which divides Cornwall from Devon,) and affording a prospect of great part of the border of the latter county. This building was erected agreeably to the will of Sir James Tilley, of Pentilly Castle, who died in the year 1712, and directed that his body should be deposited here, placed in a chair, in a sitting posture; which many people of the neighbourhood affirm they have seen from the window: although Mr. Lysons, in his "*Magna Brittannia*," says, that the direction in his will was not punctually complied with; for on opening a vault beneath the pavement, not long ago, he observes, his remains were found deposited in a coffin, in the usual way.

I have frequently heard my father say, (and he was likely to know, as he held a farm near the spot;) that he had seen the coffin in the chair; and I am inclined to believe that the body has lately been deposited in a vault beneath, as the window shutters were formerly left open to the view of every visitor; but within these few years have been closed up.

R. BROWN,

* * In the "Beauties of England and Wales," by Messrs. Britton and Brayley, it is observed relative to the cemetery, that "in general the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his contemporaries, but Mr. Tilley wished to have his sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation, he ordered himself to be immured in a tower of such dimensions as he prescribed, where he proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All this was done, and the tower, still enclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and profaneness."

"The fear-struck hind with superstitious gaze,
Trembling and pale th' unhallow'd tomb surveys;
And half expects, while horror chills his breast,
To see the spectre of its impious guest."

SONNET.—MORN.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "POETIC HOURS,"
"LIFE AND POEMS OF KORNER," &c.

Sweet is the morn to all, but sweetest far,
To him the pining slave of discontent,
Who, deep within some populous city pent,
With care and toil doth wage a life long war!
Though he himself, perchance, would gladly bar
The dubious prospect of his future gains;
So he were rid of those life-wearying pains
That poison life, and fair enjoyment mar.
For when he marks the loveliness of morn,
Views the bright splendour of its gorgeous dreams,
Or hears the lays that hail its rising beams,
He half forgets awhile his fate forlorn;
Feels joys unwonted o'er his heart-strings play,
Or mantle to his cheek to fade and die away.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Richard Clifton was one of those wild, yet commanding spirits, that are great in good or evil, according to the more or less favorable circumstances, in which they may happen to be placed. His earliest years had been devoted to the navy, where, by his own unassisted merit, he had risen to the rank of a first-lieutenant; when a blow, given to his superior officer, thrust him on the world, a pennyless outcast. The same energies, which had before made him the best of seamen, now rendered him the worst of citizens; for power is like the fiend that, once called up, must have something to employ it, or it falls on its master. There was a blight on his fame and on his hopes, yet still there was one chance for him: he had long been attached to Lucy Ellis, who on her side most truly loved her sailor, in spite of all his faults, real or supposed, and the one list was equal to the other; for calumny, like the raven, is fond of preying on the dying and the dead. Had the father of the maiden consented to their union, it is most probable that the life of Richard would have been honourable to himself, and useful to his country; but old Ellis was one of those heartless, selfish beings, who love their children only as they minister to their own comfort, or gratification: he wished to see his daughter married to a rich man, not because those riches might make her lot more comfortable, but because a rich son-in-law added to his own importance. Such a proposal, therefore, excited his warmest indignation; it was a cutting up of all his prospects, of the hopes that he had been toiling to realise for many years; she would be a beggar—an outcast; the alliance was infamy. In all this, however, there was much more regard shown for himself than his child; and Lucy felt that there was. This was the corner stone of the subsequent evils: the harshness of her father made her more open to the false flatteries of her lover; though at the same time she was not altogether ignorant of her own weakness: in the hour of temptation she flung herself on the honour of the man she adored; she owned her inability to resist him, in all the fervor of a real passion, and urged that very passion as a plea for his forbearance. With many this prayer had been effectual, but not with men like

Richard Clifton, who have no settled rule of conduct, and are either bad or good only from the impulse of the moment. The consequence was the seduction of Lucy, and in a few months afterwards, her lover joined a band of smugglers, and was either killed, or drowned, or had fled the country; for each of these reports had its particular defenders.

In the mean time the dishonour of Lucy became too gross for longer concealment. On the discovery of her situation, the merchant at once turned her out of doors, as the destroyer of all his dearest expectations; and bade her starve or live, as she could best settle the matter with the world: nor could any after arguments of his friends, in the least affect his resolution; he was deaf to all remonstrance, whether of justice, or humanity. But the wrath of heaven, which had first smitten the guilty child, was not slow in punishing the heartless parent, who had arrogated to himself the office of vengeance, and executed it with more of passion than of equity. In his eagerness to amass a fortune, the merchant overstepped the bounds of prudent speculation. The first great loss stimulated to a second adventure for its retrieval; and that, miscarrying, in turn brought with it a further hazard, to fail like those before it; till the proud and wealthy Ellis found himself a destitute bankrupt, pursued and crushed by the vindictive spirit of disappointed creditors, who pleaded his cruelty in excuse for theirs. "You showed no mercy to your own child, how then can you expect it from me, a stranger?" was the answer of one to whom he was deeply indebted, and who had formerly been a fruitless intercessor for poor Lucy. Some, too, were actuated by less disinterested motives, and were glad to shelter their hatred of the father under the show of compassion for the child; but the result was the same to Ellis—he was a ruined man. His ostentatious charities, which had been so much praised in the days of his success, were now considered in their true light, and had not procured a single friend to pity or assist him in his difficulties.

So complete had been the failure, and so rigid his creditors, that a few weeks found him possessed of a few pounds only, whose word had once been good for thousands. In this dilemma he quitted his native town, which for the last month he had inhabited out of mere pride, and after a long course of suffering, became the guardian of a light-house, on one of

the wildest parts of the English coast. A very short residence in this sad abode, made him a weaker, though not a better, man; he grew, not less selfish, but more timid;—more impressed with the actual and near presence of a creator; and he began to feel that there was not only an after, but a present, vengeance. Nor is this to be wondered at; loneliness brings the mind more immediately in contact with the works of the Creator, and from them with the Creator himself. No man of any imagination was ever an atheist in solitude, and, though in the case of old Ellis, religion was only the religion of fear, yet still it was better than no faith at all; it taught him a little more lenity to the faults of others.

Nearly two years had thus past, when, one September's evening, a poor maniac, in squalid weeds, and with a face gaunt from long misery, came to his door and begged for a morsel of bread for the love of charity—it was his daughter! The recognition was quick and mutual, but with very opposite feelings. Sorrow, and pain, and remorse, suddenly threw a dark cloud over the old man's face; while the maniac's eye was lit up with an expression of rage and triumph, that was truly fiendlike, as she screamed out, "Ho, ho, ho! have I found you at last? take back your curse, old man; I have borne it long enough, and a sad load, and a weary one it has been to me; but take it back—it has curdled the milk of my bosom to poison, and my poor babe sucked and died. But take it back, and look that it does not sink you into the depths of hell. Many a time it has lain heavy on me, and I felt myself sinking, sinking, sinking, like one that struggled with the waters; but then my sweet babe would come, with his cherub face all bright with glory, just like those skies where the sun is setting, and his little hand was stronger than my strength, for it would draw me back again when I was up to my breast in fire. But you have no child to save you, therefore look that your heart be strong; you had best—no child—no child, old man; for I deny you—I cast you off—go—leave this earth—it is mine—go—do you hear?—you are the only peace-breaker, and I'll none of you. Go—you'll ask whither? but that's your concern; there's a large world above, and a larger one below, and if they refuse you in the one, it will only be a better recommendation to the other."

She might still have gone on thus, for Ellis was too much

shocked to interrupt her ; but the wild mood had exhausted itself : her eye was caught by the sun, resting with his broad red disk on the ocean, and her thoughts returned to the hunger-pains which incessantly gnawed her, though they had been unfelt, or at least, unnoticed, during the violence of her passion. On a sudden she exclaimed, " I wish the sun would set, that we might go to supper." The old man endeavoured to soothe the maniac, and, taking her by the hand, would have gently forced her into the light-house ; but it was all to no purpose : this singular idea had got possession of her, though it is not easy to say from what cause, and she positively refused to move a step till the sun was below the water. " He has a long way to go yet," she said ; and, taking up a handful of dust, she scattered it slowly in the air, towards the evening, at the same time muttering, or rather chaunting, " Speed ! speed ! speed !" till by degrees her memory pieced out the words of a familiar song, which she poured forth in that wild manner so peculiar to insanity :

Speed, sun, speed through the ocean wave,
Where the mermaid sings in her coral cave,
Where on sands of gold the pearl is white,
And each glance of thine eye wakes something bright ;
Where thy fairest beams upon diamonds play,
That shine with a fairer light than they.
Speed, son, speed, for from out the wave
A voice invites to the mermaid's cave ;
Where the waters are rolling o'er her head,
Like the rainbow's arch o'er the evening spread ;
And each drop, which falls from that brilliant bow,
Turns to a gem of the same below.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, as the last words died on the maniac's lips ; and Ellis having lit the beacon, they sat down to their humble supper. Both for a time were silent ; the daughter, from the caprice of insanity ; the father, because he was stunned and stupified by her appearance, coupled as it was with past recollections. Remorse was busy with him, though it was remorse without repentance ; and if he wished the past undone, it was more with reference to his own pain, than the sufferings of his daughter. Lucy, how-

ever, was in a state that made all these things a matter of indifference to her, and, as the evening darkened, her madness took a wilder turn.

“Do you hear, old man? Ho! ho! the spirit of the wind is abroad. Do you hear what a coil he keeps up yonder, howling into the ear of old ocean, and calling on him to wake? Do you see the billows, too, how lazily they lift up their heads, as if loth to leave their slumber? How they toss and tumble, and roar and groan! but its all to no purpose; you’ll sing a wilder tune yet, my merry boys, and I’ll sing with you, and the curlew shall whistle, and the rain shall patter, and the thunder shall roar, and we’ll have a brave music to your dancing, such as the foot of a king never danced to.”

The face of the old man darkened at this raving: it was making his misery more miserable, and if remorse had brought any transient feeling of pity into his heart, it was quite extinguished when he found that his daughter’s presence would be a constant vexation to him. He looked at her with a countenance of wrath; but something seemed to stifle the expression of his anger for the moment, and he resumed his meal in sullen silence. The change did not escape Lucy; she fixed her elbows on the table, and, resting her head on her hands, gazed on him for several minutes without moving a muscle, to the sore annoyance of the old man, whose blood was already in a ferment; he swallowed the thin sour beer at long draughts, clutched the handle of his knife more firmly, and tried to force his attention from her, but all to no purpose. Her protracted gaze became at last intolerable, and he exclaimed, half rising from his seat, “What, in the devil’s name, do you stare at me for? Can you find nothing else to fix your eyes on, but my face?”

“I was counting how long you had to live,” said the maniac, calmly; “you have only a few hours, and then I shall be lady of this castle, and Richard will come home to me, and bring our little Lucy with him, and we shall be so happy! —oh, so happy!”

This was too much for the patience of Ellis; he started up from his seat, and dashed away his plate, with a curse on the poor maniac, and the mother who had borne her.

“Woman! witch! devil! you were made to be my tor-

ture ; but I'll not bear it many hours longer. Either you or me and I don't much care which—"

He raised his hand to strike, perhaps to kill her ; when a deep flash of lightning blazed between them, and the old tower rocked in the wind, as if it were going to tumble about their ears. So tremendous, indeed, was this burst of the storm, that a large mass of overhanging cliff, that the water had been for years undermining, was hurled down with a horrible crash, and the spray of its fall came beating against the windows of the light-house ?

" Did you see him ?" shouted Lucy.

" See whom ?" said Ellis, pale and motionless from terror, though without any distinct cause of that terror.

" Did you hear him ?" echoed the maniac.

" Hear whom ?" replied the father.

" So, you neither saw, nor heard him ?"

" Whom—whom ?" exclaimed Ellis, almost frantic with the impatience of fear.

" The devil !—the arch-fiend !—the fisherman of souls ! He has you, father ; he has marked you with his mark, and signed you with his sign. His broad lightning wings covered you as he spoke over you the baptism of hell :—

One drop of thy blood where the stream is red !
 One lock of the hair from thy parched head !
 One touch of baptizing flame to plough
 The mark of your Christ from out your brow !
 Ho ! ho ! how the cold and wat'ry sign
 Hisses and dries 'neath this touch of mine !
 While I'm lord of the flame, be the waters thine.

The hair on Ellis's head was actually singed by the lightning ; his brow, too, was slightly scathed ; and, whether it was the electric shock, or the force of imagination, a single drop of blood did, indeed, fall slowly from his dilated nostrils. It is impossible to calculate the power of fancy on such occasions ; it is neither to be estimated, nor controlled by reason. The old man was almost frantic with terror, and dashed out of the light-house, as if impelled by some external agency ; while the maniac quietly installed herself in a large oak chair before the window, with all the pride of a queen

just restored to her lawful throne, by the expulsion of its usurper.

“So, so ; the old boy is gone, and I am his heir—his lawful heir. This house is mine, and all that is in it ; I am the lord of the castle now.—But what do you here ?” It was a large Newfoundland dog, that had caught her eye. “What do you here, I say ?—your name and calling ?—quick ! Why, how now ? Can’t you speak ?—and with that large tongue, too, licking your paws ! Sirrah, sirrah ! I shall find means to make you answer.”

The dog for a moment looked her in the face and wagged his tail, in token of recognition ; but he did not choose to leave his warm place before the fire, and quietly resumed his occupation of licking his paws. Highly incensed at this imagined obstinacy, the manic started from her seat, and hurled a wooden dish at his head ; on which the animal, setting up a long piteous howl, slunk into the farthest corner of the chamber. But even this would not have saved him from her wrath, had not her attention been suddenly drawn away by the appearance of a small brig, that was visible in the flashes of lightning, as it tossed and pitched and struggled with the waters, like a drowning man.

“He comes ! he comes ! my own dear Richard !—missed many a day, and come at last !” The poor thing knew not how truly she was speaking. “Blow, blow, my gentle wind, blow him to me, my bridegroom—my husband ! Oh, how slow the bark moves towards the shore ! ’Tis my cruel father holds it back.”

But in truth, the vessel was driving too fast on the land, in spite of all the efforts of the seamen to keep her off, for they had yet a low reef of rocks to weather, which stretched out from the shore, something less than a quarter of a mile, and on which the surf was beating most tremendously. Till these were past, the usual dangers of a lee-shore were doubled on them. At this critical juncture, the wind veered a point in their favour : the beacon, too, from the light-house, marked to the experienced seamen the extent of their danger, as was evident by their efforts to keep out to sea, and their safety became almost certain. But this delay was sorely vexatious to the impatient spirit of poor Lucy. “Slow—slow,” she exclaimed ; “but ’tis your fault, father ; you were always cruel

to your child : first you took my Richard from me, then my child, then my reason, and I have been looking for it over many a weary mile of land, and have not found it. Some told me it was buried with my babe. It may be so, for I could never find her grave. But I'll be revenged ; I'll quench the fire on your hearth, and the light on your tower."

She hastened to execute this frantic threat, by cutting the rope that governed the windlass ; in an instant the lamp flew down and was dashed to shivers, leaving the whole coast in utter darkness, and the little brig in imminent peril of shipwreck. At first the maniac was startled at her own act ; something like a sense of her mischief came across her brain, but the feeling was only transient, and she resumed her lookout for the vessel, that for some time was invisible to her in the deepest flashes of the lightning. Still she kept her watch at the window, her eyes fixed on the black waste of waters : they were agitated more furiously than ever, and rolled, mountain-like, against the cliffs, as if contending with them for the empire of the land. At last her eye caught a glimpse of the vessel, nailed as it were to a rock ; but the ship past away even before the lightning that had shown it ; still she watched.

Nearly half an hour had thus elapsed, when she was roused from this dreamy state by the sound of voices in the room below : a large crevice in the broken floor allowed her to see old Ellis in high altercation with three wild-looking strangers in the dress of seamen ; two she could easily distinguish, but the third, who stood opposite to her father, and who was by far the most violent, was so placed that she could only see his back ; he was evidently the leader of the party by his vehemence in the dispute about the beacon, to the absence of which, and not without cause, he attributed the loss of his vessel and her cargo.

" So, you old scoundrel, after having brought my vessel home in spite of winds and waters, I am to founder in sight of land, because you are too lazy a lubber to do your duty. Why were you not aloft in the light-house looking after your beacon ?"

" Richard Clifton !" said the old man, who had by this time recognised his voice.

" And who told you I was Richard Clifton, you villainous old wrecker ?—What ?—eh !—yes, it is old Ellis ! Huzza, my

boys, we have him at last ! there is but another beside himself, and that's the devil. I tell you what, my old one ; you had better have sate on a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted fuse at your tail, than have crossed my path."

" Why, what will you do ? "

" Do ! it was you who set on my creditors to hound me like a pirate ; it was you that denied me Lucy—you that drove me to be a villain ; and now that the wind had set fair, and my uncle, the planter, had left me his money, and I was coming home with a wet sail, it is you, you old wrecker, that dowsed the beacon, and—"

" I did no such thing," interrupted Ellis.

" You lie ! you did ; you wanted to have the picking of our wreck, but if you get more out of it than timber enough for your coffin—"

And with this he snatched up an axe, and split the old man's skull, without allowing him a pause for answer : the blow was so effectual, that the victim instantly rolled at his feet a lifeless corpse ; but the passion of vengeance was over with its gratification. Clifton, though a daring, and, in some sense of the word, a heart-hearted man, was not totally devoid of feeling ; and he would have given his chance of life for years, for the power of recalling the last five minutes. He gazed on the work of his own hands with a sensation of horror, that had hitherto been a stranger to him, when a loud scream from the room above, by diverting his attention, gave relief to the poignancy of his feeling. The shriek was repeated ; every hand was instinctively placed on its cutlass. A third time, and the fall of a heavy body was heard over their heads. To catch up the candle, and rush to the side of the unfortunate maniac, was but the work of an instant, and a very little more time was requisite to show him his own Lucy in the wretched being ; that, on her recovery to life, lay shivering and moaning in utter and hopeless madness. All his efforts to make himself known to her were without avail ; she saw in him only the murderer of her father, and, as her mood changed, she either heard him with curses, or mocked him with idiot malignity, that was even more dreadful than her execrations.

" I see it now," exclaimed Clifton, in the agony of his heart ; " I seduced your innocence—drove you to madness,

and now that madness is made the instrument of vengeance. It drowns my fortune—makes me a murderer—gives me to the gallows—the gallows! Messmates, this is no place for me; I must be off before any one finds the rotten old corse below. But whither? no matter, whither; I must be off, or I shall be taken, and I'll not die on a gallows, if it were only for the sake of her who bore me."

But it was too late; five minutes before, and escape was not only possible, but without difficulty: now there was not the slightest chance either for cunning or desperation: a party of king's seamen, who were on the preventive service against the smugglers, had observed the sudden disappearance of the beacon; and, supposing it was some fault of the keeper, had come to warn him of his imagined negligence. On entering the light-house, the first thing they saw was the body of the murdered Ellis, as he lay on the floor, bathed in blood, and his head cleft asunder; this naturally led to the seizure of Clifton and his party; and the latter, in their anxiety to avoid all share in the probable punishment, did not hesitate to bear witness against their captain. Such evidence was of course fatal; a very few days sufficed to the whole business, for the affair had happened a short time only before the assizes, so that the trial followed close on the heels of the murder. Richard Clifton was condemned, and ordered for execution on the rock before the light-house.

It was the night previous to the day of execution, one of those calm autumnal nights when the leaf drops noiseless from the tree, as if it were a shadow. A thin clear white fog mantled the earth, through which the moon seemed walking like a spirit, so little had it dimmed her brightness; and, as the prisoner lay in his dungeon, he could see the carpenters at work on his scaffold. He even heard the coarse jokes of the workmen, their taunts against each other, and their calculations of the probable pain of hanging, mixed now-and-then with a word of self-congratulation that they were not, as they expressed it, in the shoes of the prisoner. Not a syllable escaped him.

"A few more screws in the upright," said the master carpenter,, "or our work may chance to give way before the time."

"If it does I'll give you leave to hang me," said one of his

assistants. "But suppose we try it first on Sim here: if it bears his fat sides, it will bear anything."

"You had better try it on yourself," replied the object of the taunt; "your neck was made for an hempen neckcloth."

"With all my heart," said the first speaker, and, dexterously flinging a rope over the top beam, he sprang up as to catch a grasp of it as high as possible, and swung himself from the scaffold, with his neck hung on the right side, and his feet flourishing in the air, in imitation of one executed.

The heart of Richard was sick within him at this brutal jest; but, when the first pain of the shock was over, it left behind a kind and gentle effect: the overwrought mind sunk into a slumber, and fortunately for him, the indolence, or the drowsiness of the jailor, let him remain undisturbed by the usual hourly visitations. His dreams, too, were happier than his waking reality: to his sleeping fancy he was no longer in a dungeon, but stood proudly at the helm of his little brig, with every sail set to the wind, and lying gunnel-to amidst the dark-green waves, that splashed half-way up her mast. There was reason, however, for this perilous speed: Lucy was traversing the shore on her way to the church with a bridegroom, forced on her by old Ellis, who, whether sleeping or waking, seemed to be an everlasting torment to poor Richard. The first of the party had already crossed the stile which defended the church-yard, while there was still a space of three miles at the least, lying between his vessel and the Minster. Reckless of the consequence, he shouted to his men, "Out with every reef in her mainsheet, my lads! sink or swim, no matter for the upshot!" This was no sooner said than done, and the mast began to groan and quiver, while the water rose half over the leeward side of the deck; but the purpose was answered: the vessel flew with this fresh stimulus to its speed; and, just as the priest was challenging the bystanders to produce any impediment to the union, he was at the altar, and exclaimed, "I do—I—the bride's husband—mine! mine by an oath!—mine by this token!" and he lifted up their infant, that now, by another flight of fancy, lay cradled in his arms. "Mine! mine!" replied Lucy.—"Mine! mine!" echoed a thousand voices from below, and the organ began to play, and the stones to heave up from the vaults, and all those, who had been buried for centuries, arose

from their long sleep, not as shrouded skeletons, but as things of life, each in the costume of his own time. It was in fact the masquerade of ages : the thin tight-laced beau of modern days, gave his hand to the furbelowed antique, with hoop of monstrous dimensions, and a turret of caps on her head : the gauntleted warrior stretched out his arm of brass to the half-clad fair one, who returned his formal courtesy with the slight nod of a modern fashionable ; lawyers, priests, soldiers, statesmen, men, women, and children, in grotesque assemblage, ranged along each side of the chancel. And now the waltz began—at first slow—then, quicker—quicker—quicker—and the organ too increasing in speed, till at last it seemed like the jubilee of madness. But the vision soon melted away into another shape, more pleasing and less fantastic, than this dance of the living dead. The grey aisles of the church were succeeded by the humble mansion of his father, even to the minutest article that lived in his waking memory, and twenty years were struck off from the account of time : he was a boy again, in holiday freedom from school, playing at the feet of his mother ; and, by one of the strange incongruities so familiar to dreams, that mother was Lucy. If a state of sleep can be deemed life, this was with him the happiest moment of life ; he hung on her lips, like a young bee on the rose, and the very air in which he breathed seemed a perfume ; it was a full and perfect consciousness of bliss, that belongs only to the imagination, and can therefore be tasted by none but the sleeper or the maniac ; a glimpse of reason would destroy it ; like the figures of a phantasmagoria, it is visible only in the darkness.

Such a position of mind and body, however, could not, and did not, last long, and with every minute his slumber lost something of its soundness. He began to be half conscious that he was only in a dream ; and in this middle state, between sleeping and waking, struggled hard to keep it, by giving himself up, as much as possible, to the illusion. He had even partially succeeded, when a rude voice, in breaking up this slumber, awoke him to a full sense of his misery. It was the jailor, with the blacksmith, who came to knock off his fetters, previous to his appearance on the scaffold. The transition was anguish unutterable. The mind, too, by this short respite from pain, had acquired fresh capabilities of suffering ; and,

by the time he was led out from his prison, he was in a state of mental agony far more severe than the worst inflictions of the hangman. He had seen many suffer the same form of death, but now that he was called on to endure it in his own person, it seemed as a thing beyond all possible calculation,—as an event that had never happened till then. He gazed on the crowd that were collected to witness his death, as he had often witnessed the death of others, and could hardly believe that he himself was the victim of the present hour; or if his eye by accident glanced on a face of more than usual hardness, he turned away instinctively in horror. It was even a relief to his suffering to dwell on any countenance that expressed sympathy with his condition; there was a vague idea of safety connected with it—an indefinite feeling of support and friendship; and yet the same man who yielded to this weakness, would have faced a cannon without shrinking.

He was now within a few yards of the scaffold, that stood on the cliff, before the light-house, when a young woman made her way to him, in spite of all opposition, and flung herself, sobbing, on his neck,—it was Lucy. The sheriff's officers would fain have forced her from him, but, at the earnest prayer of Richard, the clergyman interposed, notwithstanding the irregularity of the proceeding, and obtained for him a momentary respite, which she was not slow to employ. "Why is this?" she exclaimed? "I will not have it so. The old man was my father, and if I forgive the deed, you surely may. What was he to any of you? By God's light, you make much more ado about the dead man than you ever did about the living one."

"We can stay no longer," said the sheriff, who little expected such an address.

"You can't!" exclaimed Lucy; and who are you?" Then addressing herself to the clergyman, she added, in a tone of peculiar bitterness, "turn over your book, my bonny man, and let them know that they shall do no murder; and what do they call hanging a man on yonder cross sticks till he is black in the face? Isn't that murder, think ye?"

For the first time since his boyhood a tear stood in Richard's eye, but he did not utter a syllable. Lucy stretched out her hand towards him, like a father questioning his child.

"Answer me, Richard; do you believe there is another world?"

"Most fervently!" ejaculated the prisoner; and it was evident that the reply was an involuntary one.

"Then give us both your blessing, reverend sir," exclaimed Lucy, casting herself on her knees before the clergyman.

The pale cheek of the venerable old man was suffused with a slight glow, and his hand trembled as he laid it on the suppliant's head, saying, in a voice scarcely intelligible from emotion, "May God of his infinite mercy forgive the young man the wrong he has done to thee and thine, and take ye both unto himself in a world where there is neither sin nor suffering!"

"Amen!" responded Lucy; and the amen was solemnly echoed back by the whole assemblage.

She now rose from her knees, kissed her lover tenderly between the eyes, and, exclaiming, "*farewell!*" dashed him suddenly from the cliff. So unexpected was the action, that no hand was quick enough to stay it; and before the waters had well closed over his body, she flung herself headlong after him. One cry of the falling victim—one plash of the waves below—and all was over.

THE BANQUET OF THE SAXON NOBLES IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Rude was that old grim hall,—magnificent
Came the full glare of torches o'er its roof,
Revealing its proud inmates; and it linked
Its radiance to the spear, and it beamed out
Homage to the plum'd helm. Around the walls
Banners were marshall'd,—banners that had seen
The triumphs of a thousand battles! they
Bore testimony of the lordly chiefs
O'er whom they wav'd,—they told of myriads slain
For one fierce despot,—and, they shadowed forth
The times, when men pour'd out their sacred blood
Like water,—rich and plenteous. Many harps
Breath'd festal music through that spacious hall,
And incense, sweet as the calm summer's breath,
Ascended, in a cloud, from the bright jars,

O'er which pure flowers entwin'd. The goblet pass'd,
 With laughing wine o'erflowing ; and the lips
 That quaff'd of it, possess'd a sunnier tint
 Than e'er had brightened them. There were brave chiefs
 Assembled in that hall,—not one had turn'd
 From the flush'd foeman's spear, but in the fight
 Had stood like the dread oak, when tempest throng,
 Battling around it ! Dauntless sate those chiefs
 Beneath their scowling banners ; yes, they bore
 The air which had distinguished their proud sires,
 When with bare swords, they scattered the pale hosts
 Of their Norse foe, and shook the Reafen-flag
 In triumph o'er their Oddune. Oft they spoke
 Of godlike victories pictured on the wall,
 And then, with mighty eloquence, started up,
 Breathing dire vengeance !

And the archery,
 Attired in Lincoln green, rose from their seats,
 And, to the sound of harps,—the sweeping sound—
 Fresh from the illumin'd galleries, they displayed
 The bows that had dispersed a flood of shafts
 In the wild conflict. "Lead us on," they cried,
 "And let the raven claim the splendid feast
 Which we'll prepare !" The trumpet lifted up
 Its terrible voice, and a great clangor rush'd
 Through the vast edifice ! Then the spearmen bold
 Threw down their ponderous gauntlets,—then they spoke
 Not as vile men, but gods ! Their language told
 Of hills and vales, o'er whom the savage Dane
 Had poured his tens of thousands ;—culture sank
 Beneath the oppressor's tread, and brand and flame
 Carried destruction, where the plough and scythe
 Had dwelt in happier ages ;—then they told
 Of England's fairest nobles who had given
 Their blood for their dear country,—of vast fields
 Strewn o'er with slaughtered yeomen,—and of saints
 Mocked by the red destroyer. "And shall *we*,"
 They sternly asked, "shall *we*, as Saxons, brook
 These merciless wrongs ! no—be it ours to gain
 What our proud sires could not !" The harps rang out
 A glad assent, and lordly Horsa strode

Into the throng of chiefs.

“Pour,” he exclaimed,
 “Pour in your cups the nectar, and, with me,
 Quaff to the health of England. Peace to her,
 And honour to her nobles !” Then he rais’d
 The rich bowl to his lips, and having drank
 Its sparkling liquid off, he threw his sword
 On the wide festal bench. “ ’Tis done !” he cried,
 “ This country *shall be* ransomed—not with gold,—
 But bright and free-born iron ! Hear me, chiefs !
 Abet me, vassals ! with your thronging belts,
 And bacinets white-plum’d. Ye’ve seen me drink
 A good and rich libation, and I say—
 Yea, with the trumpet’s menace, that the sword
 Shall thus drink up our blood, if, with that sword,
 We slaughter not the Dane ! I speak not to
 Rowenas of the hyacinthine hair,
 Or infamous Vortigerns, but unto ye—
 To *ye* I speak, ye nobles and ye serfs,
 Before whose flashing shields the foe has fled
 Often like fleeting chaff ! ’Tis not for us
 To wear the grand and glittering pageantry
 That dignifies the warrior, unless *we*
 Are free to bear it through the bleeding land
 On which the Norse spears bristle. Oh tear down
 The griffin crest,—let not the breath of slaves
 Come under the rich corslet,—break the stave
 To which the banner clings,—in sackcloth go—
 Go to the shrines that your fam’d sires have made
 Holy by their own blood !”

A pause ensued—
 A dreadful pause ;—the pictures on the wall
 Were not more silent than the giant forms
 Rang’d round about them ! but that pause pass’d o’er,
 And every lip sent up a clamorous shout,—
 Wild and determined. Then the gates were thrown
 Back on their hinges, and a brilliant host,
 With sweeping war-cars, hatchets, spears, and brands,
 Pour’d through them, to the music of the harps,
 And a great noise of trumpets !

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

SWIFTNESS OF THE WIND.

A TABLE. BY MR. SMEATON.

Wind.	Miles per Hour.	Feet in a Second.
Hardly perceptible	1	1.47
Just perceptible	2	2.93
Ditto	3	4.40
Gentle Pleasant	4	5.87
Ditto	5	7.33
Pleasant brisk Gale	10	14.67
Ditto	15	22.0
Very brisk	20	29.34
Ditto	25	36.67
High Winds	30	44.11
Ditto	35	51.34
Very high	40	58.68
Ditto	45	66.1
Storm Tempest	50	73.35
Great Storm	60	88.2
Hurricane	80	117.36
Ditto, that tears up Trees, destroys Buildings, &c.....	100	146.70

CANINE SAGACITY.

Those valleys, or glens, as they are called, which intersect the Grampian mountains, in Scotland, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his flock at once, except when they are collected for sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours.

In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant, about three years old. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a

more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened, by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently obscure those mountains. The anxious father hastened back to find his child; but unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, amongst the morasses and cataracts, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on, without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous: he was, therefore, obliged to return to his cottage, having lost his child and his faithful dog, which had attended him for years.

Next morning, by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of the child; but after a day was spent in fruitless fatigue, he was compelled, at the approach of night, to descend from the mountains. On returning to the cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the night before, had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance, (a piece of oat cake,) had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed his search after the child; and still, on returning home at evening, disappointed, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on his receiving his usual allowance of oat-cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with the piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left the child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of prodigious depth, presented that appearance which often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of nature. Down one of these ragged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last

disappeared on entering into a cave, the mouth of which was nearly upon a level with the torrent.

The shepherd with difficulty followed ; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld the infant eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency. From the situation in which the child was found, it appears he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave ; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child, by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed, to and from the cottage.

ST. MARY'S WELL. A SONG.

BY P. J. MEAGHER, AUTHOR OF "ZEDECHIAS."

Know'st thou not Saint Mary's well,
 Where the pilgrim loves to pray—
 In Glentevar's lonely dell,
 That lies beneath the mountain way?
 If on earth there be a spot
 Where the heart would fly from men,
 And be by the world forgot,
 'Tis in that sweet romantic glen !
 When the evening sun-beams fell
 On the Abbey's glittering pane,
 And Cunceartha's sullen bell
 Pealed slowly up the silent lane ;
 At that fount young Eileen gave
 All her soul to heavenly love ;
 Not more bright its silver wave,
 Than her blue eye that beam'd above !
 Faithful o'er the mimic tide
 Knelt the pious fair haired maid ;
 Gave herself a holy bride
 To saints whose beauty never fade :

But, alas ! poor Eileen knew
 Little of this earth of ours,
 And the mischief man can do,
 Oh ! never cross'd her dreaming hours.

'Twas one night she pour'd her soul
 To the virgin of the shrine,
 That a vision softly stole
 Too brightly near—but not divine ;
 From that eve, her heart, I fear,
 Much less oft to prayer was given,
 And her thoughts entwining here,
 Love built for them another heaven !
 From the " brothers' lonely height,"
 Lo ! the funeral stave is heard
 Suddenly, one moonlight night,
 A fair young monk had disappear'd ;
 Since that fatal night hath been,
 Eileen came not near the dell ;
 But two forms are sometimes seen
 Together, leaning o'er that well.

STANZAS TO M***.

BY J. A. SHEA, AUTHOR OF " RUDEKKI."

'Twas such an hour as ~~this~~,
 The setting sun was bright,
 Our hearts were full of bliss,
 As the waters were of light ;
 But 'twas the bliss that ~~sighs~~
 When lovers first behold,
 Within each other's eyes
 What the tongue has never told.

Yes, such the hours when first
 I thought thine eyes express'd,
 The very passion—burst
 That struggled in my breast ;
 And far too bright became
 For silence, cold eclipse,
 Till freed in words of flame
 Upon my burning lips.

And then, yes, then!—thine own
So fervid and so true,
Look'd out, as from a throne,
From thy soft eyes of blue.
Thine eye the soul gave out,
Thy lip was eloquent,
And there no more was doubt
Of what each other meant.

Oh! memory of that day,
May'st thou be like the rose,
That's fragrant in decay
As when in dew it blows;
For when our passions melt
Into infirmity,
The joys we shall have felt
We'll feel again in thee!

THE STOLEN WIG.

While Lord Cranstoun lived in a house in the Advocate's Close, Edinburgh, it was the custom for advocates and judges to breakfast early, and, when dressed, were frequently seen leaning over the parlour windows, expecting St. Giles's to start the sounding peal of a quarter to nine.

It happened, that one morning, while Lord Cranstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in sport, they had swung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. In this crisis his lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting what danger impended over his head, when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror and surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up came the judge's wig, fixed in its salons.

His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment of the senator below, and the mirth of the girls above, together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice. It was a joke soon explained, and pardoned ; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did get many a lengthened injunction from their parents, never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.

THE UNIVERSAL DOOM.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY RALPH FERRARS.

The autumn leaf is swept away ;
Worn out by nature's slow decay ;
Age drops into the tomb.
Does this appal the sober mind ?
No—e'en the weakest stands resign'd
To universal doom.

But when the secret arrow flies ;
When murderous rage dissolves the ties
Of love, and hope, and life ;
When youth and beauty press the bier,
Then, then, we deem the lot severe,
And tremble at the strife.

Lo ! clouds on clouds the heaven deform :
Serene we wait the coming storm,
Nor shrink beneath the blow ;
Yet may the sudden whirlwind rise,
Or fate descend from smiling skies,
To lay our glories low.

E'en whilst we waste the careless hours,
The foe, unseen, amidst the flowers,
Our promis'd joys may blight ;
The sun, perhaps, that gilds our bloom,
Is but a halo round the gloom
Of unexpected night.



THE JUSTICE.

Joseph Robins, Bride Court London.

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SHAKSPEARE'S JUSTICE.

And then the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part.

As you like it.

Our artist has admirably described Shakspeare's justice, "in fair round belly with good capon lin'd;" the pipe is very characteristic of the time when this comedy was written, for at that period tobacco had been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh but about thirty years, consequently it may be supposed that smoking was a luxury indulged in only by persons of some rank and station in the world. It is observable that the justices, which we meet with in the plays of Shakspeare, are, in respect to their external condition, very different from the justice drawn in the *Seven Ages of Man*. Shallow, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*;" Silence, in the "*Second Part of Henry the Fourth*;" and the Justice in "*Measure for Measure*," are not exhibited as by any means remarkable for those circumstances which are the natural effects of good living. As a general description, however, the one before us is more appropriate to the character of the magistrate, than that of either of those persons to whom we have alluded; since it rarely happened that any people were elevated to this office, until they were in possession of so much wealth as to render their situation easy and affluent.

The propriety of introducing the justice as the fifth general character in the poet's description of man, results from the circumstance, that persons of all professions, including the army, after having obtained sufficient riches to retire from the hurry and fatigue of business, assume the dignities and prerogatives of the magistracy. Justice Clement, in Ben Jonson's "*Every Man in his Humour*," is described as having been in military service previously to his being put into the commission of the peace.

"With eyes severe." A passage similar to this may be found in "*Henry the Fifth*," where a parallel is drawn between the functions of man in the various concerns of life, and those of the industrious bees, which, on account of its

similarity to the subject that we are discussing, it may not be improper to quote at large.

True : therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : for so work the honey bees ;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts :
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The *sad-eyed justice*, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

“ Full of wise saws and modern instances.” The meaning of this passage is, that the justice supports the authority of his decisions by a multitude of old sayings or proverbs, as well as by a ready appeal to the late determination of cases which had come before him, or some neighbouring magistrates. It is not improbable that our author intended, by this description, to insinuate that his justice was better qualified to deal out his decrees, under the influence of old proverbs, and modern practices, than by his knowledge of, and adherence to, the laws of the land.

To suppress riots and tumults, to punish smaller offences, to determine controversies, and to see that the ordinances of parliament were properly executed, justices of the peace were originally appointed by Edward the First.

The social laws from insult to protect,
 To cherish peace, to cultivate respect ;

The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
 To smooth the bed of penury and pain ;
 Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
 For this fair *justice* raised her sacred arm ;
 For this the rural magistrate, of yore
 Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

Langhorne.

Respectable as the character and functions of a wise and upright magistrate are, yet it must be acknowledged that the office is too frequently entrusted to persons in every respect unqualified to sustain so important a character. From a desire of enjoying the consequences necessarily attached to magistracy, men of small property and despicable characters have from time to time crept into the commission of the peace, whose poverty has rendered them covetous, contemptible, and corrupt ; and whose ignorance has been a bye-word and reproach in all ages. Characters of this kind our poet had probably in his eye, when he satirised the justice as “ full of wise saws and modern instances.” To these, also, Thomson alludes in his *Winter* :

The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day, that saw these broke !
 And every man within the reach of right.

THE PASSIONATE MAN.

It was my misfortune to be the eldest son of a rich widow. My father died when I was scarcely five years old, and my education was left to the care of my mother. From my infancy I was the favourite, and, from the death of her husband, the only object of her affection. My dress, my amusements, and the preservation of my health, were the grand business of her life. A tailor was kept in constant employment in fancying new fashions for the ornament of my person ; two or three toyshops were liberally supported by the articles I consumed in play ; and physicians and apothecaries

caries paid me so many visits, that I narrowly escaped the grave, from the prescriptions of the former, and the drugs of the latter. Every turn of my countenance, every motion of my body, was watched with an assiduity truly painful ; and, if my constitution had not been particularly strong by nature, it must have fallen a victim to the care which was taken to preserve it. I soon learnt, that whatever I cried for, was instantly given me. I was, therefore, constantly in tears ; and the swollen eyes, which these occasioned, were often declared the symptoms and forerunners of approaching illness.

Thus passed away my infancy, amidst cakes and medicine, tears and playthings. Before I was ten years old, my temper was entirely ruined. I dictated to the servants, wrangled with my mother, and was the terror of the neighbouring village. I hunted the cats of the old women, made my terriers fly at the legs of the girls, and rode over the corn of the farmers. A private tutor was now provided me ; and as I was the patron of the living, on which my preceptor had set his eye, he took care to ingratiate himself, by the most servile adulation. What little I learnt was by the force of entreaty, and the promise of rewards ; for authority and punishment were never exerted. My exercises were extolled as the most wonderful efforts of dawning genius ; but my tutor afforded me such constant assistance, that they were, in fact, his compositions and not mine ; while my brother, who was treated with no indulgence, and was a boy of considerable talents and great assiduity, was censured for the slightest faults, and never commended, however great the merit of his performance.

The consequence of my education was such as might be expected. I became every day more and more headstrong, self-willed, and impatient of contradiction. I was ignorant and domineering, vain and irritable. At the age of fourteen, I had nearly paid the forfeit of my violence ; for having attempted to horsewhip a country clown, who had incurred my displeasure, by defending himself with a stone from the bite of my favourite mastiff, the fellow snatched the instrument, with which I had threatened him, from my hand, and applied it with such unmerciful severity to my back, legs, and arms, that I was carried senseless to my bed. A fever ensued, and, for some days, my life was despaired of. When I recovered,

my temper, instead of being softened by this humiliating circumstance, became, if possible, more ungovernable than ever; and, as the man had disappeared, I vented my indignation on my mother, my tutor, my brother, and my attendants. The most trivial disappointment would throw me into a violent fit of passion; during the paroxysm of which, I neither respected the age, rank, or situation of the person who had happened to provoke my anger.

After being the terror of the country for some years, I was at last accompanied by my servile tutor to Oxford. Here I entered into all the excesses which the warmth of my disposition, my large fortune, and the contempt that I entertained for discipline, led me to commit. My mornings were spent in hunting, my evenings in drinking, and my nights in making riots in the streets. My debaucheries drew at length the notice of the officers of the university. I was two or three times reprimanded for my conduct, and had exercises set me as a punishment. I laughed at their censures; and as to the latter, I contented myself with ordering my officious tutor to write them. At last, in a drunken frolic, having broken the windows of a respectable inhabitant, a mob collected, and the proctor appeared. He represented to me the impropriety of my behaviour, and ordered me instantly to return to my college. I could not endure this public indignity, and, bursting with rage, aimed a blow at him who dared to speak to me in the language of authority. The next day I was summoned before the heads of houses; and, having refused to make any apology for my offence, was banished the university.

My pride was a little mortified at this circumstance; yet I affected to despise it, declaring a college life unsuited to the feelings or habits of a gentleman.

I now purchased a commission in the army, as the only profession in which a youth of spirit could engage. For some time I was pleased with my new situation; and, though somewhat disgusted with the discipline which compelled me to obey my superior officers, endeavoured to indemnify myself for this mortification, by exercising the utmost authority over the men. In the mess-room, where the distinction of rank was suspended, I displayed my usual arrogance; and, after violent disputes with all my companions, fought a duel with one of them, which ended in my receiving a wound, that was

at first thought mortal, but from which I at last recovered, after languishing six months in great pain and debility. This accident softened, for a while, the violence of my temper; and as I now behaved with less cruelty to my inferiors, and more decency to my brother officers, I began to recover the good opinion which I had universally lost. This calm was of short duration. An old officer, who had been twenty years in the service, having expressed an opinion on a military subject, in which he was particularly conversant, that differed from mine, I entered into an altercation with him, and maintained my sentiments with my usual violence. He attempted to reason with me, but I was deaf to every argument. My rage soon became ungovernable; and, on his again asserting his remark, I plainly denied the truth of what he said. He demanded an explanation of my conduct, and an apology for the words I had uttered. I seized the decanter, which was near me, and threw it at his head. He immediately drew his sword; and, after two or three passes, disarmed me. By the command of the colonel, I was instantly put under arrest; and, after a trial for ungentlemanly conduct, was, by the sentence of the court-martial, declared guilty, and dismissed his majesty's service.

I now retired into the country, where I knew I should experience little contradiction from my neighbours, the greater part of whom were my dependents. I married the daughter of a gentleman, whose estate joined to mine. She was handsome, highly accomplished, and of the most amiable disposition. All my violence she met with smiles and good humour; and the extreme patience with which she bore my occasional barbarity, became a fresh source of passion. I was provoked, that I had not the power of making her angry; and often accused her of sullenness and spleen, when she gave the most striking instances of submission and forbearance. Notwithstanding the tyranny with which I treated her, her conduct was admirable; and the pains she took, in order to moderate my violence, though they had little effect at home, saved me often from exposing myself in public. When we were at the table of others, if she perceived the well-known symptoms of my rising anger, she would instantly turn the subject; or, by helping me to some favourite dish, contrive to divert my attention. At my own house, when I abused any of the ser-

vants, she either took the fault on herself, or, on some pretence or other, sent the person who had offended me out of my presence. She acted in a similar manner about those acts of violence which, in moments of rage, I too frequently practised. If she heard that I had beaten any of the working people in my employ, which was, I am ashamed to say, not an unfrequent habit with me, she sent directly to their families; and, by presents to them, or their wives, prevented the disgrace of a public trial. When I punished, with the utmost severity of the law, those who accidentally encroached on my manors, or dismissed, without reason, tenants whose families had lived for centuries on the estate, she would find opportunities of interceding for the sufferers, and, in the mean time, gave them money for their immediate support. By this conduct, she not only often prevented my falling into difficulties of the most serious nature, but likewise performed an act of great humanity, in tempering my injustice with her benevolence.

Thus passed away, as happily as my unfortunate temper would allow, five years of my life; during which time, we had two children born, a son and a daughter. The latter I left to the care of her mother; but the former I considered as coming immediately under my authority. This poor infant soon experienced the violence of my temper. From a very early age I took the management of him, and the most trivial error was punished with a degree of violence, which often drew tears from the eyes of his mother. She, who had calmly submitted to all my cruel treatment, when applied to herself, could no longer be silent, when her helpless child fell under the anger of his unrelenting father. For some time, she contented herself with supplicating my pity; but when she perceived that her entreaties only increased the severity with which I treated the unfortunate boy, she assumed a character of greater spirit, and endeavoured to rescue him from my fury. I considered these attempts as most unpardonable insults; and to such a frenzy of rage did they drive me, that I more than once (how shall I say it?) inflicted on my wife those blows which were intended for her son.

At last, in an unmanly contest of this kind, I treated her with such barbarity, that terror brought on, unexpectedly, the pains of labour, and she died in giving birth to a third child, who survived her only a few hours.

Her death roused in me some pangs of remorse ; but as my feelings, violent on all occasions, easily found vent, it produced no great alteration in my conduct ; and, in a short time, I was as irascible as ever. It will be needless for me to specify the different acts of cruelty and injustice, which, in moments of anger, I committed on all those who unhappily fell within my power, or the kind of execration and contempt with which I was viewed by my neighbours. Suffice it to say, that, by degrees, I was excluded from the society of all my former acquaintance, and lived in disgraceful solitude.

As I had nobody left on whom I could vent my anger, but my servants and my son, (for I had sent my daughter to school,) the latter was more than ever the victim of those passions into which I was now thrown, on the most trivial occasions.

Coming one day unexpectedly home from hunting, I found the unhappy boy playing at cricket on the lawn, when I had ordered him to learn a lesson in my study. This venial offence threw me into an immoderate rage ; and, jumping from my horse, I beat him on the head and shoulders with such severity, with my whip, that the blood flowed in torrents down his back. At this moment my brother (who was now an eminent barrister, and was attending the assizes in the neighbourhood,) rode up to the door. The poor child, covered with his wounds, was on his knees, begging my mercy. Anger flushed from my eye, and I had scarcely yet satisfied my passion. My brother, whose humanity was moved by this dreadful sight, could not help remonstrating with me on the cruelty of my conduct. For a while I heard him with tolerable patience ; but when, at last, he retailed to my recollection the premature death of my unhappy wife, occasioned by a similar scene to that which he had now witnessed, I could not endure a censure which I so well deserved ; and, considering him who could mention it as the worst of enemies, seized the cricket-bat, which the child had dropped in the first moment of terror, and threw it at the head of my brother.—He fell.—His eyes closed.—He had every appearance of being dead. I called for assistance : he was lifted from the floor, but no symptom of life appeared. A surgeon was sent for : he declared the danger imminent. Crowds collected ; and, as I was universally detested, it was quickly rumoured, that I had murdered my brother. A neighbouring magistrate

thought it his duty to interfere. A constable, with a party of dragoons, (for, knowing my temper, resistance was expected,) came to my house. I was taken into custody, and committed to the jail of the county, charged with the foulest of all crimes; aggravated in my case, if aggravated it could be, by the relationship of him whom I was supposed to have murdered.

It was in this prison that my haughty spirit was at last subdued. On entering its dismal walls, I shed an involuntary tear; and, in the dreadful hours which ensued, as I prepared myself for the ignominious death which I had deserved and expected, I took a view of my past life. Great God! what were my reflections? Born with all the advantages of fortune, commencing the world in the full sunshine of happiness, I had, by the indulgence of the worst of passions, thrown from me the joys which courted my acceptance, and reduced myself to the lowest state of guilt, horror, and degradation. My wife, my child, my brother,—these injured objects were for ever present to my mind; and, like the voice heard by Macbeth, seemed to cry,

Sleep no more; thy crimes have murdered me!

Death alone could relieve me from the agony of my own thoughts; and, ignominious as was the shape in which I was to receive it, I still wished for the day which should end an existence, not less painful to myself, than injurious to others. Alas! even this last sad comfort was denied me. My brother recovered; but how did he recover? not to the use of his senses,—not to the enjoyment of life, or to the alleviation of the crime of his assassin. His skull was trepanned, and the effects of the operation rendered him for ever a senseless idiot.

I was discharged from jail; but what power on earth can discharge my mind from the load of guilt which this object must perpetuate? I have not flown from the wretched spectacle of my crimes. I pass all my days in contemplating the ruins of that fine mind, which the savage barbarity of my fury has destroyed. His puerile tricks plant daggers in my heart; for they remind me of the happy hours we once passed together in early infancy: his unconscious smile tells me what I have done; for it is the emblem of his innocence; and in the

wild stare, which is all that remains of that once expressive countenance, I read unutterable things.

Such is my story—such are my occupations. After reading this, will you ask me why I am unhappy, or why I shun the haunts of man?

STANZAS TO THE MOON.

All hail, thou lovely, pensive queen!

Fair empress of the silent night!

Thy placid beauty, how serene!

Thy sacred rays, how softly bright!

From thy imperial cloudless throne,

Thy cheering brilliancy unfurl'd

Shines, brightly radiant and alone,

O'er the weary, slumbering world.

How chastely, in the eastern sky,

Thou risest from the ocean's breast,

Where, while the blazing sun was high,

Thou soughtest a refreshing rest.

Thy stately presence stills each sound,

The darkling shades before thee fly,

The stars but faintly twinkle round,

And thou'rt left roving o'er the sky.

When bursting clouds thy light unfold,

And roaring tempests cease to rave,

Thou spanglest bright, with sparkling gold,

The glimmering wrinkle on the wave:

When, through the mystic peaceful grove,

Thou peep'st where dew-wash'd flow'rs are strew'd,

From nature's canopy above,

Oh! then how grand is solitude!

How great must be that power, whose hand

Has all heaven's splendours o'er us hurl'd!

That orb rides out, at His command,

From mantling clouds to light the world:

How many other orbs we find

That, at His will, in myriads rise!

Proclaiming loudly to mankind—

Remember all beyond the skies!

T. S.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Every one has frequently heard this reverend son of the church mentioned ; probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres : he was in principles a Sixtus the Fifth. The **Vicar** of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under Henry the Eighth, and a protestant under Edward the Sixth : he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turn-coat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, “ Not so, neither ; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle ; which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray.”

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to his county, “ The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still.” Fuller tells us, in his facetious chronicle of his Worthies, that this vicar had seen some martyrs burnt two miles off, at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. He was one of those who, though they cannot turn the wind, will turn their mills, and set them so, that wheresoever it bloweth, their grist shall certainly be ground.

A SUMMER CLOUD.

I marked towards the glowing west
A cloud of brightest hue ;
It seem'd to speak of souls at rest
Beyond the placid blue.

It look'd as calm as angel could
Upon the world below ;
It beautified the field, and wood,
And the water's quiet flow.

A centinel at heaven's blest gate
To guide the Spirit through,
When wandering to another state,
We bid the word adieu !

E. S.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "JOHN BULL."

Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement; and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer's, he placed himself under him as a novice; but a circumstance very soon convinced the master, that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song, which he had composed in *forty parts!* telling him at the same time, that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours he added forty parts more to the song. Upon which the Frenchman was so much surprised, that he swore in great ecstasy, he must be either *the devil or John Bull*; which has ever since been proverbial in England.

COME LEAVE THIS TOWN.

A SONG. BY THOMAS FURLONG.

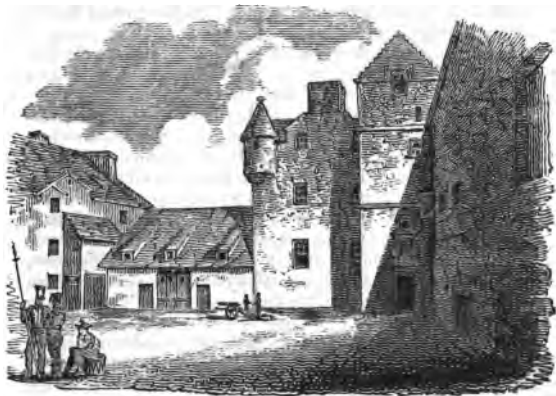
AIR—" *There's nae luck.*"

Come leave this town's o'ercrowded walks,
 Here folly spreads her sway,
 Here heartless fashion coldly stalks,
 And scares content away.
 Gay frippery strikes the wearied eye,
 Smooth nonsense taunts the ear,
 And sniles the bosom's pangs belie—
 The happy are not here.

Then leave this town, &c.

Come, then, to different walks we'll steer,
 Through rural scenes we'll stray;
 Where the poor peasants' talk we'll hear,
 Or mark his plain array:
 Where through the day we'll wander free
 O'er fields all fresh and fair—
 Come, then, away, at once, and see
 If happiness be there.

Then leave this town, &c.



GOWRY HOUSE,

The once splendid palace of the Ruthvens, Earls Gowry, in Perthshire, is now annihilated ; its last possessor was William, Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was presented by the magistrates of Perth, in 1746. The duke soon afterwards disposed of it to government ; it was then used as barracks for a company of artillery, but being found incommodious, the whole was demolished, with a view to the erection of more convenient military quarters on its site. It was situated on the west bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets called the Water street, and Spey street, the first being towards the north, and the other towards the south. From the wide gate in the front the whole length of the south street was in view. The east and south ranges of the building were of a date immemorial. They were the property of Elizabeth Gray, Countess Dowager of Huntley, at the time of her death, which happened in the year 1526. The walls were uncommonly thick ; within one of them, in the east range, were two dark closets, which were discovered in removing the stones, in 1807 ; one of them contained an earthen urn full of human bones, in the other was found an urn, in which was a quantity of dust,

G. 28.

c c

perhaps of papers consumed by age : on the ground floor of the same range was discovered a pit, one of those places of concealment and destruction so common in ancient castles : most of the buildings of the west and north sides seem to have been added by the Lords of Ruthven.

In the reign of James VI. of Scotland, of " blessed memory," Gowry House was the scene of one of the most atrocious acts which the history of the world has ever afforded. The tragedy to which we allude was, that the Earl Gowry and his brother should be put to death, as in a sudden scuffle, in which, however, they were to appear as traitors ; a specious pretence was to be found in the king's coming to Perth ; his safety was to be provided for by corrupting some of the earl's servants, and by bringing a sufficient number of armed gentlemen from the country. The king, after dining at the earl's house, was to pretend a necessity of retiring to a private apartment, and so to manage that the earl's brother should attend him thither ; at this moment the courtiers were to be assembled in the street, and the king was to cry to them from the window that his life was in danger.

These preliminaries being settled, the king paid great attention to the earl's brother, who waited behind him during the time of dinner : when James had dined, he made the pretence before mentioned, and was conducted by the earl's brother into an apartment agreed upon by the conspirators, where some persons were already posted for the king's security, and the furtherance of the cruel design. James made the proposed outcry, when Sir John Ramsey, one of the pages, according to his own deposition, rushed into the apartment, and saw the king, and a man standing behind him ; he stated that he did know who the man was, but that after he (Ramsey) had once stabbed Mr. Alexander Ruthven, the man went suddenly away. Ramsey says he found Mr. Alexander upon his knees, with his head under the king's arms, and endeavouring, with his hand, to stop the king's mouth. Ruthven was thrice as strong as the king, who, from his infancy, was of a weakly constitution ; it seems, therefore, certain, that the advantage which the king now had over him, was the effect not of superior bodily strength, but the young man's veneration for his majesty. The king did not accuse Ruthven of any particular crime, nor commit him to be afterwards tried, which could

have been easily accomplished. The king's immediate words were, "Fy, strike him, laigh,* because he has a pyne † doubt upon him." The cruel word being given, Ramsey having his dagger drawn, struck with it the almost prostrate young man, and wounded him in the head and neck. The king then dragged the unresisting youth to the stair head.

The Earl Gowry was soon expected to arrive, and the king was secreted in a closet by his party; but, before he retired, he gave them his cloak, which was thrown over the dead body. Upon the earl's arrival, he inquired for the king with great anxiety, and was directed to the body on the floor, which was covered with the cloak; he instantly exclaimed, "Ah! woe is me, that the king has been killed in my house!" Sir John Ramsey immediately pierced him to the heart with a sword or dagger.

The fruits of this double murder were to be, that the king would get rid of a powerful and popular antagonist to his arbitrary schemes, and his needy courtiers would be more devoted to his service by the distribution among them of Earl Gowry's forfeited estates.

Of all diseases in a public weal,
 No one more dangerous, and hard to heal,
 (Except a tyrant king,) than when great might
 Is trusted to the hands that take delight
 To bathe and paddle in the blood of those,
 Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose:
 For when, as haughty power is conjoin'd,
 Unto the will of a distemper'd mind,
 Whate'er it can, it will, and what it will,
 It in itself hath power to fulfill:
 What mischief, then, can linger unattempted!
 What base attempts can happen unprevented!

Quarles.

EPIGRAM.

From the ripe vintage man makes wine;
 And from the vintage, wine makes man:
 Thus wine and man together shine,
 As man and wine together can.

J. R. P.

* Low.

† Plaited.

THE SOLITARY MAN.

A POEM IN TERZA RIMA.

BY THOMAS NOBLE, TRANSLATOR OF "BERENGER'S FRENCH SONGS."

* * * I know not whether an argument may be necessary for such a poem. It may be proper, however, to say, that the solitary poet, retiring from the pleasures of social life, is here supposed to contemplate the powers of Fancy and the Passions. In doing this he describes the imaginary beings of the Air, the Earth, the Rivulets, and the Ocean ; and then Avarice, Vengeance, and Love.

Light spread the summer shadows o'er the dew
That bends the green leaf it impearls : the beam
Fades faint and fainter from its saffron hue ;

And o'er the grey sky throws a parting gleam,
Then sinks beyond the hills : a gentle breeze
Steals, trembling o'er the margin of the stream,

Amid the rustling reeds : the ebbing seas
Throb on the sands, reluctantly subsiding :
Yon cavern, overhung with dark bough'd trees,
Moans sullenly.

Come ye, in youth confiding,
Whose morn of being is as proudly gay,
As when, the chariot of the sun misguiding,
Phaëton pour'd the rapid rising day
Profusely forth ; and vales, mountains, and waves,
Intensely splendid with the scatter'd ray,
Brighten'd with instant ruin ;—

Mid these caves,
While Silence on the darken'd waters spreads
His heavy wings ; as when, o'er charnell'd graves,
He sits with Death, and the lone wanderer dreads
To breathe beside him :

Hither walk with me !
Not midnight balls, nor banquets, nor soft beds,
Where ye, as though ye graspt reality,
Laugh, without thought, in fullness of delight !

Can so secure your souls from agony,
 As the mute converse of the solemn Night,
 Who makes a pause in life—and throws her veil
 O'er the bewild'ring objects of our sight,
 And gives the conscious mind to feel how frail
 Are all things but itself!

O! I have known—
 I, who now bid these cavern-shadows hail!—
 The path, where pleasure, wantonly, had strewn
 Transports and hopes, like flowrets freshly cull'd:—
 Seen, there, a bosom throb beneath a zone,
 That claspt such wealth of beauty as annull'd
 The claims of Cupid's mother: there have heard
 Accents half breath'd in sighs, 'mid smiles that lull'd
 The tremors of the heart that almost fear'd
 Its ecstasy of joy.

Yet like the ray,
 Its day-blaze done, those pleasures disappear'd,
 And left me to myself; conscious that they
 Were no part of me; and that my firm mind,—
 O'er which they held a short seductive sway,—
 They could but dazzle for awhile—not blind!
 Day and the world! I fly from your controul,
 To darkness and to freedom; and I find
 A world, o'er which I reign within my soul!
 Inhabited by winged thoughts, that wait
 My high behests: beings of power to roll
 Th' ensphered orbs of heaven; and antedate
 The future, and bring back the time gone by,
 In scorn of all the fancied laws of fate,
 That make men tremble.

Nor will they deny
 To come, with sylphid forms, in groups around.

Those, in the azure mantles of the sky,
 The golden plenty of their locks unbound,
 Like the loose star-beams, as they spread their wings,
 Move in aerial dances, to the sound
 Of the eternal harmony.

In rings

Others, in purest verdure robed, repose
 Upon the dewy earth ; and each one sings
 A short, sweet lay ; and doth, in turn, disclose
 Each one repeating still, that sweet, short lay—
 In her rais'd hand, some violet or rose ;

Then each, in turn, droops down, and dies away.

And there are others, who, with liquid tread,
 Sport on the banks of riv'lets, and display
 Their silver-selvidged skirts, that, sparkling, shed
 A playful sheen, beside some water-fall :

Then o'er the pebbles of the streamlets's bed,
 On airy bubblets bounding, one and all,
 Glance they along through many a channell'd glade,
 As though they heard their sister wood-nymphs' call,

Who stand confest beside the forest shade,
 With beamy eyes, and chaplet-circled brows.

And some there are, who their bright ringlets braid

With pearl and coral ; and in golden prow

Ride on the heaving billows of the main ;

And as the spray breaks show'ry o'er the bows,

Pour from their vocal shells so wild a strain,
 That e'en the wilder whistlings of the blast,

That curves the enraged surges, and would fain

Rend the light silken sail from the bent mast,
 Seem blended with the harmony.

All these

Are thy bright people, Fancy !—thou, who hast
 Power o'er many a sphere, where rocks, woods, seas,
 Mountains, and floods, clouds, orbs of light, and skies,
 Are formed into new worlds, when thou dost please

To bless the midnight of thy votaries,
 And share with them thy realm.

Nor these alone,

Delightful in their rich varieties,

Obeys me—Lo ! before the mental throne,
 At my command, th' obedient Passions bend,
 As if they would the tyranny atone,

With which they dare, mid the day-world, rend
The tortured bosom ;—for, they here behold
The soul, in its sublimity, extend

Its mighty energies—its force unfold
Divinely calm and unassailable !

What wouldst thou, Avarice, now ? Thy tarnish'd gold

Is here as valueless, as in the cell
Of the lone hermit—nay as in the tomb
Of him, from whose decrepid fingers fell

The useless dross, that in the hour of doom
Could buy not one pulsation—not one gasp—
When the eye, dreading the impending gloom,

Glared wide and wild, and vacant !—Thou may'st clasp,
Pale Avarice, with venom'd fangs the breast,
That fears mankind—fears poverty's fell grasp—

And fears itself within itself unblest ;
But not the soul, that knows itself and thee !
Hence—hence—and by some sordid heir carest,
Yield thy vile spoils to Pride and Luxury.

And now, pernicious Vengeance, who dost rage,
E'en in my dreams ;—what wouldst thou now with me ?

Thinkst thou thy petty clamours can engage
Me conscious of a separated life ?

Free from the feverish warfare thou dost wage,
When day-born malice, in its mischiefs rife,
Makes man hate man : I know it and despise
The base contention—the degrading strife !

What hath he to revenge, whose mind doth rise
Above the low terrene !—Whose lofty seat
Is likest his, who mid the clear blue skies

Rests on some mountain top : under his feet
Flashes the lightning, and the thunder roars,
And, far beneath, the echoing vales repeat,

Along the hollow rocks and distant shores,
Reduplicated peals !—So, midnight-veil'd,
The tranquil Soul the spheres of thought explores :

And never heeds the vap'ry threats, exhaled
From injury and violence below.

Sublime it sits, in darkness, unassail'd,

Nor asks for vengeance where it dreads no foe !

But who art thou, that dar'st that glance of fire,
 Kindling within me the tumultuous glow
 Of recollected hope—of lost desire?—
 Thou—thou art Love!—O, wherefore yet again,
 Would'st thou those long forgotten thoughts inspire,
 That, erst, in many a softly votive strain,
 Woo'd one, whose blending soul seem'd part of mine!—
 Ah! what could sever blended souls in twain?—
 What sought I, Love, but how I might resign
 For thee the world, its tumult and its care;
 And, thus secluded, to thy power incline,—
 And still, with her (that beautiful one!) share
 The tender impulse—the impaired thought—
 The ecstasies of fancy, bright and fair—
 The mutual wish, unprompted and untaught—
 The sympathies of joy, and hope, and fear—
 The simultaneous glow with rapture fraught!—
 Ah me! false Love! this solitary tear
 Is all that thou hast left me!—Hence, begone,
 Deceitful Love! what interest hast thou here?
 What wouldst with him, that feels himself alone?

ANTIQUITY OF COACHES.

It is not a little remarkable, that although we read in scripture of chariots for footmen, and of chariots for horses, and of the frequent use of carriages in ancient Greece and Rome; yet it was not until the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth that coaches were introduced into England: and we learn, that “good Queen Bess actually rode all the way from London to Exeter on horseback behind the lord chancellor. The first coach ever seen in England formed a part of the equipage of Henry Fitzalan, the last Earl of Arundel of that name, who died in 1579. It was invented by the French, as was the post-chaise also, which was first introduced into England by the son of the well-known writer on husbandry, Jethro Tull. Hackney-coaches were first established in London by Captain Bailey, in 1634; and, in the same year, hackney-chairs, or sedans, were introduced by Sir Sanders Duncombe, knight, who was a great traveller, and had most

probably seen them at Sedan, in France, where Dr. Johnson supposes they were first made. Brewer, in his "Beauties of Middlesex," observes, in a note, that "it is familiarly said, that Hackney, on account of its numerous respectable inhabitants, was the first place near London provided with coaches of hire, for the accommodation of families, and that thence arises the term *hackney-coaches*. This appears quite futile: the word *hackney*, as applied to a hireling, is traced to a remote British origin, and was certainly used in its present sense long before that village became conspicuous for wealth or population." In 1637, the number of hackney-coaches in London was confined to 60; in 1652, to 200; in 1654, to 300; in 1661, to 400; in 1664, to 700; in 1710, to 800; in 1771, to 1008; and, in 1802, to 1100; and is now above 1200. In imitation of our hackney-coaches, Nicholas Sauvage introduced the *fiacres* at Paris, in the year 1650. The *hammercloth* is an ornamental covering of the coach-box. Mr. S. Pegge says, "The coachman formerly used to carry a *hammer*, pincers, a few nails, &c. in a leathern pouch, hanging to his box, and this cloth was devised for the hiding of them from public view."

CHERISH YOUR OLD FRIENDS, AND BEWARE HOW YOU FORM NEW ONES.

Tom Rigby and George Falkner were natives of the same village. Rigby was the son of a carpenter; Falkner was an orphan: his parents had been shopkeepers in the village, but at their death he was placed, by an uncle who lived in London, as a boarder with the village schoolmaster. The two boys were constantly together, and the greatest pleasure of their childhood was building castles in the air. They were never to separate: when they were old enough to be apprenticed, they were to be bound to the same business; and when they had each made their fortune, a thing which they never doubted would happen, they were to sit down together and enjoy themselves.

There was, however, some difference in their notions of the manner in which the fortune should be applied. Tom delighted in planning improvements, which he was deter-

mined to make both in the village and in the condition of its inhabitants ; one was to have his cottage rent-free ; another was to have an additional cow ; and the old woman, who sometimes gave them credit for apples and gingerbread, was to be put in possession of an excellent orchard, which Tom was determined to buy from a sour old fellow, who once took the liberty of thrashing our two friends for robbing it. ✓

George readily acquiesced in these arrangements, but he added others, to which Tom did not quite so cordially agree. They were to have a handsome house, fine clothes, and a carriage. It required much persuasion to reconcile Tom to the last-mentioned article, till he recollected that it would be very useful to the widow of their late curate, who was subject to the rheumatism. This good old lady was very fond of Tom ; she often gave him cakes and halfpence, and he determined that she should be rewarded with the use of the coach.

The time now began to draw near when our young castle-builders were to commence those labours which they expected would be crowned with such splendid success. Tom's father talked of apprenticing him to a house-painter in a neighbouring town ; and George mustered up all his courage to compose a letter to the uncle who supported him, for leave to be bound at the same time, and to the same master. Scarcely, however, had he begun to write, when he was told that his uncle desired to see him : full of surprise at this unexpected visit, he hastened to the parlour, where he was met by his uncle, whom he now saw for the first time ; for hitherto the old gentleman had taken no other trouble about him than merely to pay the small sum agreed upon for his board. He embraced him with some appearance of affection ; told him, that a few lucky hits in business induced him to think of doing more than he had hitherto done for his (George's) benefit, and that if he behaved himself properly, he would place him at a grand school, and make a gentleman of him. ✓

We must do George the justice to say, that the joy which this intelligence created in his mind, was balanced by the grief of parting with his friend. He cried heartily when he went to take leave of Tom, and was profuse in his assurances of all that he would do for him when he became a gentleman. Tom said very little ; he struggled to suppress his tears, but they burst out when George bade him good bye, and he stood

a long time with his eyes straining after the carriage in which his friend went away with his uncle.

The variety of objects on the road helped to dissipate George's sorrow, and by the time he reached London he was in excellent spirits. In a few days his uncle placed him at a fashionable seminary; he had good clothes, a liberal allowance for his pocket, and instead of plain George, was called Master Falkner.

Soon after his arrival in town, he wrote to his friend Tom, and received a reply, which he read with great pleasure. He intended to write again very soon; but day after day passed, and there was always something to prevent him. At last Tom grew very uneasy at his silence, and sent him another letter. George's ideas were now much altered; he began to have some notions of forms; the superscription "To George Falkner," hurt his dignity very much, and matters were not mended by the contents. One of his schoolfellows happened to be looking over his shoulder when he began to read it, and he burst out laughing, while he repeated aloud, "Dear George, this comes with my kind love and service, and hoping you are in good health." The other boys joined in his mirth; it was agreed among them that Tom was a poor ignorant country bumpkin; and for the credit of his gentility, George declared, that he was surprised that Tom should take the liberty to write in that free way to a person like him.

Nevertheless, in spite of his assumed consequence, there were some passages in the letter which touched his heart, and he took the first opportunity to answer it; but in the ardour of his desire to teach Tom that politeness which he had just acquired himself, he attacked him so warmly on the respect with which it was necessary to treat a young gentleman like him, that his letter was little more than an instruction to his friend how it would be proper to address him in future. In answer to it he received the following:—

DEAR GEORGE,—I am very sorry to have made your schoolfellows laugh at you, for having such an acquaintance as I am. I knew that you were always more clever than I, but if you had written to me ever so badly, I should not let others ridicule you; no, George, if the biggest boy in our village said a word against you, I'd knock him down, that I would, if I was sure to be beaten to a mummy for it.

But this is not what I wanted to say : I only write to tell you, that seeing I don't know how, as you say, to express myself properly, I shall not write to you any more ; for I never could remember all the directions you have sent me, and if I forgot them, you would be angry with me again. So good bye, dear George ! I shall always wish you well, and will remain your true and loving friend till death us do part,

T. RIGBY.

What effect this letter might have had, if George consulted his own feelings, we cannot say, but by this time he got very intimate with Master Flareit, who was reckoned the genteest boy in the school. George showed him the letter, which he declared was a most insolent scrawl : in consequence, George considered himself very much offended, and from that time he thought no more of Tom.

Some year's elapsed : George's progress in his studies was not very great, but he became an adept in every thing fashionable. His uncle's wealth increased ; and just as George had finished his education, he died, and left him a handsome fortune. Young Falkner soon proved, that he knew how to spend money as genteelly as anybody ; his house, table, and equipage, were not only as fashionable, but as expensive, as those of people with four times his income. This was not all ; he piqued himself upon his generosity, which, by the way, he exerted only for the benefit of his fashionable friends. If a gentleman happened to be out of cash, George's purse was directly at his service ; if a lady admired an expensive trinket, Mr. Falkner was sure to offer it to her acceptance, and that, too, in so delicate a manner, that there was no refusing him ; at least every body that he obliged said so.

Things went on in this manner for five years. George thought himself the happiest man in the world ; he was surrounded by friends, who all panted for an opportunity to serve him. At last the opportunity which they had so often desired, came, for he not only spent all his fortune, but got considerably in debt, a circumstance which gave him no uneasiness as long as his creditors did not trouble him ; but as their patience could not last for ever, they clapped executions into his house, seized upon what was left, and in a few hours our man of fashion found himself without home, money, or any resource but the bounty of his friends.

This change did not trouble him much, for he recollected that Sir Plausible Promiseall had some time before offered to procure him a place under government. He had declined this offer, because he disliked the drudgery of business, and could do without it. Now, however, as he must absolutely exert himself, he wrote immediately to inform Sir Plausible that the change in his circumstances having removed his objections to business, he was willing to accept of the place, and would be glad also to have it immediately.

After a few hums and haws, Sir Plausible was sorry, very sorry, that his friend Mr. Falkner had taken so much time to make up his mind ; things of that nature seldom went a begging ; he was sure that the place which he had had in view was given away, and it was very unlikely that another opportunity would occur of serving him ; if it should, Mr. Falkner might depend upon his endeavours. But in the mean time, if he might advise, Mr. F. should try his other friends ; no doubt there were some of them who could do something or other for him. As he concluded this civil speech, the polite baronet wished him good morning, called at the same time to his valet, to desire one of the footmen to open the door for Mr. Falkner.

I fancy, dear reader, we need not accompany George in his visits to all his fashionable friends ; your own experience may perhaps render it easy for you to credit, that some among them behaved even worse than Sir Plausible. Despairing at last of obtaining any provision through their kindness, he appealed to their justice, and demanded payment of different sums which he had lent to them : but he was not more successful in this respect than in the former. Some denied their debts ; others were very sorry they could not pay ; and many were astonished at the fellow's impudence, in claiming money which he actually forced upon them against their inclination : in short, our unfortunate soon found himself in the high road to starvation ; but his creditors, though they had not obtained the amount of their debts, were more merciful than his friends ; and they made up a small sum among themselves for him. He had acquired wisdom enough to know, that his last chance of procuring the means of existence depended upon a judicious use of this money ; and as his spirit revolted against remaining near his former friends, he resolved to try whether

he could not obtain a clerkship at one of our commercial towns. Accordingly, he took his place on the top of a stage-coach and quitted London, execrating high life and high-lived connections, and recollecting, with bitter reproaches on his own folly, his total desertion of the only companion he had ever had who was likely to have proved a true friend.

He had nearly reached his journey's end, when, by the coach being overturned, he broke his arm ; and to add to this misfortune, the accident happened at some distance from any house.

This seemed the climax of his misery : heat, fatigue, and vexation, combined with the accident, produced an immediate effect upon his blood ; he was seized with a burning fever, and carried in a state of insensibility to the nearest house, the master of which, who happened to be passing as the other passengers were deliberating what was to be done with him, humanely offered to receive him.

Here, during three weeks, he lay in a state which gave little hope of recovery ; at last his senses returned, but his weakness was so great, that his life was very doubtful, and he himself thought his last moment was approaching.

He perceived that he was assiduously attended by two females, who, from their ages, appeared to be mother and daughter. As soon as they saw that his senses had returned, the eldest of the two spoke to him in the kindest terms : she assured him he was among friends, who would do every thing in their power to forward his recovery ; but she begged he would not attempt to reply, as his only chance depended on being kept perfectly quiet.

" You are mistaken," said he, " I know that I cannot recover ; but it is a comfort to me, that at least I have experienced kindness and humanity at the end of my life. I can do little to repay it, but I beg you will accept of what I leave behind, except my watch ; that I should wish to send to one that I am sure loved me, if he is yet living ; if not, it will be yours. His name is Tom Rigby ; it is now twelve years since I have heard of him, and then he lived in the town of — : we were boys together ; — I used him very ill, but if he ever knows what I have suffered, he will forgive me."

" I do forgive thee, with all my heart, dear George," cried a young man, rushing forward, and clasping one of the in-

valid's hands, who, overcome by so unexpected a sight, fainted, to the great terror of poor Tom. His mother-in-law, the old woman who had so kindly attended George, forced him out of the room, and applied herself to the recovery of her patient, not without some fears that Tom's indiscreet appearance had actually killed him. Her fears were luckily vain; he soon recovered his senses, and from that hour he grew gradually better, and in a short time he was pronounced out of danger.

When he was able to converse, they each related what had passed during their separation. George found that his friend disliked the business to which he had been apprenticed, and, having a little legacy left him, he bought out the remainder of his time, and purchased a small farm. He soon found that a farmer wants a wife; he had the luck to get a good one; she was an excellent manager. Her mother, who was a widow, lived with them, and assisted in the care of the household; and from the time of his marriage, every thing prospered with him. He was now about to take another farm, and he urged George to stay with him, and assist in the management of it. Falkner was grateful for the offer; he accepted it, conditionally, that he should find himself capable of the business. In a few years he became a good practical farmer; he married a worthy girl, whose little portion enabled him to take some land into his own hands. He formed his habits by those of his friend, became useful and happy, and they both lived to be surrounded by children and grandchildren, who were brought up in habits of virtuous industry, and to whom they often repeated,—“Cherish your old friends, and beware how you form new ones.”

THE FAIRY DELL.

There is a dell,—a fairy dell,
Which warms me with a secret spell;
Its trees are rich, its brooks are blue,
And ting'd with heaven's illumin'd hue!

At noon the wild bee oft would come,
And in the violet softly hum;
The dew drops seem'd like sapphire pearls
Upon the lily's pendent curls.

D D 2

The rippling of the streamlet's rills,—
 The moonlight of the distant hills,—
 The rainbow glitt'ring o'er the sky,
 Were prettier than a lady's eye!

The imag'd flower, the sunless bough,
 Are pictur'd in my musings now;
 The gentle ebb, the tender stem,—
 I cannot cease to think on them.

Romantic dell! thou didst nurse me,
 Lit with the smiles of infancy;
 Dwelling in thee, my day and night
 Were deeply tinctur'd with delight!

Ev'n as I weep, hope's beam appears,
 And throws a lustre on my tears!
 To classic themes I'll bid farewell,
 And strike my lyre for thee, sweet dell!

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

On the twenty-second day of April, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the river St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge, (a large flat-bottomed boat,) to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles; then set out for Kingston on the twenty-eighth of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall, and the succeeding night at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St. Francis. Here the bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river, and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky

channels ; through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the falls of Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the thirtieth of April, we arrived at the village of Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids, (the Cedars, the Split-rock, and the Cascades,) distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the first of May, we set out from the Cedars, the barge very deep and very leaky. The captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedars rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time, that God Almighty could not steer the barge better than he did ! Soon after this, we entered the Split-rock rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as to nearly take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we were hurried on to what the Canadians call the Grand Bouillon, or Great Boiling. In approaching this place the captain let go the helm, saying, " By God, here we fill ! " The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something : one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water, but, contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split-rock rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited ; and we could see the women on shore, running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo ; these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was holding on

the trunk, when, terrified with the vicinity of the cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations, in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion, and, in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom, (which, with the gaff, sails, &c. had been detached from the mast to make room for the cargo,) and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the cascades; in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion still adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it: the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this my new situation I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head, and when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

The Cascades are a kind of fall, or rapid descent, in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French, *sauter*, to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar just like a storm at sea, and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one half, and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted,) have fallen asleep, but for the waves which were passing over me, and obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Law-

rence before, but I knew there were more rapids a-head, perhaps another set of the Cascades; but, at all events, the La Chine rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice, extending from the shore, to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw at a distance a canoe with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles: but in this I was disappointed. The men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians, (genuine descendants of the Tartars,) who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to shore, for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice, than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable, that my life would have been taken, to secure them in possession of my watch and several half eagles which I had about me.

The accident happened at about eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St. Louis, about three to five miles wide. With some difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it was possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along. This I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged up upon the barge. After nearly an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and, to my great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c. all wet. Of these I made a seasonable though very moderate use, and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

After, in vain, endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal with my waistcoat, &c. in my power, to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals with my waistcoat, and a shirt which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived: the distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going, convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on, my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and become very familiar. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and being favoured with the wind, it did, although at above a mile distance, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last, I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which, being very very small and white bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, 21 miles below where the accident happened, and having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold: the accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men.

My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which appear almost providential. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another, just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day; had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and of course should have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I

was swiftly advancing. The trunk, which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life ; without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction : the floating baggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us ; but, as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor, indeed, could they well have been made.

It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men, coming to attack Canada, were lost ; the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot, who conducted their first bateau, committing the same error as we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other bateaux following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party, with which I was, escaped : four left the barge at the Cedar's village, above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land ; two more were saved by the canoe. The barge's crew, all accustomed to labour were lost: of the eight men, who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again ; nor, indeed, was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped : the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c. to which they adhered, and the heavy great-coats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them : but they must have gone at all events ; swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible. Still, I think, my knowing how to swim kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support, to gain a better. Those, who could not swim, naturally clung to whatever hold they first got, and of course many had very bad ones. The captain passed me, above the Cascades, on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk.

The trunk which I picked up belonged to a young man from Upper Canada, who was one of those drowned ; it contained clothes, and about £70 in gold, which were restored to his

friends. My own trunk contained, besides clothes, about £200 in gold and bank notes. On my arrival at La Chine, I offered a reward of 100 dollars, which induced a Canadian to go in search of it. He found it, some days after, on the shore of an island on which it had been driven, and brought it to La Chine, where I happened to be at the time. I paid him his reward and understood that above one third of it was to be immediately applied to the purchase of a certain number of masses, which he had vowed, in the event of success, previous to his setting out on the search.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Now truant spring trips o'er the vale,
And balmy breezes round her sail,
As she resumes her reign :
To her just claims rude winter yields,
And genial spring the sceptre wields
O'er nature's wide domain.

Where'er her dewy footsteps tread,
The fragrant flow'ret rears its head,
And sheds its incense round ;
At her approach all nature blooms,
And, bursting from its wintry tombs,
Her form with flowers surround.

The blithesome lark now trills her song,
And hollow groves the sounds prolong,
As morn peeps o'er the hills ;
The songsters leagu'd the woodland's wake,
And night's calm spell dissolve and break,
And song creation fills.

While lovers, proud of mutual love,
With cautious footsteps tread the grove,
When ev'ning shades prevail ;
The nightingale's enchanting notes,
In soft but mournful numbers floats,
Borne by the passing gale.

The bard, who studies nature's smiles,
 And sleep claim'd hours with lyre beguiles,
 Enwrap't in fancy's dream,
 Now in each hill sees Hybla's mount,
 Views in each rill Castalia's fount,
 And sips the nectar'd stream ;

For, round the form of truant spring,
 Unnumber'd spells and pleasures cling,
 That bid his soul aspire :
 At morn he roves her smiles to meet—
 At eve he seeks some lone retreat
 To greet her with his lyre.

The sun's bright rays that now descend
 On scenes which art and nature blend
 Around enchantment fling,
 And ev'ry scene on which we gaze
 Proclaims, as if in notes of praise,
 The lov'd return of spring.

Oh ! who amid such scenes can stray,
 And, not with rapture mov'd, survey
 Earth's fragrant fairy bow'r ?
 The Scythian horde would not such view,
 Without ascribing homage due
 To one benignant Pow'r.

Oxford.

J. P.

GREEK SONG.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHĒA, ESQ.

Awake—awake ! 'tis come
 On bower, on shrine, and hall
 The hour of death to some,
 Of victory to all !
 The banner's pride is up,
 'Tis flaming through the land ;—
 Dash down the crimson cup,
 And seize the crimson brand.

Arise—arise—arise !
Sons of the mighty men !
Hush !—hark !—what voice replies
From mountain, shore, and glen ?
Like the raving storm it pours
Along the shaking band !
Hark !—Arnauts—hark ! the call
Rings out for home and God,—
Awake ye, one and all,
And tread the battle sod !

What flashing o'er the mountains
In strength of glory spring,
As when a thousand fountains
Their waters sunward fling ?
'Tis Sali's living tide
Of war along them rolls !
Hear ye the shouts of pride
Out-bursting from their souls ?
Again—again, the call
Rings out for home and God,—
Awake ye, one and all,
And tread the battle sod !

Like, on some rocky coast,
The billows' foaming length,
The Macedonian host
Is bounding in its strength :
And hark ! their ancient foe,
Illyria's son is here,—
His shaft is on the bow—
His hand is on the spear !
Again—again, the call
Rings out for home and God,—
Awake ye, one and all,
And tread the battle sod !

I shall not mourn for this,—
The hero spirit gone ;
The prows of Salamis—
The spears of Marathon !

Nor yet the martyr band
 Of red Thermopylæ,
 For here before me stand
 The spirits of the three.
 Hark—hark ! again the call
 Rings out for home and God,—
 Awake ye, one and all,
 And tread the battle sod !

We come—we come ! that voice
 Hath thrill'd through earth and sea,
 Till the mute dead rejoice
 Their children's strength to see.
 Resistless be each blow—
 Your spirit-sires look on !
 And if ye perish—go,
 Chainless, as they have gone.
 Hark—hark ! again the call
 Rings out for home and God,—
 Awake ye, one and all,
 And tread the battle sod !

Away—away—away !
 Like billows tempest-driven,
 And fling the bloody spray
 From battles' depths to heaven !
 And hurl the tyrant-slaves,
 Who'd ride above your wrath,
 Into the rolling graves
 That foam beneath your path !
 Then hark ! again the call
 The field the foe have trod,—
 Rush onward, one and all,,
 Our war-cry—GREECE AND GOD !

GONE OUT.—AN EPIGRAM.

- “ What ! Master and Mistress *gone out* ? ”
 “ Indeed, “ replies John,” sir, tis true.”—
 “ I'll wait, and sit down by the fire : ”
 “ You can't sir, for that's *gone out* too.”

THE FOUR-LEAFED SHAMROCK.

A TRADITIONAL TALE OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Talk of foreign aid, and steam-boats, indeed ! Faith, Ireland don't want them at all, for she has a snug little army of some five hundred thousand of her own ; cozy and warm, well armed and well mounted, under the Black Stairs, and only just waiting for the word of command to gallop forth, and emancipate the country ! Only think of that, Mr. Plunkett, and don't be after filing an *ex officio* against me ; for sooner than lie two or three years in Newgate, I would deliver up my authority for the fact : and troth its no other than Kit Kavanagh himself, the queerest fellow in the whole county Carlow, and who is, beside, lineally descended from the celebrated M'Murchad O'Kavanagh, who makes so fine a figure on horse-back without a saddle, in the rude embellishment of Froissard.

I think it was in the year 1812, that I paid a visit to the good, kind, pious, but eccentric Dr. Staunton,* of Carlow college ; an' I put up at an hotel in Tullow street, kept by one Cullen (I believe,) who had a smart house, a pretty garden, and still more pleasing daughters. One of the latter had a pair of roguish eyes that, doubtless, have done execution before this time o'day ; and heaven knows what they might have made me do, only she chanced to mention, in the first ten minutes' conversation, something about the well of St. Lasarien. The well of St. Lasarien ! whereabouts is it ? why, quite close to one end of the old church at Old Leighlin ; and Miss Cullen and her mother were going there on the following day, to get (the latter only) *cured* of the dropsy.

Early next morning the college gate was opened for me by a little withered old man, not much bigger nor taller than a full-grown Luprechaun ; and, in ten minutes after, there was

* The doctor's eccentricity continued to the last. When on his death-bed, a particular favorite of his—and he had but few favorites—the Rev. Mr. Doyle, of Liffey-Street Chapel, Dublin, paid him a visit : “What brought you to Carlow ?” was the doctor's first interrogation. “To see you, doctor ;” was the reply. “Then you had very little to do,” rejoined the expiring divine ; “don't you think I can die without you ?” and he averted his head, refusing to hold further conversation with one of his most esteemed pupils.

nothing to prevent me from proceeding to the holy well. The road from Carlow to Leighlin is one of the most agreeable in Ireland ; and, though the *old* town lies up in the mountains, the place is not devoid of picturesque beauty ; and, to tell the truth, there is little else charming about it but the view. Part of the Queen's County was seen to the north-west, and Sliev-bloom mountains were easily enough distinguished in the distance, while, nearer home, the white-washed villas of the more fortunate inhabitants of Carlow seemed to repose happily in the morning gloom of Black Stairs and Mount Leinster, which yet partially intercepted the sun's first rays. As yet there were but few collected about the holy fountain ; a pilgrim, who made a living by the exhibition of a horribly lacerated leg, and an old woman in a tattered red cloak, were all I found in attendance. The man of beads and beard was relaxing on a green bank, and ever and anon raised a glass, the bottom of which was composed of wood, to his lips, and, ere she of the red cloak replenished it, an old stocking was carefully unfolded, and some talisman drawn from its many-ribbed folds, which had the quality of uncorking a green bottle that stood upon a white cross-legged table, adorned with jugs and jars, naggains and noggins.

" Eh, then, sur," inquired the vender of potheen, making a low courtesy, " may be you'd give me *hansel* this mornin' afore the pathern begins ; troth 'tis real Parliament, an' your honour is too fine a lookin' gintleman, God bless you, to be a guager like."

My reply to her indirect quere seemed to give her no small satisfaction, inasmuch as it did away with all apprehension respecting her illicit wares ; and, though I refused to swallow any of her highly recommended potations, she did not hesitate to answer my inquiries regarding Leighlin and the Well of St. Lasarien. Our conversation, however, was soon interrupted by the presence of a fourth person, who, disdaining the legitimate entrance by the stile, sprang actively over the quickset ditch, and, doffing his *felt*, popped down upon one knee, near a newly-made grave, where he continued for about five minutes, perpetrating an *Ave-Marie*, and then, hurriedly blessing himself, stood up and approached us.

" Arrah, bad luck to ye, Judy aroo !" said he, " but you are here early any how. Come now, give us a *corn crake*."

"Eh then, an' I will," said Judy, "an' thanky for axen, Mr. Kavanagh."

"Slanthava ma boughal," said Mr. Kavanagh to the pilgrim; and then, elevating the remnant of a glass within an inch of his mouth, he nodded at me with "Yur sarvice, sir," and dropped the *aqua pura* into the gaping aperture, which, like the gnome in the oriental tale, seemed to cry "more!" (this simile, by the way, is not my own,) as Kavanagh smacked his lips, closed his eyes, and betrayed the other indications of a gratified tippler.

"Oh, then!" said he, averting his eyes towards the grave at which he so recently knelt, "there you lie, Luke Larkin, in yur could bed this day, an may I never do an ill turn if Kit Kavanagh ever had an honest nor betther comrade; troth, poor fellow, he was the good warrant to stand by a boy when other spalpeens would run away like hares, an' hide themselves, for fear of a broken head, or the like o' that. Poor Luke! the Lord be marciful to his sowl in glory."

"Eh then, I say amen, Kit;" said Judy, "but is't true that he found a four-leaved shamrock?"

"Troth an' it is true enough, Judy alannah, an' a sorrowful doin' 'twas for 'imself."

Here I drew nearer to Kit, and soon prevailed upon him to sit down with me on a green bank, and relate the misfortunes of Luke Larkin, who found the four-leaved shamrock. The pilgrim, too, lent a willing ear, and Judy stood abstracted, with her arms across, devouring the narration.

"Luke's father, you must know," said Kit, "was a decent farmer as any who frequented Carlow on a market-day; an', bein' a pious man to boot, he intended his son for the church, an' had 'im taught Latin an' Greek, an' Lord knows what, though, betune ourselves, 'twas a mortal sin against the Holy Ghost to makin' a preest of 'im. Oh! man alive, he was as darlin young fellow as you'd see at a hurlin'; an' could play ball bether nor e'er a man in the barony. He an' I were always together; an' it went to me heart when he entered college; for thinks I to meself, he'll be sayin' nothin' by an' by to me, but, Kit, honey, mind yeur sowl, and don't be afther runnin' yeurself gallavanten about the country, dancin' an' sportin'."

"Well, aroon, poor Luke didn't like college no more nor

meself, for Doctor Staunton is a very queer kind of a man entirely; he feeds all his own mutton, an', what's worse, never eats it till it creeps, seavin' your presence; an', then he used to sit at the head o' th' table, an' when full 'imself, would tap the plate, an' make 'em all give up, though nabay as hungry as hounds. Well become Luke, however, he used to get at the marrow when the doctor's head was turned, by makin' one o' the students hould his knife underneath the bone, while he cracked it wid another; an' that set the docthor mad, while it made all the collegians laugh, like so many minagowers. Troth, poor Luke then was the life and sowl o' the place, an' every one o' the students loved 'im as if he was their born brother.

"One day the *mats* was—oh! terrible!—no Christian could eat it—an' one student looked at another, but they were all afraid to budge, or look a yard afore 'em, except me poor Luke, who stuck his fork into the leg o' mutton as a man would stick his pitch-fork into a cock o' hay;—he marches up to the head o' the table, where the docthor was sittin'. 'Plaze your reverence,' ses he, for Luke knew what manners was, 'is this fit for people to eat?' 'What ails it, yeu blaggard?' sed the docthor, 'tis betther nor ever you got at yur father's table. An' as Luke knew what to say for 'imself, he gave tit for tat, an behould yeu next day he was expelled, as they call it: that is, he was turned holus bolus out ov college, an' never, from that day to the hour of his death, darkened its doers (doors) agin.

"When he came home 'twas all hubbabub; his father thought his family scandalized for ever; an' the neighbours, God forgive 'em, whispered somethin' about Luke that he didn't deserve; for the *rale* cause of his leavin' college was nothin' in the wide world, as I tould you afore, but the stinkin' leg o' mutton. Poor Luke was sorrowful an' broken hearted enough, as well he might, an' used to spend his time gropin' about the ditches, till one day what should he find in a three-cornered field but a four-leaved shamrock! At first he thought nothin' at all about it, an' ony sowed it up carefully in the waistband of his breeches, an' soon forgot he had it at all. Shortly afther this, as God would have it, ould Larkin died, an', having no son but one, Luke came in for the farm. There war, you may be sure, great givens out at the *birn*;

an' afore the corpse was har'ly could, poor Luke came, one moon-shiny night, to pray over his father's grave, an' had'n't been long here neather, when, what should he see comin', over the stile beyond, but hundreds ov the "good people." Half frightened out o' his life, he ran a-hind a head-stone an' listened. 'What news?' sed one, 'Och the newest an' the best,' sed another, 'is, that Finvar is going to be married, an' that ould Larkin have died, and left his hard earnins to his omadhaun ov a son, who coul'nt eat good mutton in college.'

" 'Well, an' what o' that?' axed the first.

" 'What ov that!' sed t'other, 'why I be bail we'll now get plenty o' Larkin's corn, an' pork, an' bacon, an' every thing else in the house, for sure the young preest don't know how to take care ov it.'

" 'Bethershin,' sed Luke, from a-hind the head-stone, 'troth, an' I'll disappoint you my chaps.' An' whin he came home, he set about makin' every thing as comfortable an' as snug as a beehive, an' turned out a most industrious man, ony-now-an'-agin when he used to break out, an' the best ov us will do that sometimes.

" Luke was a great man for horses, an' had a most beautiful bay for sale, that would think nothin' of leapin' over a five-barred gate, wid a sixteen stone man on his back. Hearin' that 'Squire Carew, down in the County of Waxford, wanted a hunter, Luke mounts the *baste*, an' went to show him his horse. Whin he was crossin' Scolloghes-gap, where the *win'* blows in yur teeth whatever way ye turn yeur head, he met a gintleman eligantly mounted on a gray *entire*. 'Where are ye goin',' sed he. 'To Mr. Carew's,' sed Luke. 'What to do?' axed the gintleman. 'To strive to sell this *baste*,' sed Luke. 'What do ye ax for 'im?' sed the gintleman. 'Fifty pounds,' sed Luke. 'Take forty, sed the gintleman, 'No I won't, sed Luke, an' rode his ways.

" It so happened that 'Squire Carew wasn't at home, an' Luke began to get sorry that he didn't take the forty pounds which the gintleman offered 'im : an' wished he could meet him agin, as he was passin' the gap comin' on the evenin'. Begad, the word wasn't well out ov his mouth when who should be ridin' cheek by jowl wid 'im but the very gin-

tleman he met in the mornin'. 'So young man,' said he, 'you have sowl'd the horse.'

" 'No, sir,' sed Luke.

" 'Well, an' will yeu take forty pounds now?' sed he.

" 'Troth, 'tis too little,' sed Luke, 'but if you'll give no more, why I had betther,'

" 'Very well,' sed the gentleman, 'come this way.' An' he led Luke down a most beautiful road, though no one ever saw a road there afore. At length they came to the gate ov a great town, an' the sentries let 'em pass widout axen a word, an' afther ridin' down through this street, an' up that street, they reached a huge buildin' as big, twenty times as big, as any castle you ever laid yeur two looken eyes upon. Within Luke found stables on every side, an' in every stall stood a horse ready saddled, an' beside 'im stood a horseman clothed in green, an' armed as if goin' to battle. What surprised Luke, none ov 'em ever turned round as he passed, or offered to say 'God save you,' or 'Where are you goin'?' or any thing, but looked for all the world, as if they were asleep; an' faith so they war, as you'll hear.

" Luke thought the gentleman was never going to stop, he kept goin' so far; an', by the light ov the lamps he thought he couldn't have passed one soger less nor five or six hundred thousand, all standin' by their horses, an' fine horses they war, as any in the king's dominions. At length they stopped afore an empty rack an' manger; the gentleman bid 'im fasten his horse there, an' whin he had done so, bid 'im walk into a great grand room, where you could see yur face in the floor, 'twas so clean, an' every thing looked so grand; but nothing pleased Luke so much as a beautiful sword that lay on the table. 'Eh, then, said Luke,' takin' it up, 'if I had but this in the year ninety-eight, how I'd have chopped off the heads of the Orangemen,' an' he drew the blade out o' the scabbard two inches, when, thunder and turf, you'd think twenty thousand bugles were sounded together. 'Hollo!' cried Luke, somewhat frightened, an' he gave the sword another pluck, an' had it almost out, when he heard the sogers all mountin' at once, an' wheelin' their horses about in the stable.

" 'Here!' cried the gentleman in a great flurry, 'take an' pay yourself;' an' he pointed to an inner room, where stood

heaps of goold and silver. At the sight o' the money Luke forgot the sword, an' ran to fill his pockets."

"Oh! the fool!" interrupted the pilgrim, "had he only pulled the sword out entirely, the whole army would have been freed from enchantment; an' would be alive agin, to drive the Sassanachs out o' the country."

"Troth, I've hard so often an' often," sed Judy; "but Kit, honey, don't think to go down our backs wid that story, for I hard it afore you or Luke Larkin was born."

"Faith, an' may be so," said Kit; "but Luke was there for all that: an' next day, whin he wint into town to get bank-notes for goold, what should he see but crowds o' people runnin' afther a play actor, who could perform slaight-o-hand tricks, bekase he had sould 'imself to the ould boy, the wretch. The first thing he did was to make a cock drag along the street a great big deal plank, an' the people really thought they saw the thing done afore 'em; for the fellow had put kippeens on their eyes; but Luke, havin' the four-leaved shamrock * about 'im, could'nt be deceived, an' consequently saw nothin' but a straw tied to the cock's leg, and sed so to the juggler himself.

"'You have got a four-leaved shamrock,' sed he to Luke.

"'Faith, an' so I have, sed Luke, though I had nearly forgot it.'

"'I'll give you a hundred guineas for it,' ses he.

"'You must have it,' sed Luke, an' steppin' a one side, ripped it out o' the waistband ov his small clothes, an' gave it to the juggler for the hundred guineas; but he had no sooner parted wid it, than he thought like the others, that he saw the cock drag the deal plank along; an' so the play actor made his fortune, bekase no one could then say he was a cheat.

"But poor Luke!" continued Kit, "havin' now got so much money, thought it would never be day wid 'im, an' accordinly grew a little too fond o' the bottle, till it laid 'im where he is."

* Whoever possesses a four-leaved shamrock is more than a match for the professors of the black art, and has, beside, the privilege of seeing the "good people," whenever they appear, without becoming visible to the tiny tribe. It also confers many other advantages.



Goethe?

The pilgrim seemed highly edified, but Judy was incredulous. The story, she said, was true enough; but it happened when her mother was a child. Kit only smiled in reply; and, seeing a tent or two raised on the side of the road, twirled his staff in his fingers and bounced over the stile. The pilgrim also withdrew, and I repaired to view the well. There were but few votaries, and I was surprised at the fact, for the place was calculated to beget devotion in an infidel.

THE BALLADS OF GERMANY.

The ballad has nowhere been so completely naturalized as in Germany. The German ballads are not mere imitations of the rude songs and traditions of antiquity. They combine, in a wonderful degree, the polish and refinement peculiar to an advanced state of civilization, with the simplicity and nature of the older fragments of popular tradition. Almost all the great poets of Germany have occasionally descended from the severer labours of more elaborate composition, to the *delassement* of ballad writing; and the consequence is, that Germany is, at this moment, richer in this species of literature, than all the rest of Europe—Spain excepted—put together.

Goethe, who has attained excellence in almost every department of literature, has displayed the same pre-eminence in the light and gay strains of the ballad, as in the magnificent creations of “Faust,” &c. Some of his ballads are distinguished by a solemn supernatural effect; others, by an exquisite archness and *naivette*, and all of them by a captivating simplicity of language, which, while it increases very much the effect of the original, presents a very formidable difficulty to the translator. The following is versified from Goethe, neatly as literally as the differences of language will permit.

THE FISHER.

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
A fisher sat beside;
Calmly his patient watch he held
Beside the freshening tide:

And while his patient watch he keeps,
 The parted waters rose,
 And from the oozy ocean-deeps,
 A water-maiden rose.

She spake to him, she sang to him—
 “ Why lur’st thou so my brood,
 With cunning art and cruel heart,
 From out their native flood ?
 Ah ! couldst thou know, how here below
 Our peaceful lives glide o’er,
 Thoud’st leave thine earth and plunge beneath
 To seek our happier shore.

“ Bathes not the golden sun his face,—
 The moon, too in the sea ;
 And rise they not from their resting place
 More beautiful to see ?
 And lures thee not the clear deep heaven
 Within the waters blue,—
 And thy form so fair, so mirror’d there
 In that eternal dew ? ” —

The water roll’d—the water swell’d,
 It reach’d his naked feet ;
 He felt as at his love’s approach
 His bounding bosom beat ;
 She spake to him, she sang to him,
 His short suspense is o’er ;—
 Half drew she him, half dropp’d he in,
 And sank to rise no more.

THE GROTTA DEL CANI.

This is a little cavern near Pozzuoli, four leagues from Naples ; the air contained in it is of a mephitical or noxious quality ; it is in truth carbonic acid gas, whence also it is called Bocca Venenosa, the Poisonous mouth.

Dr. Mead, describing this curious phenomenon, says “ Two miles from Naples, just by the Lago de Agnano, is a celebrated mofeta, commonly called La Grotta del Cani, which is destructive of all animal life that comes within the



Painted by J. Smith.

Engraved by S. P. Cross.

THE MORALIST.

Joseph Robins, Bride Court, London.

reach of its vapours. It is a small grotto, about eight feet high, twelve long, and six broad; from the ground arises a thin, subtile, warm fume, visible enough to a discerning eye, which does not spring up in little particles here and there, but in one continued stream, covering the whole surface of the bottom of the cave; having this remarkable difference from common vapours, that it does not, like smoke, disperse into the air, but quickly after it rises falls back again, and returns to the earth, or hovers to a certain height, above which it never rises. This fact is ascertained by the colour of the sides of the grotto, which, as high as the vapour ascends, is of a darkish green, but above this it has only the appearance of common earth. As I found no inconvenience from standing in it myself, so I believe no animal, if its head were kept above this mark, would be in the least injured. But when, as is often the case, a dog, or any other creature, is forcibly kept below it, or the animal is so small that it cannot hold its head above this noxious vapour, it presently loses all voluntary motion, falls down as dead, or in a swoon; the limbs at first become convulsed and trembling, till at last no more signs of life appear, than a very weak and almost insensible beating of the heart and arteries; which, if the animal is left a little longer, quickly ceases also, and then its fate is irrevocable; but if it be snatched out and laid in the air, it soon revives, and, if thrown into the adjacent lake, resuscitation is still more rapid.

THE MORALIST.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

Let youth pluck the rose, and a wreath let him weave,
While wet with the dew of the morn;
But alas! he will find, when with me at the eve,
That the rose left behind it a thorn.

The pluck'd rose is the classical emblem of death,
'Tis the mirror we hold to the fair,
It teaches how virtue embalmeth the breath,
But if pluck'd—it empoisons the air.

Anon.

Fair Ladies see this withered flower,
Unsightly now to view,
'Twas once the garden's boasted pride,
And beautiful as you;

Each passer by in rapture gaz'd,
As they may gaze on thee ;
Then learn a moral from my tale,
Soon thou as changed may be.

Let not the pride of fashion's way
Allure thee to forget,
That ere yon sun has sunk in night,
Thy sun of life *may* set ;
Thou'rt young—but many young as thee
By death are oft called hence ;
Then learn a moral from my tale,
Let folly ne'er drown sense.

There's time for thought, there's time for mirth,
But one thing keep in mind,
Let all thy doings ever be
Good, innocent, or kind :
Do no one harm, nor harm yourself,
And death you need not fear ;
Then learn a moral from my tale,
And from all vice keep clear.

“ Do unto others as you'd have
All others do to thee,”
Your conscience then for ever will
From all reproach be free ;
When mixing in life's giddy scenes,
Think on this faded flow'r,
And then the moral of my tale,
Will cheer your calmer hour,

Thus moralized an aged man,
Upon a rose decayed,
To two fair ladies, in whose charms,
Nature her art display'd ;
They thank'd him as they turn'd away,
A tear stood in each eye,
Each learnt a moral from his tale
They'll think of till they die.



THOMAS MOORE'S COTTAGE.

Sloperton Cottage, the residence of the celebrated translator of Anacreon, is beautifully situated about five miles west of Devizes, in Wiltshire. It was chosen on account of its being in the vicinity of Bowood, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne, whose friendship Mr. Moore enjoys.

Richard Ryan, speaking of Mr. Moore, says,—“ his songs are exquisite as productions of splendor, fancy, or imagery ; but the reader who shall expect to find in them those touches of feeling and nature which brings poetry home to every man's bosom, will be disappointed : they are admirably suited to the banquet-hall, or the palace, where every thing that is artificial shines pre-eminent.

“ As a satirist, among those productions which may be attributed to his pen, are to be found strokes of wit at once classic, keen, and brilliant. Many of his repartees, and *jeux d'esprits* are on record, partaking also of the same qualities. The following, we understand, Mr. Moore wrote in the country, where he had arrived just in time to dress for dinner, and where some distinguished personages were assembled ; but he

was obliged to go away again, upon finding that his servant had forgot to put a pair of breeches in his portmanteau.

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
 Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
 That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
 While for want of my breeches I'm banish'd from mine.

Mr. Moore, it is well known, is the author of a volume published under the title of "Little's Poems;" which name, it is supposed, he adopted in allusion to his shortness of stature, and which furnished his friends with subjects for repartees and epigrams in abundance. At this period, our bard was in the habit of paying frequent visits to Carlton House, when his present majesty, after a perusal of the volume in question, is reported to have addressed him thus wittily and briefly,—“More Little, Little Moore.”

The following lines made their appearance when he published his translation of Anacreon, and certainly boast much point :

When Moore in amorous strains first sigh'd,
 And felt the fond poetic glow ;
 The enraptur'd world enamour'd, cried,
 ‘ Man wants but *Little* here below.’

But, bursting from concealment's span,
 He gave each heart Anacreon's store ;
 Though little was the wish of man,
 He found that yet he wanted *Moore* !

GREECE. A FRAGMENT.

SHE was soft and fair
 As any who are tenants for the grave ;
 And HE was dark and proud, as in his lair
 Might be a lion—as an Afric slave
 In his own land, before the gyves were set
 Upon his limbs that gall him even yet.

Or as the Greek who rends his bonds in twain,
 All mindful of his country's ancient name,
 And places Freedom on her shrine again,
 Vowing no more to be the cold and tame
 Who hugged the thralldom of his clanking chain,
 But lights his torch at Liberty's pure flame ;
 Musing on all the glorious light that shone
 O'er ye, THERMOPYLE and MARATHON !

Oh, GLORIOUS GREECE ! in thought I turn aside,
 And, pilgrim like, approach thy sacred soil ;
 Thy very name awakens all our pride,
 And stills the ruder passions' hot turmoil.
 The spirits of the brave in fancy glide
 Before me now : as, after woe and toil,
 I see the banner of old Greece arise
 Red with the blood of thousand victories.

And lo ! with joyful looks, but still severe,
 The indignant spirits of the dead are met,
 Around that banner see they gather there,
 And fire is flashing from each eye of jet ;
 And proudly gaze they on the maidens, fair
 As sculptured beauty, whose soft lids are wet
 With tears, unwonted tears, not shed for woe
 But joyful ones for tyranny laid low.

Let NAVARINO's fight—so proudly won—
 Blanch with despair the infidel's dark brow,
 Yet is the work of warfare but begun,
 Still must thy sons bear unrelenting woe,
 England has many a gallant CODRINGTON,
 And many a heart will battle 'gainst the foe,
 Who war for aye against that glorious land,
 Where Freedom first arose, and waved her flashing brand.

And tho' proud bard, fair Greece, have hymn'd thy fame,
 In deathless numbers for eternal time,
 Yet may my lowly muse descant the same,
 For I too love thy fair and glorious clime,
 And keep the memory of thy former name
 Linked with approval of thy deeds sublime,

And, loving thee so much, thus too may I
Wake from my lyre this untaught melody.

Arise, arise, arise !

Sons of the brave and good,
And dash the tear drop from your eyes,
And breast the battle's flood.
Remember that your fathers bled
Upon those fields of fame,
That where they trod, ye too will tread,
Your battle is the same.

Once more unfurl the flag of war
At Salamis that shone,
And spread your deathless fame afar
'Neath gallant CODRINGTON :
And fling your fetters to the waves,
And tell the world once more
That Greece has lost her craven slaves,
Their hour of pain is o'er.

Then shout ye for the mighty men
Whom Greece can still supply,
From mountain, isle, and glen
They quickly gather nigh ;
And draw your falchions once again,
Your banners all unfurl'd,—
Or on the land, or on the main,
The meteors of the world !

R. S. M'K.

WIT.

Wit is a star that shines to cheer ;
'Tis bright but short in its career
And dawns and sets in humor's sphere :

'Tis like the rains down glass which slide,
Lucid and sweet and rarified,—
Wit is—" Good nature, well applied."

P.

THE RETURN OF CŒUR-DE-LION FROM PALESTINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLES.

Joy, joy in London now !—*Southey.*

It was deep still midnight ; and the moon, as she traced out her path in the blue plain of heaven, lighted up the helmet of a solitary warrior, who bowed his lordly plume o'er the white mane of his charger, as he requested hospitality from a monk of St. Michael's monastery. Although the latter exerted his utmost eloquence to dissuade him from his determination, and pictured the coarse fare and improper shelter to which he would be subject, the knight swerved not from his demand, and frequently replied in a vein of sarcasm. " Do not belie thyself, grave father," said the hero of the plume, " I smell good wine in thy barrels, and rich venison on thy platters ;—thy brethren are, perchance, regaling some proud warrior. Doth he possess a spear, dark monk, that can clash with mine ? But," he continued, after a short pause, " I war not now ; neither do I lack aught of gold or silver of thee ; hospitality I am compelled to request."

" Alas ! gallant sir," returned the monk, " thou requirest hard boons of us ! This day have wine and viand passed untasted before the penitents of St. Michael !—The iron hand of oppression is heavy upon us ; our shrines, that through England were celebrated for their splendor, have been plundered by a vile tyrant, and the ashes of our saints have not been allowed to repose in their old dormitories ! The infamous Lackland has deprived us of our treasures, to squander them away in vain pageants. Knights with silken pennons,—barons with white casques,—and ladies with fair lutes throng around Prince John. Perchance thou art hastening to the festival, which he giveth on the morrow, at Southwark ?"

" I !" replied the knight, rearing himself on his gallant charger, and grasping his tough broadsword, " if I go thither, dark monk, this kingdom shall not regret my spear—the one-eyed Lackland must, and yea, shall bow before it !" The knight accompanied these words with a dreadful scowl, and in his countenance might be traced the intensity of his indignation.

"Thy eloquence hath won thee a place of rest," said the monk; "enter, and receive a welcome in our desolate habitation."

Then were the fractured portals of the monastery unclosed, and the warrior followed his grim conductor through a kind of court-yard strewn over with several images of the saints. From the august desolation with which this scene abounded, the monk turned into a roofless chapel, that freely admitted the moonshine on its dilapidated walls. The monk was proceeding forward, but the voice of the knight commanded him to slacken his pace. "Tarry, good father," he cried, "methinks my introduction should be in the banquet-room."

"Alas! sir of the pennon and plume, in our plundered chapel thou wilt behold the miseries that grind this unhappy realm. But it will be deemed courtesy of thee to reveal thy name to us."

"I am Richard," returned the knight, "Richard Plantagenet of the Lion!"

"God and our Lady!" exclaimed the monk, "do I address my true sovereign, and do I see him in the order of cravens and sycophants?"

"Proceed!" replied Richard, laying his finger on his lips. The ecclesiastic obeyed, and the chapel of St. Michael soon presented its devastation to the eyes of the king.

Never were the emotions of Cœur-de-Lion so suddenly and vehemently lighted up as when he surveyed the interior of the chapel. For a few minutes he appeared totally absorbed in thought! His round black eyes wandered o'er the huge masses of broken freestone, as though they endeavoured to avoid some dreadful encounter; and his hand was raised, as if mechanically, o'er the dark lash that fringed his burning lids. The shadowy profusion of black feathers, which nodded on his proud helmet, and frequently obscured his noble countenance, in vain attempted to intercept the continual ray of indignation which dwelt in his fiery orbs! At length his hand fell inadvertently on the hilt of his sword, and his soul seemed to forsake him in a loud hysteric laugh. Then resuming his natural asperity, he turned to the awe-struck father, and thus gave an utterance to his troubled feelings.—"Monk!" said he, "the shrines and saints that have been taken from thy holy habitation by the effeminate Lackland,

can be restored ; but for this country—for the land of courtly and magnanimous warriors—there is no hope ! Father, it is blotted with an irremediable blot, and the glory of a thousand crusades is not sufficient to redeem it from ignominy. But yet," he continued, " methinks the name that has stilled the cries of the Arabian child, and the sword that has subdued the impetuosity of the Austrian madman, will at least collect the rebellious English beneath the banner of their king. Saddle but my steed on the morrow, and, ere I descend from it, there shall be dukes and barons to assist me."

As the lion-hearted Richard thus anticipated the success of his future undertakings, his hand fell inadvertently on the spring of a secret panel, which receded at his touch, and disclosed a melancholy scene to his harassed imagination. With the assistance of the father's torch, he discovered a group of old monks kneeling round a fractured altar, and pressing their rosaries with the most enthusiastic adoration. No censer burned before them, and to no hallowed crucifix did their prayers ascend ; yet theirs were the lips that appealed to heaven for retribution, and theirs were the hearts in which the secret blossoms of hope bloomed out afresh. The pale-beaming moonlight, that occasionally lay its robe of silver on the chapel walls, only contributed to augment the desolate grandeur of the scene, and, as it revealed more clearly the bowed heads and clasped hands of the old ecclesiastics, the aspect of Cœur-de-Lion became darkened with the tinge of sorrow. " And are these wrecks of magnificence but a type of my suffering country ?" he exclaimed ;—" oh, England—land of my soul, thou hast waxed poor indeed ! thou art a void in the nations of Europe !—Why was I redeemed from a German prison ? rather would I have died in bondage than witnessed the sad scenes to which my kingdom is subject !"

Soon as Richard had delivered this touching portion of eloquence, a man in glittering attire, came sliding down a vista that conveyed the echo of his footsteps into the chapel ; and, ere the king could shift his position, the stranger took him by the baldrick. As the king lacked no spur to irritate him at this crisis, he grasped his tough broadsword, and threatened the intruder with instant death. " No, thou spirit of darkness !" he exclaimed,—" thou imp of Saladin ! never shall the wine-cup reach my lips, till I have slain thee !"

"In sooth" returned the stranger, with laughter in his eyes; "if, Lord King, thou slayest me, thou wilt slay thy good fortune."

"Pause—pause, thou knave!" replied Richard, "and remember that Vidal, the alchymist, could not transform mountains into hillocks for moles!"

"Thou art deceived, Lord King, I do no traffic in marvels! I am fool, or catch-farthing, or jester, or laughing-cup to Prince John, whom thou and all the world would call Lackland; and I come to communicate an important secret to thee."

"Harkee, then, Sir Jester, if there be treachery in thine errand, with one stroke of my mace—

The droll interrupted him—"Maces and strokes I do not need," said he, "for my name is Gossip."

The natural asperity of the king now forsook him, and his features were mellowed into a perfect sunniness. "Thou art shrewd," he observed.

"Shrewd, Lord King! the devil himself would be shrewd if he were a subject of this perilous realm. But come, here is my ring and baldric—they denote truth—here is my hand—that denotes constancy. We must retire, for if we tarry, we shall lose a good game. Thou rememberest the proverb—"the sleeping fox catcheth no poultry?"

"Too well—too well," said Cœur-de-Lion in reply; and, having slid a few words into the ear of the monk, he quitted the monastery with his singular acquaintance.

The space of two hours glided o'er the thoughtful brow of the king ere he reached the borough of Southwark. The tones of the lute, and the glitter of sharp war-spears, were still lingering in its moonlighted streets; as Prince John had there brought all the magnificence that his court required. "Please thy dread will," said Gossip, after having put silence to flight with two or three preliminary hems; "please thy dread will, we are now beneath the renowned walls of the Tapard hostellerie; if thy inclination accordeth with mine, we will prove its hospitality ere we proceed. His Grace of Suffolk and sundry other noblemen sojourn therein."

"Thy speech is as dross," returned the king; "for what may his grace abide there?"

"Verily he is on a pilgrimage to the shrine of our holy martyr, St. Becket, to redeem a vow which he tendered in Pales-

tine. Should Prince John once get scent of the rich treasures that will be offered up in the old minster of Canterbury, he would surely intercept him, which God forefend." When the name of Suffolk kindled up the troubled spirit of Richard, his countenance underwent an irritation that he could not conceal. The recollection of Suffolk, and the incidents that associated him with the proudest warriors of a proud crusade, flowed o'er the heart of the king, with a bitterness which resulted from the deprivation of his brightest visions. Suffolk had always been numbered among the most faithful of the king's adherents, and when his name awoke the thoughts that probably were then hushed in Cœur-de-Lion's bosom, a web of the darkest texture united them into a focus of sorrow and regret.

The companions had now arrived at the entrance of the hostel, and Gossip demanded of the landlord a place for the king. "Now, dear Oliver," he commenced, "I know thou canst effect my wish if the vats of thy brain are still swimming in charneco. Thou perceivest, most valiant Oliver, that warriors like strong drink as well as thyself. The knight whom I bring to thee, is willing to give his bedizened spurs for an hour in thy hostellrie. Canst thou refuse a request so lordly?"

The landlord looked on the king with intense scrutiny.—"Methinks," he replied, "I cannot, with a sound conscience, deny thee admission, fair knight; for, in sooth, I served a warrior like thee at the siege of Paynim Acon."

"Let no false speech bewray thee," replied Richard, "verily it behoveth every one to practise integrity in these times of bloodshed;—but wilt thou suffer us to proceed?"

"Verily, fair knight, thou art welcome to such hospitality as the Tabard affords."

"Our boon is granted!" exclaimed the jester, and, with the utmost precipitation, he hurried the king into a spacious chamber, where Suffolk and his retainers were then banqueting. On this chamber was lavished a vast profusion of splendor; and, as the golden censers flung their broad fiery radiance on the lofty roof, they revealed the proud representations of tournaments and festivals that were emblazoned thereon. Gentlemen of every rank, and commoners of every guild, attired in the magnificent costume that distinguished the age, frequently threw their pink and white baldrics on the rich

feasting-boards, or toasted each other in the brimmed cup; and many a face was lighted up with rapture, as the brazen trumpet and the silver clarion mingled their festal tones in the most delicious harmony.

As Cœur-de-Lion and his acquaintance, Gossip, entered this beautiful hall, Suffolk sprang up from his seat, and inquired if it were Lackland and his masque-fellow. "Nay, Sir Earl," said the disguised monarch, "a greater than Lackland is here!"

"I do not view him in thee, thou vaunting spur-plume!" replied Suffolk, with a frown; "if thou art greater than Lackland, thou shouldst quell the insurrections of Lackland; but if thou art beneath him in dignity, perchance thou wouldst deem it honorable to break a brand with me:—here, accept my glove as a surety."

"In troth, good earl," said the king, "thou art become somewhat mettlesome in thine old age."

"Minion!" exclaimed Suffolk; "I cannot brook mockery from thee! The arm that displayed its shining sleeve beneath the standard of King Richard, is neither fatigued by war nor enervated by debility. If thou thinkest I anticipate an airy vision, prove me;—thou hast a brand."

"Good Suffolk," said the king, "thou art in humor with me;" and he instantly lifted up his vizor.

Fruitless would it be for an historian to picture the astonishment of the revellers, when the godlike countenance of the king arrested their gaze. If surprize had not chained down their thoughts into an absolute stupor, the most joyous acclamations would have passed from their lips.—But it was otherwise. The voice of Cœur-de-Lion alone expelled the silence that reigned in the banquet-room. "Englishmen!" he exclaimed "have you dared suffer an ambitious usurper to trample on your privileges—slay your monks—and reduce you to bondage? Are the lords of the crusade faint hearted, or are their retainers slumbering in effeminate apathy? I return from the dark lands of Germany, and what greeteth me on my arrival? Craven noblemen, and worse vassals,—swilling the goblet, and enjoying the viand,—while their poor country drains the cup of bitterness! Is this a meet time to breathe adorations at the shrines of saints, or make princely offerings in majestic faues?—Shame on you—shame on you! the noble spirit,

which you inherited from your forefathers, is quenched, and ye lack a shepherd to gather ye unto his fold. I will be your shepherd; I will turn ye away from pursuing after ignominy, and cleanse ye from the dross by which ye are encumbered. The wombs of your mothers produced Englishmen, and Englishmen shall ye henceforth be! Awake from your lethargy, gird on the sword, and win your independence by using it! Lackland must be reduced, and prosperity restored to this poor realm. To arms! to arms! the first Richard demands your valor."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Suffolk, whose spirit was aroused by Richard's eloquence; "'tis the Lion—'tis my kingly master! How have we longed for thy coming!"—All lips moved in unison with the old earl, and every voice lifted up a joyous welcome. The banquet-hall replied to the most enthusiastic shouts—"To arms? to arms! the Lion is returned—the first Richard is liberated from bondage."

Wildly and clamorously did the hostlers and scriveners, in the court-yard, repeat the acclamations of the pilgrims, so that the streets of Southwark became crowded with a vast body of citizens. The constables, who had also received timely notice of the tumult, collected an armed force of paymen, and effected an entrance into the court-yard. But their attempts to seize the turbulent hostlers were ineffectual, for Oliver Perch, the landlord of the inn, had already provided a select party of his pot-fellows with pikes. In this emergency, the chief magistrate, Fitz-Stephen, would have applied to Prince John for assistance, if the tide of affairs had not fortunately changed. A considerable company of horse and foot had now encompassed the hostel on every side, spurred and accoutred with due propriety; and, as Oliver Perch had previously assured them of the truth of Richard's arrival, they slew several of the seditious constables. A sight of their beloved monarch was, however, soon obtained. The rich emblazoned windows of the banquet-room were thrown open, and Cœur-de-Lion, with a proud retinue of gentils and retainers, appeared in entire costume. A loud and continued shout hailed his godlike presence, and several veteran soldiers, who had served beneath his banner in the Holy Land, testified their joy by throwing up their caps in the moonshine.

"Thus it is, Englishmen," cried Suffolk, "that the saints

have heard our prayers, and sent a hero that shall release you from thralldom. Gird on your swords, and let the mercenaries of sedition bleed on their points. Richard demands your reply."

"By the Lion's sceptre will we be ruled, and by his laws will we abide!" unanimously responded, with a thrilling echo, to the interrogation of Suffolk. "It is time, then," exclaimed the dauntless Richard, "yea, it is time that the sword should be taken from the sheath in which it has acquired its vile rust, and it is time that the tree of tyranny should be rooted out from the fair fields of England. Those, that have brave hearts and sharp brands, may rally round the plume which intimidated the Saracen, but those that have become enervated—*those*, in whose bosoms there is no spirit, may weep out their sorrows o'er the graves of their forefathers!—Let them clothe their ignominy with a mantle of sack-cloth, while the true partizans of Richard release their oppressed country! Shout, my friends—shout, Englishmen—shout redeemers of the holy sepulchre! the next sun shall rise on thronged belts and plumed bacinets—on a grateful country, and free people! Set yourselves in array—this night shall your king triumph or die with ye."

When the brave Plantagenet had made an end of speaking, he turned to Lord Suffolk with such impatient avidity, that he overthrew the poor jester, who had previously taken his place beside him. "God's curse on thy spurs!" cried Gossip; "it was sorry luck that caused them to prick me so wilfully, Sir Knight."

For a moment the royal warrior bent his eyes on the speaker—"And is it *thee*?" at length he exclaimed; "is it thee, my Blondel! truest and most affectionate of my followers! thou hast delivered me from captivity, and now thou seekest to deliver my country—my poor England. Thou shalt share the renown of thy master. Our names shall be associated with a proud undertaking, and the minstrels of future ages shall hymn us on their harps! Courage, my Blondel! the vile mercenaries of the miscreant, Lackland, shall bow beneath our swords, and *he*—the rebel who could collect them beneath a tinselled banner—shall, on the morrow, become an outcast, without pomp or principality, baton or livery-cloak, to abet him." "We must not tarry, my chief," interrupted

Suffolk, with apparent anxiety, "vain commune, or airy anticipations, but ill accord with the state of our kingdom. Depart, noble king—let thy plume be foremost in the van, and thy spear reddest in the battle! Prince John and his emissaries have directed their course to the old monastery of St. Michael;—their purpose is plunder; and, if the oppressed monks cannot provide them with gold, they will surely cause the holy altars to reek with human blood. Thrice has the traitor's sword gleamed in that stately edifice, and if thou arrivest not to its relief, the torch will render it more desolate than it even now is." "Then will we proceed," replied the king; "but oh, my Suffolk, tarry for one moment, and survey the sweeping host that prepareth to die for Richard. No prouder band ever ascended the walls of Acon with their renowned Oriflame! Look, my Suffolk—I spoke but to England—to the country whose name is fearful to the Saracen!—and she yielded up her bravest spears;—five thousand spears await my decision!"

It was indeed a magnificent scene, and a scene, which, perhaps, would have delighted a less warlike spirit than Cœur-de-Lion's. The host appeared like a vast field of white plumes, bristling with spears and pennons, that were beautifully contrasted in the pale yellow moonlight. A golden dove, or a green griffin, were occasionally descried on the helmets of the leaders; and, as the clangor of the trumpet floated along the ranks, many a mettlesome steed bounded up with the most animated alacrity. When the king approached the assembled multitude, every lip breathed out its inward joy, and an universal shout manifested the enthusiasm of his followers. Proudly he waved his giant shield, and the bands commenced their march, with the wild music of their kettle drums.

Soon as the dread Richard had advanced within an acre or two of the monastery, he ordered the trumpeter to sound up a loud menace. Prince John, who, with a quantity of his minions, was feasting in the superior's hall, instantly started from his seat, with evident marks of consternation, and demanded the cause of the menace. But the poor monks were so brimmed with joy, that they were unable to reply. Prince John, who was frequently exceedingly petulant, could not brook their silence, and, with an accustomed oath, he dis-

charged a large goblet at the head of the prior. This manifestation of his wrath served to arouse the brutality of his adherents, and a fell slaughter would probably have ensued, if it had not been frustrated by the arrival of the king.

Approaching Prince John with the determined air of an hero, he threw his sword and baldric on the rich feasting-board, and, with a terrible voice, he exclaimed—"Richard brings nought but *these* from Palestine, and with *these* will he redeem his country from ignominy. I war not with the vile Mahomedan, who could pollute the sepulchre of fair Zion ;—I war not with the Austrian fool, whom I chastised at the siege of Acon ; but I war with the imperious despots, who, in my absence, have plundered their clime of its last farthing ! Was it for this," he continued, turning to Suffolk,—“ was it for this that I endured the scorching sun of Syria—the hunger, the fatigue, and the remorse, allied to an unsuccessful crusade ? Was it for this, that, with my bold templars and gallant hospitallers, I carried triumph beneath my oriflame ? Oh, that the olive-branch of Jerusalem had entwined itself with the English laurel, and the banner of the crescent laid down its fury at the foot of the cross !—then should the world have resounded with my fame ; rock, desert, mountain, and wilderness, plunging in the eternal sunshine, would have prolonged my renown ; and bright-helmed warriors, pointing to the prows of my vessels, would have exclaimed—‘ There he goes—Cœur-de-Lion—the conqueror of the world !’—Then would have succeeded the pageantry of such a triumph ;—princely tournaments, royal feasts, and magnificent festivals :—knights, with their downy plumes and griffin crests—barons, with their emerald caps and ermine mantles—esquires, with their bacinets, and spears, and spurs—pages, supporting the shields of their masters—and a brave and brilliant archery, with their shining quivers ! Then the voices of the nations would have been lifted up ! the old cathedrals would have returned the echo with their blazoned scutcheons, and courtly ladies, with flowers in their hair, would have united their syren voices with the universal hymn ! Oh for the dauntless hearts that leaped to the clangor of the bright war-trumpet, and bore up their plumes like associates of the Lion !—With them would I reduce another Jerusalem, and conquer another Saladin ! Oh England ! thy meteor-standard is humbled to the

dust—thy sceptre is swayed by a blind craven, and thy noblest children sleep, with their renown, in Syria. Perchance among them I shall yet find a grave ; but, if fate should consign my body to an English sepulchre, oh may my spirit be allowed to wander among the fair Edens that witnessed my victories !”

The warriors that thronged around Richard were powerfully affected by the pathetic grandeur that distinguished his sentiments. Suffolk bowed down his casque, and wept o’er his figured truncheon ; and Blondel looked on his master with an expression that indicated his extreme sorrow.

“ Ah Suffolk,” said the king, “ ’tis well for thee to weep ! England is no home for the valiant ; the iron clouds of usurpation have passed over her ; and the sunshine of freedom, if it again appear, will descend on roofless chapels and desolate monasteries. With two hundred warriors would I accomplish the redemption of the holy sepulchre. They should come with their magnificent oriflame, and, like the rush of a tempestuous wind, should sweep onward with triumph. But two hundred warriors, Suffolk, could not strip this poor land from its ignominy and thralldom ! The hand of oppression has been heavy upon her, and the locusts of sedition have covered her unhappy soil. Who shall fill her shrines with the ashes of her heroes, or bow down in reverence to the broken images of her saints ! Oh, my country ! had I not been leagued with apostates, I would have enriched thee with the treasures of the East ! But I have wasted the wealth of a kingdom, that now lacks something more than a rusty brand to unchain her.”

“ Such was the magnanimity that conquered the heart of Saladin !” said Suffolk to Blondel ; “ Saladin yielded to high thoughts, and exalted sentiments ; but, to valor and intrepidity, his Moslem banners would never have bowed.”

The wily Prince John was not unconscious of the intense agony that had settled on the brow of his royal brother ; and, though at first his spirit had absolutely sunk within him at his appearance, he still deemed himself qualified to mellow a heart that was ever alive to generosity. He accordingly prostrated himself before the king, and, in the humble language of a suppliant, who appears to exhibit all the symptoms of contrition, he entreated his forgiveness. “ Oh, my brother !”

said he, "thou knowest, that from my youth up, I have evinced the bad qualities, which never darkened thee. Thou wert formed for virtue and magnanimity; but in me there is an invidious demon. In the princely tournament, I am avoided by nobles, and insulted by their vassals; and amid the throng of minstrels and singing-damsels I must not come. They hate the Lackland! Oh, for me the high-born lady does not twine her golden ringlets with beauteous flowers; for me the lute breathes not its festal hymn!—I am neglected in the halls of my father, and despised by the hosts that toss their pennons for battle. Oh, Richard! beware of the seditious spirit that lurks within me, and pardon the poor clay that is destined to endure it."

"But methinks, John," said Suffolk, "though thou talkest of a demon over whom thou hast no control, thou knowest whether thy sword hangs to thy baldric, when England has no defender. Thy one eye doth marvels, John." "And verily should my good steel do marvels on thee, if that ferocious butcher, thy sovereign, were not beside thee," whispered the Baron St. Maurice to a miscreant of his own spirit; "the caitiff knows not, that, at my command, the forest would send forth a thousand arrows, and the dell bristle up with unconquered spears. My gauntlet fears not the English noble's tinselled glove."

"Friend Baron," said the vigilant and sagacious Blondel, who, with two or three of the king's followers, had heard the seditious language of St. Maurice, "in the name of his dread highness, the Cœur-de-Lion, I charge thee not to do this thing in the time of falconry, lest thou shouldst hit our hawks by mistake."

The fierce adherent of Prince John, who, during the absence of Richard, had not been accustomed to brook such mockery as Blondel had pointed at him, bounded from the pavement on which he had hitherto knelt, with his dirk gleaming o'er the thick tresses that darkened his countenance. But Blondel who, perhaps, was gifted with more valor than historians will make an allowance for, rendered his attack abortive.

With a firm hand he grasped the collar of the insurgent's mail-coat, and, dexterously inverting the point of the weapon, closed with him so advantageously, that the soldiers who beheld the conflict, anticipated its result. Every helm, that

glittered o'er the brows of King Richard's partizans, waved its bright plume, as the valiant troubadour thus confined the power of his assailant; but when the dirk, which had been drawn for the purpose of assassination, yielded to the grasp of Blondel, who hurled it o'er the heads of the thronging warriors, a loud clamor agitated the crumbling walls of the monastery, and the bannered trumpet, tossing its brazen throat in the air, announced the minstrel's triumph. Then the spirit which had illumined Blondel, and accustomed him to the difficulties of a glorious crusade, kindled within him, and threw an armour around his heart, that might have defied the strongest steel which had ever shone in the hand of the baron. He, therefore, attempted to release himself from the close embrace of his assailant, and, at the same time, to accomplish his overthrow. A determined struggle ensued. The troubadour, whirling round with uncontrollable power, shook the giant frame of St. Maurice so effectually, that the chapel echoed with the clang; but, in this attack, the baron had taken a firm hold of his foeman's baldric. "Oh, Palestine, fair Palestine!" exclaimed the minstrel,—“country of the olive-branch! and must thy withering touch pollute my dignity? Forbid it, ye brave spears that rallied round the oriflame.” Instantly every lance was lifted out of its rest; but the fearful voice of the king commanded that no man should mingle in the combat. Then the assailants sprang on each other with the most determined resolution—then they paused—then they continued the attack with unabated fierceness, and frequently surveyed each other with indications of the deepest animosity. Then the recollection of their resentment inspired them with fresh vigor; and the most veteran warriors, that had formed a circle around them, beheld their manner of battling with the proudest admiration.

But a pale languor had now enveloped the cheeks of the baron, and partially quenched the fiery lustre which had hitherto dwelt in his raven eye. Blondel was not unconscious of the incapability that his foeman evinced, and his imagination anticipated all the splendor of a triumph. This brilliant vision expelled every thought of reality, and collected the utmost extent of his energies.

Throwing aside the white breast plate, which, perhaps, in the present emergency encumbered his bosom, he bounded

up with an impetuosity that his assailant was unable to check, and the shock, which arose from his furious attack, stretched him on the body of the baron. The exhaustion, which arose from the long and arduous combat, confined the warriors for some time in a dreary stupor, from which Blondel was the first to recover. Scarce, however, had he lifted his small truncheon o'er his prostrate enemy, before a miscreant retainer, in the pay of Prince John, discharged his mace on the conqueror, with a blow that felled him to the ground. "Thus doth it behove every man to revenge the wrongs of England's noblest forester!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a smile of assurance,— "And thus doth it behove an adherent of royalty to mete a full measure unto every outlaw," replied a page of Suffolk, introducing his dirk into the stomach of the assassin. "And whom will it behove next?" vociferated Richard, in a voice that produced a fearful echo among the moonless cloisters of the monastery; "will it behove my cross handled sword to clear this fane of its pollution—of wranglers, and profaners of scriptural writ—of swordsmen, that prefer the jests of a pot-room to the clangor of a trumpet, or the ring of a steel gauntlet? Thou hast my pardon, John; never shall my wrath descend on the head of a Plantagenet:—the same queenly womb produced both thee and me, and fameless shall be the sword that could destroy its fruit. I pardon thee, John; be-gone, and forget thine iniquities."

A loud clamor arose from the lips of the crowding warriors, as the king thus expressed his magnanimity. Banner, pennon, and jack, formed a beautiful spectacle as they fluttered o'er the spears of the yeomen, and the plumes of the archery. Then, the moon, as she escaped from the dingy clouds that had hitherto obscured her magnificence, threw her broad and unremitted glare on the dilapidated ruins of the monastery, and tinged the military scene with such radiant splendor, that it wore the appearance of a festal pageant. Bacinet, morion, and, indeed, every species of head-armour, became completely burnished; and the high emblazoned windows seemed to look on their deliverers with a grand and peculiar expression. Blondel, who had now recovered from the blow which he had so unexpectedly received, pointed with enthusiasm to the warriors that thronged around his sovereign. "Lo, my highness," said he, the saints, that are enshrined in this holy

place, sanction thy grandeur of soul! The holy forms, that are here represented, look more benign on the Syrian vanquisher; and thy faithful subjects know not how to express the joy that exists in their hearts. Oh for the lyre of a minstrel seraph to hymn thy last triumph! its first rich song should swell to the fame of Richard Plantagenet!" "Ah, my troubadour,!" exclaimed the king, "it is to thee that the gratitude of my nation ought to arise. Thou didst free me from a dark tower, in which a treacherous Saxon would have kept me, and thou didst point out the path which hath conducted me to my present haven; and in that haven, Blondel, hath England found a sceptre, and its people a monarch to govern them."

"And on the morrow shall the virgin's lute be heard in many a festal hall," said Suffolk; "'tis well, my chief,—the chains of thralldom are broken, and the orb of liberty shall soon beam on a brightening land!—Prince John and his minions have vanished from before us."

"In sooth, they have," returned Blondel, "and like courtiers too"—for the wily Lackland had disappeared amid the thronging hosts that applauded the pardon which his generous brother had conferred on him.

"'Tis well—'tis well," said Suffolk, in an ecstasy of joyance; "if the giant Saracen shrank from before the dreadful mace which the Lion wielded in Palestine, I marvel not that the puny Lackland should have left us with so little courtesy."

A smile gave a sunny appearance to the eyes and lips of Blondel, as Suffolk thus expressed himself; but the awful voice of Richard cast a tinge of reverence o'er his countenance, as the ruinous recesses of the monastery awoke their spectral echoes in reply. "Now," exclaimed the king,—noblemen, gentils, and commoners,—*now* can ye breathe the air of a free country! your determined spirit has scattered the vile myrmidons of tyranny;—and what lacks England?—what doth she lack to make her the mistress of nations?—Magnanimous lords, and valiant vassalry—hands that need no gauntlets, and warriors that despise lucre. England, like Sparta, shall be poor, but she shall be splendid. Gold and silver shall find no place among us; but, nevertheless, nobles shall come on with their grandeur of plume and helmet; and

serfs, with their bacinets and pennons, shall follow them, exulting? and dare ye ask how England shall acquire such pagantry? She shall win them by deeds of triumph—she shall win them from her foes; and every warrior shall pride himself in the flashing trophies that he gained from a vanquished enemy. The priests say that gold doth corrupt; but true steel shall never rust in the hands of a free people. Let us hence, warriors; honored shall be the sun that sees the diadem of England o'er my brows, and long life to the monastery of St. Michael; for, in its reverend walls, did freedom first display herself to the companions of Richard!"

It is rumoured, moreover that on the same night, Cœur-de-Lion returned to London, where his subjects received him with exceeding great joy.

Now let this be a proverb in the mouth of every Englishman, viz.—that no country need exist in slavery, if she possesseth one hero to defend her!

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE DEATH OF LARA.

The incense dew descended on each leaf and chrystal flow'r,
And the sunshine fell, with its gold sweep, on brook, and
plain, and bow'r;
The earth, rob'd in magnificence, sent up her festal song,
And the rivers, bounding o'er their beds, in music pour'd
along.

But the trumpet's clangor was abroad, and forest path and
glen
Replied to ringing spears, and shouts of bright and warlike
men;
On came the grim old gonfalons—on came the plumes of
sheen,
And the wood sent forth its archers with their vests of brilliant
green!

But ere an hour had pass'd away, arose the battle-shout,
And the pennons, in the dire onset, were torn and toss'd
about;



THE KNIGHT

AND HIS HORSE

THE KNIGHT AND HIS HORSE

THE KNIGHT AND HIS HORSE

And gallantly the proud war-horse with its glittering rider
dash'd
Where the bugle rung, and the white helm gleam'd, and the
flying arrow flash'd.

Sir Lara saw his valiant band unshaken in the field,
And through the smoke and flame arose his griffin-crest and
shield ;

With reeking spur he prick'd his steed, and many a slave o'er-
threw,

And on the point of Kaled's pike his silken pennon flew.

How oft in a dark foeman's blood his vengeful sword he dips,
And the feelings of his noble soul oft issue from his lips :—

“ Bright be your helmets in the van, my dauntless serfs,”
he said,

“ And oh, retrieve the wrongs they've heap'd on Lara's
knightly head !

“ Why scowl not those proud banners in my sires' uncon-
quer'd halls,

And why are not those trumpets hung upon their sainted
walls !

Those banners and those trumpets throng around the chief
you love,

Deem'd traitorous by a craven lord who shrank before my
glove !”

Such eloquence avail'd him not ! This sun of triumph sets,
For the hostile tow'rs destroy his host with their dread fal-
conets,

And the white arrows, from their bows, dispensed a shining
flood,

And thronging pikes and lances ting'd their oaken shafts with
blood.

And a languor came o'er Lara's brow, and quench'd his fiery
eye,

And on his studded belt appear'd a deep and crimson dye ;
His proud spear sank within its rest, and his bright spurs
ceas'd to ring,

And another hour on Lara's soul the mist of death shall bring.

Young Kaled leap'd from off his steed, and threw his brand
away,
And he bended o'er the dying knight, as on the sward he lay ;
His blazoned corslet he unclasp'd, his sun-bright helm re-
mov'd,
And hung on the sweet countenance which he so deeply lov'd.

And Lara's eye grew brighter on that hyacinthine hair,
And those sunny eyes—he never deem'd a thing of earth so fair !
And Kaled wept before him, like a virgin lorn and mute,
When sorrow's bleak and withering touch has hush'd her
favorite lute.

“ Oh Kaled, thou hast prov'd thy faith !” the bleeding Lara
said,
“ For now thy soft and golden hair shines o'er my last cold
bed ;—
Thou canst follow me no further—yes, a heaven remains for
thee,
Where creatures, such as Lara, will adore thy constancy !

“ Thy home is in a sunny land of fruits and silken trees,
Where the islands seem like emerald wreaths amid the sap-
phire seas ;
And birds, with a rich plumage, wing their flight through
rainbow skies,
Emblazoned with the radiant hues that speak of Paradise !

“ Thy home is in a sunny land where beauteous maidens sing,
And warriors brim the festal cup to deeds of triumphing ;
Thy home is in a sunny land, but its calm sapphire sea,
And the silken trees that fringe its fields thou hast resign'd
for me.

“ Those syren birds and warbling trees as beautiful shall be,
And heaven's magnificence shall float within that sapphire
sea ;
But the heart shall wither, Kaled, and this form shall pass
away,
And the brand and pennon, which I bore, shall sink into
decay !

“ Oh, thine was woman's first sweet love ! o'er thy young heart it swept,
 And, in its chastening purity, thy wildest visions slept :
 With what emotion have those lily arms unto me clung,
 And, with what silent bliss, hast thou upon my bosom hung !

“ Oh, never more within my halls shall the sweet lute be heard,
 Mellow'd, in its clear richness, like the notes of a lone bird ;
 And never more, within my halls, shall mirth or music flow,
 For craven lords, and hireling slaves, have lain bright Lara low !

“ Gone from before me is the pomp of the glowing tourney's tents.
 And vanish'd, too, the pennon's gleam, and the trumpet's eloquence ;
 The spur, that shines upon my heel, shall be obscured with rust,
 And the plumage of my helmet shall descend into the dust.

“ Yet, Kaled, there is one fair lip that will pronounce my name,
 And speak, with inward rapture, of my nobleness and fame !
 Yes, when these sinking lids are shut, and this spirit pass'd away,
 Thou wilt awake thy pure deep wail o'er Lara's breathless clay.

“ My life recedes ;—but Ezzelin—that shadow of a lord—
 I never slew ; it was a deed which my proud soul abhorr'd !
 Ne'er did the cloud of infamy pass o'er thy spotless love—
 Oh, no ! there's not one drop of guilt upon my knightly glove.”

And now the sunset's last worn ray descended on the plain
 When Lara, like a beauteous flower, his tranquil head has lain ;

But she—who shed a light o'er him—shall pass from mortal gloom,

And with her own true warrior be united in the tomb !

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

ASHRIDGE ABBEY

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

It was on a fair summer's day, in the hot month of July, when a traveller entered the small village of Little Gaddesden in Hertfordshire. It was late in the day, and a few farmer men sat at the door of a public-house, seemingly engaged in rather earnest talk, with some full, and some empty, flaggons of strong Ivinghoe ale before them. The knight (for he seemed to be of that quality,) dismounted, and took his seat, unperceived by any of those who seemed to be conversing, until he called lustily for refreshments. The quick ear of the host soon caught the welcome, and with the aid of Alice, the bar-maid, a pretty Hertfordshire lass, a pot of foaming ale and some excellent bread and cheese soon gleamed upon the rough oaken table.

Whilst he was occupied in devouring this good cheer, our knight distinguished, that the subject of the clowns' conversation was the refusal of the monks of Ashridge Abbey to assist a dying man, a near descendant of their founder, and afterwards to bury him. A difference of opinion prevailed upon this subject, and the disputation was at its greatest height, when our jolly host whispered his nearest man, "Hodge, I spy holy Father Eustace coming up the avenue. The words seemed like a magic talisman;—they took instantaneous effect—and immediately all the seats were evacuated, (except our hero's,) and the opposers of the monks besought their companions not to let a word drop at what they had been speaking about. Ale of a still better quality than that with which he had served the knight, was put upon the table by the host, with a couple of tender chickens. Ralph Rosing—such was the landlord's name—endeavoured to persuade the knight to leave his seat; but the latter stoutly refused.

"Thank God!" said he, "I am in merry old England once more, and I must know something better of these proud priests than what I have heard to-day, before I will consent to bow the knee to them."

"Nay," said Ralph, "but I do not ask thee to bow the knee; canst thou not but just be thus civil to the holy father when I inform thee that if thou doest not, I shall be ruined."

"I will here maintain my seat," was the reply; "and I will not suffer thee to be ruined through thy civility to me."

"But," replied mine host, "it is not in thy power to prevent;—but, as I live, here comes the holy father."

As he spoke, the subject of their discourse entered; he was of commanding stature, pale in countenance, as if he often studied by the "midnight lamp;" and he seemed as he stood, in the black dress of the Cluniac monks, more like a spectre than a living man. After having graciously acknowledged the respectful salutations of the rude boors, he turned to mine host, and said, "Methinks, Ralph, thou shouldst scarce suffer infidels of any rank, however high, notwithstanding these badges of Christian faith, (pointing to the cross on the knight's arm,) to sit boozing and drinking in thy house before a holy and abstemious priest. I shall speak to the abbot respecting it."

Ralph attempted a defence; but the monk still regarded our hero with looks of malice, so great an impression did his slight want of respect make on the haughty Eustace. The purpose of the latter in visiting the village, was not very clear; he soon returned—probably in consequence of the presence of the knight. After he was gone, a deep silence prevailed, till the entrance of Geoffrey Gade, the squire of the strange knight: being an old inhabitant of Gaddesden, he was known to the host, and most of his guests, who inquired what news from the wars? But Geoffrey did not answer at first, as he was busy in addressing his master, which he did as follows:—

"Sir Godfrey, I have provided for your reception at the house of a certain Dame Howe, in the village; and now I hope for some dinner,—if it may please your worship, always remembering."

"Go to, Geoffrey," answered the knight; and his trusty follower did not wait for a second permission, but soon attacked the fowls which Eustace had left untouched, and which he washed down with plenty of Ivinghoe ale; so that mine host did not hesitate to declare, that "Master Geoffrey had as good an appetite now, God bless him, as he had before he went to the wars." However, after his stomach was satisfied, (no easy matter,) he inquired the best news of the day. In reply, Hodge gave him to understand the subject of

their conversation, before they were interrupted by the monk.

"What, my hearties!" said Geoffrey, "so these cursed idle wretches have, like curs, bit the hand that fed them."

"No, no," exclaimed the villagers, "Father Eustace says this man was a libertine, and a devil after the wenches."

"Well," replied Geoffrey, "have not I heard old Stephen Mattock say, he was a boy when he helped to make the passage of St. Margaret's nunnery—but its aye he that's the greatest sinner cries out first."

"Yes," replied Hodge, "but that was—that was—I say—"

"Ay, that was, I suppose, to avoid the wenches, like their placing their abbey on the banks of that fine trout stream, the Gade, (I like the name—I was christened after it;) was, no doubt, to make them live abstemiously."

"No," said mine host, "that was to procure fish for Fridays and fast-days."

"And so they made any convenient day in the season a fast-day," returned the impenetrable Geoffrey; "but no doubt that was not for the sake of their carnal appetites."

"No," said Ralph, "it was because such days were the anniversaries of some blessed martyrdom."

"Blessed martyrdom, indeed!" said Geoffrey; "I tell you what, mine host, I have seen enough of these abbeys, to be convinced that their inhabitants are a set of canting hypocrites; and, between you and me, (lowering his voice,) my master, Sir Godfrey, has got a commission from the king, to examine into the state of this same Ashridge Abbey; and these monks' refusal to bury their benefactor's descendant will be an ugly circumstance against them I trow."

Sir Godfrey now called his squire, and departed to the house prepared for him; but he first asked his host for a glass of water. That worthy gentleman soon procured some; but it was so muddy and nasty, that the knight asked Ralph whether that was the best he could get.

"Ay, marry, is it," said Geoffrey, "unless you can gain permission from the monks to draw water from their well, which is a special favor, you must be content to put up with what is contained in the ditches hereabouts; and that is none of the most pure."

"I think so, indeed, friend Geoffrey," returned the knight;

“ this is another instance of the oppression of these proud priests.”

The next day a mystery and grand games were to be given at the abbey, and thither Sir Godfrey and his squire repaired early in the morning. The latter saw many of his old friends and acquaintances, by whom he was welcomed to Ashridge, and who regarded the knight with interest, as his commission was now become no secret in the village, where it had been industriously propagated by the worthy hosteller, Ralph Rosing.

The amusements commenced with a mystery, which was too blasphemous to be named here ; then followed various athletic games, which the monks countenanced, and which rendered them extremely popular among the villagers. Geoffrey tried his luck at wrestling, but was thrown by a priest, whose frame did not indicate that he was accustomed to abstemiousness. The venerable abbot seemed like a father in the midst of his children, so delighted did he appear at their happiness ; but Geoffrey informed his master, that he was well versed in wickedness, though so innocent did he seem, that Sir Godfrey hardly believed the assertions of his squire. At the end of the various amusements, Sir Godfrey thought it time to open the commission from the king, and accordingly he thus addressed the venerable abbot :—“ Sir, I have been charged by his majesty to examine into the state of this abbey ; and I am sorry to say, that from what I have seen and heard since I have been in this neighbourhood, I shall not be able to make a very favorable report to the king.”

At this speech, the real character of the abbot showed itself. He commanded his followers instantly to expel the lying upstart braggart, and that well-known rogue, his squire, which orders were very punctually obeyed by about half a score stout resolute monks, who would not listen to Sir Godfrey's threats, for they trusted to be able to overcome him by the immense power they then possessed, especially as the tyrant Henry had only just begun his work of despoiling religious houses.

“ By my troth,” said Geoffry, as they stood without, “ this is rather rough treatment for a king's legate.”

“ True,” replied his master, “ but I hope our gracious king will not pass over my reception unnoticed.”

"You may rest sure he will not," said Geoffrey, "our bluff King Harry is not of such a forgiving temper as that. He will make those black rascals pay dearly for their day's amusement, I hope."

"And I hope so too; not from any private revenge on my part, but because I think the church now possesses too much power."

So saying, Sir Godfrey approached his temporary dwelling, and his squire gave a thundering rap at the door, which was soon opened, but much sooner shut again. Our hero and Geoffrey remained panic-struck at this act, till the woman of the house appeared at the window, and exhorted the heretics to depart from the house of a poor widow woman, and not get her into trouble; then crossing herself, and repeating a paternoster, she quitted the window, and left Sir Godfrey and the squire to take their own course.

They did not long hesitate. They proceeded instantly to the stable, and unloosed their horses, mounting, and riding post-haste to London, to inform the then king, Henry VIII. of the insults which had been offered to his commission. In a few days, Sir Godfrey and his trusty squire was again on the road to Ashridge, but not unaccompanied, as experience had proved that force was necessary to put the commands of the king into execution; they were now escorted by a body of horse. As they approached the scene of action, the country people came out of their houses to view the strange sight. As may be supposed, Geoffrey was not idle in propagating the nature of the knight's mission, and their object was execrated or praised, according to the various opinions of the villagers: by the time they had arrived at Hemel Hempstead, the account of their conduct had become a subject of general conversation, and most of the townsfolk rejoiced at the approaching dissolution of the abbey, as its galling influence was felt much in that town.

At Little Gaddesden, they found the inhabitants in a ferment, in consequence of their being called on by the monks to aid them in defending the abbey, which they had resolved to do. At the appearance, however, of Sir Godfrey, and the troops, they unanimously declared for the king, and proceeded with his commission to Ashridge, to see the "upshot of the bickering," as honest Ralph expressed himself. Sir Godfrey

wished to proceed leniently with the monks, but they prevented it themselves, by opposing his entrance. On perceiving their intention, Sir Godfrey ordered the soldiers under his command to force a passage; but they were well nigh being repulsed in this exploit, as the inmates (especially Eustace,) laid about them with great effect; but the porch being forced, they were obliged to fly, to escape the vengeance of the mob, who now remembered a thousand instances of petty oppression, which they never thought of whilst they were loaded with favors by the very men whom they now condemned. Sir Godfrey having read his authority to the people, amidst loud acclamations, also informed them, that he was empowered to examine, in like manner, the neighbouring nunnery of St. Margaret's. At this, many of those present, who had been domestics of the abbey, offered to show our knight the secret passage, by which the monks were accustomed to visit the nunnery without suspicion from without. Sir Godfrey accepted this proposal, and he soon approached the edifice which was to become the scene of one of the most important events of his life. As they walked silently, the inmates (among whom were many monks who had fled from Ashridge,) could not oppose their design, as they were anxiously expecting their arrival by the usual road. As soon as they appeared, the lady prioress (seeing no help at hand,) approached with the keys of the various cells, and humbly declared that she was always ready to submit to the orders of her liege lord, the king. As for the monks, they again fled for some more secure place of shelter, or to implore the assistance of some powerful nobleman.

Sir Godfrey immediately proceeded to set the nuns at liberty; but most of them wished to remain in their old situation, as they declared the world had no attractions for them. As the last cell was opened, a female rushed out almost frantic with joy, and fainted in Sir Godfrey's arms. The knight recognized in her the destined partner of his hand before he had departed to aid Henry in the French war, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Clifford. He could scarcely believe his eyes at seeing her incarcerated in the nunnery, as he expected to find her with her parents, at their mansion in Northamptonshire, where he had not been since his return.

She explained, that, some time after his departure, her father

and mother thought that the best place for her to await the arrival of Sir Godfrey, would be some religious house, and they accordingly chose the nunnery of St. Margaret's for that purpose. Her parents died soon after ; and the prioress, to add their estate to the already overgrown lands of the establishment, gave out that she was dead.

Sir Godfrey rejoiced that his good fortune had sent him on such a propitious mission ; and, soon after, the walls of his paternal seat rung with the acclamations of—" Long live Sir Godfrey and Lady Cravensford !"

AN EVENING SCENE.

BY. J. R. PRIOR.

The rainbow faded into space,
Like blushes from the skin
Of Beauty, whose enchanting face
Receives the colors in.

Venus was bright as Hope's young eye,
That looks on Love as true ;
Evening unrobed the sun-past sky,
And spread her gem-lit blue.

A flash leapt down the concave height,
And smote the life it caught,
Like the quick glance of Terror's light,
That pierces human thought.

Thunder rehears'd the danger round,
The wind in rain-drops sigh'd ;
Fear crept in clefts, and shook in ground,
As Evening's conflicts died.

Just as a breast that peace hath felt,
When passion's storms retire,
Earth at the Throne of Glory knelt,
And look'd in stars of fire :—

Her feet the last green meadows kiss'd ;
To Faith her flight was given :
She trembled o'er the purple mist,
And stepp'd the clouds to Heaven.



PANTALON.

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London. Published by J Robins Bride Court Bridge St.

THE PANTALOOON.

The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.—*As you like it.*

Shakspeare's sixth age answers to that which is usually denominated old age. According to Proclus, as we have seen, this period commenced at fifty-five, and ended with sixty-eight years. Cicero, when he had attained to the age of threescore, wrote his celebrated treatise "*De Senectute*," as a consolatory epistle to Atticus, who was of the same age, and with whom he had lived in habits of the strictest friendship "e'en from their boyish days."

The word "pantaloon" was, in the time of our bard, as it is in the present day, expressive of part of a man's dress. In the Italian comedy, a thin emaciated old man, habited in pantaloons and slippers, was called by way of distinction *Il Pantalone* ; hence it may be inferred that the name originated in the garment. In all the dramas of Shakspeare the term is used but twice, and in both cases it is intended as a satire upon the character to which it is applied ; thus, in "*Taming the Shrew*," the poet says "That we might beguile the old Pantaloon."

The employment which the artist has given the Pantaloon is truly characteristic of Shakspeare's description, "With spectacles on nose." So eagerly intent does he seem on his book, as to be entirely negligent of every other object ; the manner in which he grasps it, intimates that his soul is wrapped up in the study of his contents, while his countenance exhibits him "with study pale, and midnight vigils spent."

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank.

There should probably be a comma after *hose*, which would strengthen the sarcastic irony aimed at the avarice which has saved the hose till they are become almost useless, by being "a world too wide for his shrunk shank." Avarice is but too

frequently an attendant upon old age, and has been the general reproach of this period of life:—*Sunt morosi, et anxii, et iracundi, et difficiles senes: si q̄rimus, etiam avari.*—*Cicero de Senectute.*

At this age man's outward form contracts, and every movement of the limbs is performed with difficulty and languor. The circulation of the fluids becomes sluggish and interrupted; perspiration is diminished; the nutritious juices are less abundant, and being rejected by the parts already too dense, they can communicate no fresh supplies. Old age is, therefore, not so much to be dreaded in itself, as in the manifold wretchedness that accompanies it.

Man's prime of life posts on with double speed
Precipitate: a ghastly train succeeds,
Diseases, labor, heart oppressing age,
Then death with ruthless hand shuts up the scene.
Wakefield's Virgil.

His big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

With the contraction of the body, the voice necessarily becomes feeble and impaired; its debility is manifested by that inharmonious cadence which is ever observable previously to the age of puberty, and to which Shakspeare probably alludes, by "childish treble." The general state of imbecility which our dramatic poet has applied to old age, is very feelingly described in the popular poem entitled, "The Grave:—"

Ah! where's the lifted arm
The strength of actions, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-turn'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been.

Another pathetic description of the immortal Shakspeare, spoken, indeed, upon a different occasion, is but too commonly applicable to this season of life:—

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument, cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Richard II.

Notwithstanding the foregoing gloomy representations of this period of life, yet we are assured, as well from our own experience, as from the testimony of the best writers, that it is by no means deficient in solid happiness to those who have performed its prior acts with consistent dignity and honor ; for it is frequently seen, that though old age disqualifies a man for the very active scenes of the world, yet amidst the decay of corporeal powers, the faculties of the mind remains strong and vigorous. Virtuous old age, moreover, carries with it an authority, and commands a respect, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth :—

Though old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remembered that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no easy joy.

Armstrong.

BELL ROCK ALBUM.

All strangers visiting the Bell Rock light-house are presented with an album, in which they enter their names, with any remarks they may choose to make. Among the numerous insertions is the following :—

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

Far on the bosom of the deep,
 O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep ;
 A ruddy gem of changeful light,
 Round on the dusky brow of night :
 The seaman bids my lustre hail,
 And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

Walter Scott, July 30, 1814,

DICTIONARY OF MODERN LIFE.

Age. An infirmity nobody owns.

At Home. The domestic amusement of three hundred visitors in a small room, to yawn at each other.

Bore. Every thing one dislikes ; it also means any person who talks of religion.

Buying. Ordering goods without purpose of paying.

Chariot. A vehicle for one's servants, the dickey being the seat for the ladies, and the coach-box for the gentlemen.

Charity. A golden ticket to an opera-singer, or some favorite performer.

Coachman. A gentleman, or accomplished nobleman.

Common Sense. A vulgar quality.

Conscience. Something to swear by.

Day. Night ; or, strictly speaking, from ten in the evening to six in the morning.

Debt. A necessary evil.

Decency. Keeping up an appearance.

Dress. Half naked.

Duty. Doing as other people do.

Economy. Obsolete.

Fashion. The *je ne scai quoi* of excellence.

Friend. Meaning not known.

Highly Accomplished. Reading music at sight, painting flowers for the borders of a screen, and a talent for guessing charades.

Home. Every one's house but your own.

Honor. Standing fire well.

Hospitality. Obsolete.

Husband. A person to pay your debts.

Love. The meaning not known, now that the versification of the heart has become a fashionable disease ; but the word is still to be found in novels and romances.

Matrimony. A bargain.

Modest. Sheepish.

Morning. From noon to sunset.

Music. Execution.

New. Delightful.

Nonsense. Polite conversation.

Not at Home. Sitting in your own drawing-room.

- Pay.* Only applied to visits.
Piety. Hypocrisy.
Prodigality. Generosity.
Prudence. Parsimony.
Quiz. Any inoffensive person—out of your own circle.
Religion. Occupying a seat in some genteel chapel.
Spirit. Contempt of decorum.
Style. Splendid extravagance.
Time. Only regarded in music.
Truth. Meaning uncertain.
Vice. Any fault in horses, dogs, and servants.
Wicked. Irresistibly agreeable.
World. The circle of fashionable people when in town.

RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require.

Exercise, to have its full effect, must be continued till we feel a sensible degree of perspiration (which is the panacea for the preservation of corpulence,) and should, at least once a day, proceed to the borders of fatigue, but never pass them, or we shall be weakened instead of strengthened.

After exercise, take care to get cool gradually ; when your head perspires, rub it and your face, &c. dry with a cloth.

Be content with one dish : as many men dig their grave with their teeth, as with the tankard. Drunkenness is destructive, but gluttony destroys a hundred to one.

The food which we fancy most, generally sits easiest on the stomach.

To affirm that any thing is unwholesome, without considering the subject in all the circumstances to which it bears relation, and the unaccountable peculiarities of different constitutions is, with submission, talking nonsense.

What we have been longest used to is most likely to agree with us best.

The unwholesomeness, &c. of all food depends very much on the quality of it, and the way in which it is cooked.

Those who are poor in health must live as they can; certainly, the less stimulus any of us use the better, provided it be sufficient properly to carry on the circulation.

The stately dames of Edward the Fourth's court rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and shortly after eight were wrapt in slumber. How would these people be astonished, could they be but witness to the present distribution of time among the children of fashion! would they not call the perverse conduct of those who rise at one or two, dine at eight, and retire to bed when the morning is unfolding all its glories, and nature putting on her most pleasing aspect—absolute insanity!

Swift has observed, such is the extent of modern epicurism, that *the world must be encompassed before a washerwoman can sit down to breakfast!* i. e. by a voyage to the East for tea, and to the West for sugar.

COME BATHE THE SOUL. A SONG.

BY P. J. MEAGHER, ESQ.

Come bathe the soul
 In yonder bowl,
 Nay never fear what cynics say:
 If wine invite
 Our lips to-night,
 Ah! wherefore look another way?
 For what is sober sadness
 To wine's delicious madness?
 Or where's the ray
 Which shines to-day,
 That's half so bright with gladness?

Though woman's eye,
 And summer's sky,
 Are beautiful — they're changing too;
 But ne'er did wine,
 In splendor shine,
 To mock the lip with sparkling hue.
 For what is sober sadness, &c.



ABBOTSFORD,

THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following description of the dwelling of the celebrated "Wizard of the North," is from "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," written by Sir Walter's son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, the present editor of the Quarterly Review.

Speaking of the Tweed, Peter says, "I saw this far-famed river for the first time, with the turrets of its poet's mansion immediately beyond it, and the bright foliage of his young larches reflected half-way over in its mirror.

"You cannot imagine a more lovely river; it is as clear as the purest brook you ever saw, for I could count the white pebbles as I passed, and yet it is broad and deep, and, above all, extremely rapid; and although it rises sometimes to a much greater height, it seems to fill the whole of its bed magnificently. The ford (of which I made use,) is the same from which the house takes its name, and a few minutes brought me to its gates.

"Ere I came to it, however, I had time to see that it is a strange fantastic structure, built in total defiance of all those rules of uniformity, to which the modern architects of Scot-

land are so much attached. It consists of one large tower, with several smaller ones clustering around it, all built of fine grey granite, their roofs diversified abundantly with all manner of antique chimney-tops, battlements, and turrets, the windows placed here and there, with appropriate irregularity, both of dimension and position, and the spaces between or above them not unfrequently occupied with saintly niches, and chivalrous coats of arms. Altogether, it bears a close resemblance to some of our true old English manor-houses, in which the forms of religious and warlike architecture are blended together, with no ungraceful mixture."

THE BRITISH DRUM.

O'er hill and plain what flashing swords
 And bounding steeds there be !
 The drum awakes proud England's lords,
 And Erin's peasantry.
 March to the roll, each warlike soul ;
 Lo, like a flood they come !
 And Scotia twines her bugle notes
 With the glorious British Drum.

Plume, spear, and sword, and bayonet,
 Pour'd thick through wood and town ;
 And beauteously, the rich sun set,
 From clouds of gold went down ;
 The moon reveal'd a bloody field,
 And tents and towers were dumb,
 And the lordly trumpet ceas'd to speak
 With the glorious British Drum.

The lute is in thy halls, Madrid !
 And in thy orange bowers ;
 And the maiden's silken brows are hid
 With clusters of pure flowers.
 And shall we bow ? the Spaniard cries ;—
 Shall tyrants hither come ?
 Oh no—not while the banner flies
 O'er the glorious British Drum !

Hark ! hark ! in Freedom's sunbright path
 The patriot bands advance ;
 And gallant Moore excites the wrath
 Of trumpet, gun, and lance !
 The cuirassiers, with their bright spears,
 Against us will not come ;
 And with bounding heart, the Spaniard hears
 The dauntless British Drum !

Your swords, ye English horsemen, sheathe—
 And ye, green islemen, shout !
 And let the marshal trumpet breathe
 Its noblest clangor out.
 Raise, England—raise thy proud hurra !
 Hispania be not dumb !
 For Liberty shall ne'er decay,
 While lives the British Drum !

Thy note was triumph on the wind,
 At dreadful Trafalgar ;
 Where Glory her rich laurels twin'd
 Around her Nelson's car.
 Corunna still shall breathe of thee,
 And red Vittoria too ;
 And ever honored shalt thou be
 At matchless Waterloo !

The sword with Freedom in its gleam,—
 The banner staunch and proud,—
 And the fair island plumes that stream
 Where tyrants' heads are bow'd ;
 The steeds that dash through shot and shell,
 And, like a tempest, come,
 With thee, in unity, shall dwell—
 Thou dauntless British Drum !

And when on us life's sun is set,
 When earthly pomp is o'er,
 Let Gallia fix her bayonet,
 And lift her tri-color !

But oh, from every hill and plain,
 A mighty sweep shall come ;
 And dauntless warrior men again
 Shall peal the British Drum !

Our fathers fought with Marlborough,
 And vanquish'd Tournay's slaves,
 And, with their fame, our sons shall glow,
 Whene'er they wield our glaives.
 But if those glaives they will not keep,—
 If tyrants hither come !
 Oh, then how deep shall be their sleep
 With the glorious British Drum !

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

John de Groat's house, a memorable place in the parish of Canisby, in Caithness, perhaps owes its fame less to the circumstance of its local situation at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which it may not be improper to relate, as it inculcates an useful lesson of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat—supposed to have been originally from Holland—arrived in Caithness with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers bought some land near Dungisbay Head, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families, having lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting, to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedence—each contending for the seniority and chieftainship—which increased to such a degree, as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, inter-

ferred. He expatiated on the comforts they had heretofore enjoyed, owing to the harmony which had subsisted between them : he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel amongst themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them and expel them the country : he therefore conjured them, by the ties of blood, and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future at their anniversary meetings. They all acquiesced, and departed in peace.

In due time, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagon figure, with eight doors, and placed a table of oak of the same shape, in the middle ; when the next meeting took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the end of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humor of the company were restored.

The building was then named John de Groat's house, and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intention and sound judgment which gave it origin.

HELL BRIDGE.

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm ; but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of considerable size, and the passenger, who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing ; and, indeed, none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles ; yet

it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side ; and when this is the case, one lies down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, a Highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and, being himself one of the patrician order, called him to lie down. The person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit ; they were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families in enmity with each other.

" I was first at the top," said Bendearg, " and called out first ; lay down, that I may pass over in peace."

" When the Grant prostrates himself before the M'Pherson," answered the other, " it must be with a sword driven through his body,"

" Turn back then," said Bendearg, " and repass as you came."

" Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant ; " I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson."

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other ;—they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark eye-brows, and fixing fierce and woeful eyes upon each other, stood prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment ; but, being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to " the top of their bent," like statues carved out of solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on the elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy ; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his

body partly hanging over the rock ; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further, till, catching with desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness : the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the ragged point of a rock ; his enemy was almost within his reach—His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair ; but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe : the mangled body disappeared among the trees, his last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom.

M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell in the wars in the peninsula.

The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell Bridge.

FRAGMENTS.

Disjectaque membra.

In my hearts flush of passion I have sung
 Strains that I never more may sing again :
 At solemn night my minstrel notes have rung
 Through the calm stillness, softening all my pain :
 And POESY, perchance, hath, from my tongue,
 Poured out her numbers,—haply not in vain ;
 For those may be whose hearts have joyed to hear
 The songs I warbled for each listening ear.

Perhaps unworthy they of any praise,
 Perhaps in vain my too rude lyre hath spoken,
 And my wild notes obtain not Fame's proud bays,
 Yet love I them, and cherish still the token :
 That Inspiration hover'd o'er my lays
 Before my soul was dull'd, or lyre was broken,
 For I have knelt me by her holy shrine
 And woke her slumbers with these songs of mine.

Enough—too much of this!—but I aspire
 For gleams of joyance from my lowly strain,
 I feel the glow of elemental fire
 Filling my frame,—and shall it burn in vain?
 Once I might light my breast with purpose higher,
 But now,—is not the iron in my brain
 Searing the wounds, wild passion may have given?
 Nor can I sing with heart and feelings riven.

And throbbing brow, and hopes in sunder rent :
 And my hand wanders o'er the tuneless chords,
 And what was joy now feels but punishment,
 While fadeless pain her arrow still affords.
 Alas, alas ! for this was Passion sent ?
 Vainly I stem its tide, for aye it lords
 Above what'er of peace sat on my brow,
 Nor can I breast its wave—at least not now !

But, as it flows, so must its ebb yet come—
 Its breakers and its billows cannot last ;
 They must recede, seeking some other home,
 Then I, my troubles and my trials past,
 May look upon their white receding foam,
 Nor heed the rising tempest's deadly blast,
 When, in the haven of high hope, my barque
 Is moored, at length, for aye—but hark !

What sounds—like the sweet voice of Spring,
 Breathing delight, and passion, and desire,
 Soft as the thought of Love's imagining,
 Some seraph's finger wakes from my lone lyre :
 What music rises on the zephyr's wing,
 Mingling with heaven's calm, earth's mental fire,
 But low and gentle as an infant's sigh,
 Hushed into sleep, by some fond lullaby.

I hail the omen !—how the wild winds sing !
 Along the long neglected strings they rush,
 And voluntary notes of gladness fling :
 And, oh ! how wildly comes that solemn gush

Of music's ecstasy, as if each string
 With melody were instinct, and would—hush !
 It comes again, that sweet unearthly strain,
 Doth it not whisper, “ Think no more of pain ?”

Yes ! in this softening hour—so calm—so dear,
 My soul is mingling with that wind-waked strain ;
 It bids me for the future nurse no fear,
 Nor dare the tenor of my fate arraign.

• • • •

[The wind-waked music of an Æolian harp is here attempted to be described ; but, what tongue could never tell, pen may in vain attempt to write. The music of the starry spheres cannot be more delightful than this voluntary, or involuntary, melody of the winds.]

R. S. M'K.

OLD SURLY.

A CHARACTERISTIC COUNTRY SKETCH.

BY FRANK GOLIGHTLY.

The village of Carisbroke is one of the most picturesque spots in the Isle of Wight. Bounded by a range of hills on the one side, and by the dark blue waters of the Medina on the other, it seems from the nature of its situation to be perfectly secluded from the world. A little lake flows through it, and gives a romantic wildness to the neighbourhood, the effect of which is enhanced by the ruins of Carisbroke Castle, with its donjon keep and Gothic archway frowning in awful magnificence upon the landscape. On quitting the village to the right, the eye of the passing stranger is perhaps directed to a little pathway, intersected by heath-broom, and winding round the brow of the slope on which these celebrated ruins are situated. Here, in the silence of an autumnal evening, when the last traces of day are saddening into twilight, and the wood-pigeon is cooing her farewell, the whole scene assumes the most luxuriant appearance. From the declivity of the hill, the spire of the village church is seen peeping forth

from its dusky coverlid of brushwood ; and beyond, in the faintness of distance, appears the dark-bosomed ocean, with the light craft, gliding like shadows along its surface, and the island rocks encompassing it on every side.

About a mile from this sequestered hamlet, in a copse environed by nut-trees, stands an old-fashioned ruin, on the front of which was once emblazoned in gilt characters, like the alphabet upon a slice of gingerbread, the academical notice,

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

It was kept by one Laurence Crab-tree, who, from the morose eccentricity of his disposition, was baptized by the appropriate designation of Old Surly. He had once been a tailor in the village, and possessed no inconsiderable share of the melancholy attributed to that fraternity. Having at last accumulated a sufficient sum in the exercise of his vocation, he determined to quit the scene, and enlighten his faculties by travel. He was absent about two years, and his memory was already on the wane, when he returned home, like the monkey who had seen the world, pompous, self-conceited, and egotistical. His neighbours, who had always feared, now surveyed him with increased reverence ; for every trace of the tradesman had vanished ; and his form seemed to have acquired the additional eight parts, which from the tailor are considered (catechetically speaking,) as " both requisite and necessary " to constitute the man.

He had been, however, but a short time returned, when, on a minute examination into the state of his abilities, it suddenly occurred to him that they were in the highest possible preservation. To prevent their rotting by neglect, he proposed a system of education, for which he was well adapted, at least in his own opinion, and volunteered the instruction of the village children on all subjects, or as he himself expressed it, to the edification of those who heard him, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" The villagers, who were not to be persuaded in English, were convinced in Latin, and the school was no sooner opened than it received an accession of numbers amounting even to a plethora. The disposition of Old Surly was eminently qualified for his task, and, indeed, " the elements " of pedagogy " were so mixed up in him, that

nature might stand boldly forth and say, this was a"—school-master. His learning was of that peculiar stamp denominated "rigmorok;" and consisted principally of a smattering of English, and slight acquaintance with Latin. His Grecian erudition was confined to the first half of the alphabet; Hebrew he knew by sight; while his knowledge of French was bounded by the title-page of Palaiet's Grammar. And now, if I am asked by the sceptic, how a tailor could inherit such miscellaneous information, I can merely reply, that he was reported to have picked it up, together with an old coat, in his travels, and to have rendered both acquisitions equally subservient to his interests.

But with respect to the school, he did not procure it with such facility as I have procured it for him. He previously suffered much from the reduced state of his finances, having long since resigned his situation at the board of cabbage-munchers, and having nothing to supply its place. His pounds, therefore, soon melted into shillings—his compound glass of gin and water, at the Three Cups, degenerated into the simple element of water, and his Sabbath coat made its first appearance at a pawnbroker's, in Newport. His distress became at length so urgent, that he resolved to institute a school; and lucky it was that he did so; for by this time his flesh had commenced an action for divorce against his bones, while their poverty-stricken master knew nothing of roast beef but the tune, a circumstance which added to the eccentric acerbity of his disposition.

In addition to his mental peculiarities, his "outer man" was the theme of endless diversion in the village. His head, after his accession to the school, was usually entombed in a boundless convexity of wig, that frowned, like a forest in a hoar frost, upon his occiput, and then concentrated its picturesque dimensions into a peruke of spiral longinquity. His brogues, which, according to ancient tradition, once paid their addresses to his ankles, had long since left that neighbourhood, to claim acquaintance with his knees, at which point they formed a pouch capable of containing, on emergency, articles of mastication or deglutition, for at least a week. The rest of his dress was in strict keeping with what we have just described, and his Sunday coat, redeemed from the fangs of the pawnbroker, fluttered in pleasing undulations around

him, like the frock of a young lady when it is rudely violated by a high wind at the corner of Marchmont-street. His well-worn worsted stockings, which seemed to hold in orthodox consternation the scriptural advice of "wash and be clean;" and were diversified, like a motion in the House of Commons, by frequent *amendments*, reminded the curious spectator of the Black Sea, with the islands sprinkled about its surface, and gave hints of the duration of time by the clocks, which, from time immemorial, had ornamented them.

To the amateurs of eccentric exhibitions, this animal must have afforded a rich treat; and he might accordingly be seen at twilight, wandering along the banks of the little village lake, with head inclined towards the ground, growling some passage of Phœdrus, or Eutropius, which he had contrived to pick up in the course of his travels. If, during these peregrinations, he was accosted by his neighbours, he would reply with an unconscious vibration of the occiput, which set his locks in motion like a cauliflower in a high wind! or grin with such hideous complaisance, that the interrogator would run affrighted from his presence, fully persuaded that he had encountered the devil and all his works.

On Sundays it was his usual custom to appear at church enthroned in the midst of his pupils. His features were always cadaverous; but when compressed, as it were, by the lightness of devotional gravity, called to mind the parchment of a drum stretched to unusual tension. The nose, too, contributed its share to the eccentricity of its brother features, and was of such inconvenient longinquity, that its owner was once advised by a wag to tie it in a double knot. Whether or no he took the advice, I am not prepared to assert; but have heard it affirmed as a truth, that the parish clerk, on seeing it for the first time, was so alarmed, that instead of saying "Amen," he actually vociferated "my eyes!" an image expressive of his astonishment.

Such was the animal curiosity that adorned the village of Carisbroke, and contrived, by dint of classical quotations, and hints of intellectual supremacy, to establish himself as a great man in the neighbourhood, to the terror of dunces, and the improvement of future generations. His school, at the period to which this history alludes, was in its zenith of prosperity, for the clerk of the parish had undertaken to patronize it, and

even the landlord of the Three Cups (with reverence be he mentioned,) had sent his twin-sons, ad edificandum, et scarificandum. This, then, was the acme of Old Surly's supremacy; and his mind, for the first time, "put forth the tender *leafs* of hope," which, like the blank *leafs* in his own school-books, remained unsoiled by misfortune or neglect. He had now become one of the acknowledged dignitaries of the village; nay, to such celebrity had he attained, that, on the death of the exciseman, he was invited to offer himself as candidate for the vacant situation. This he did; but a regard to truth compels me to add, that he lost his election by one vote, which the bribery of a pot of beer ensured to his antagonist, who united in his own person the offices of apothecary, accoucheur, and dentist. His friends, however, demanded a public scrutiny at the tap-room of the Three Cups; but, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, there were only ten honest men in the village, and the successful exciseman possessed three votes in his official capacity of apothecary, accoucheur, and dentist, the exertions of the schoolmaster and his friends were abortive, but gained him the ill-will of his opponent, who omitted no opportunity of venting his malevolence.

Now to my tale, from which I have hitherto been so long detained, solely in the hope of doing justice to the character and celebrity of "Old Surly," who is the hero of my present sketch.

It happened one morning that, as if in express justification of his nic-name, he was seized with an unusual fit of surliness, which vented itself in frequent application to the defenceless physiognomies of his school-boys—

Declare, oh Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung his fierce rage,—from what offended power?

In reply to this interrogation, it seems that on the ensuing evening he had been holding forth in a select circle, assembled as usual at the Three Cups, on the advantages of a classical education; when an officious French dancing-master, who had recently settled in the neighbourhood, and gave lessons to the young villagers in recompence for occasional invitations to dinner, enlarged on the superior merits of dancing, with a sneer at the original vocation of Old Surly. This was not

to be borne, and accordingly a wordy war ensued, in which the company sided with the schoolmaster. Dissatisfied, however, with his triumph, and burning with indignation at the Frenchman's allusion to his former profession, he returned home, grunting defiance to dancing-masters, and all the brotherhood of caperers. When he rose the next morning, his choler was still unappeased; this, at least, was the opinion of his disciples, who were indulged on the occasion with a liberal allowance of birch and cane.

At the time my narrative commences, he was engaged in the murder of Phœdrus with his first class, when a stone, evidently directed at his wig, dashed through the window, and effected a forcible lodgment in his coat pocket. This opened the floodgates of his wrath, and accordingly his two stoutest boys were despatched to bring in the culprit, for whom, in the mean time, an alarming assortment of birch twigs was prepared. The offender was speedily discovered, but screened from detection by that spirit of honor so peculiar to youth. A substitute was, however, provided, in the person of the French dancing-master, who happened to be passing at the time, in his way to a neighbouring farmer, and was seized by the emissaries as the owner of the stray stone.

"Oh! heu! and proh!" says Syntax, are the most effectual means of admiration or surprise; but oh! heu! and proh!" with all the interjectional fraternity, would fail in conveying an adequate idea of the transports of Old Surly, when he had thus found a plausible pretext for chastising the impertinence of his enemy. He looked at him with a most horrific grin, and in order to do him effectual justice, improved the quantity as well as the quality of his instruments of flagellation. When, at length, the ichor of his countenance had subsided into its usual atrabilious complexion, he reiterated the awful exclamation of "Take him up;" and instantly the carcass of the Frenchman was hoisted on the back of the strongest school-boy. The birch then descended with a sort of "*facilis descensus averni*," and between each stripe the executioner ironically observed, that he had never seen the art of dancing exhibited to such perfection as on the present occasion. The flagillated Terpsichorist did indeed exhibit the most picturesque attitudes: he indulged his spleen in a plentiful supply of *sacre Dieu's*, exhausted the Galic vocabulary of oaths,

and terminated his execrations with our most expressively national idiom, "Got tam." This afforded reasonable grounds for further discipline, and the schoolmaster, by way of making an example of any one who presumed to swear in the presence of his boys, fairly wearied himself with the salutary labors of excoriation.

Then on the desk his weary limbs he cast—
For every labor must have rest at last.

On the conclusion of this affecting catastrophe, the Frenchman pursued his route, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," to the farm-house, whither he was wending at the moment of his unholy interruption. He arrived in a state of deep agitation. His hair, which had been neatly powdered on occasion of his visit, hung down with perpendicular rigidity; his coat flaps wantoned in the wind with the most laudable indifference to shape; the frills of his shirt were torn, and his *toute ensemble* gave the idea of a scarecrow which has been cruelly pecked by the birds. The farmer inquired the cause of his agitation, and was answered with an unconnected assortment of epithets. After the lapse of a few minutes, he was made acquainted with the circumstances of the flagellation, and an adjournment was forthwith proposed to the Three Cups, (where all business of importance was transacted,) that the sense of the community might be taken on the subject. The publican and farmer were of opinion that an apology was undoubtedly due, while the Frenchman, "hear it, ye gods," persisted in the propriety of a challenge to pugilism. This, with an amendment, was acceded to; and the exciseman of the parish, whom we have before mentioned as the successful rival and enemy of the pedagogue, volunteered the delivery of the cartel.

It was a delightful evening; and his route to the "Seminary for Young Gentlemen," lay through the most sequestered parts of the village. The evening sun had sunk below the wave, and already had the stock-dove commenced her "wood-notes wild." As he entered the copse, twilight had stole over the landscape, and in the calm tranquillity of the hour might be heard the drawling voices of the boys ascending on the gale, like the busy hum of mountain bees. Far

above the general compass of intonation rose the harsh twang of Old Surly, and gave no incorrect idea of the croaking of a bull-frog in the agonies of parturition.

On entering the school-room, the exciseman directed his steps towards the master's desk, who was surrounded as usual by his pupils, and had not yet recovered the indignation of the morning. He delivered his message, and was merely honored in reply with a "take him up." The boys understood the mandate, and obeyed it with laudable adroitness. The same discipline was then repeated, but with such spirit, that the schoolmaster was actually reported to have strained his arm, an inconvenience which he manfully repressed in his praiseworthy attempts to do justice to the hide of the exciseman; and if, indeed, that man "chasteneth him whom he loveth," the love of the pedagogue for his victim must have been of the tenderest nature. As yet, however, I am unprepared to assert so heretical a doctrine; and can merely affirm, that after a few more salubrious disciplinings, the untrussed victim was permitted to gird up his loins and flee, which was no sooner said than done. Brimful of wrath, he returned to the Three Cups, vowing vengeance on the schoolmaster who had punished, and the Frenchman who had despatched him on so hazardous an expedition. The Terpsichorist replied only by a caper, emblematical of his calling, and endeavoured to quiet his adversary by manual application to his own parts, which had been similarly invaded. But the exciseman, like honest Saul before his conversion, "yet breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against the dancing-master, who, with a phiz of rueful length, exclaimed at last "Ah, Monsieur Exciseman, dis vagabond be dam flogger:—he flog me—flog you—flog de toute village."

The story soon got wind, to the disparagement of the exco-riated sufferers. It traversed the whole neighbourhood, and afforded frequent mirth to the peasants at the Three Cups. Infinite reverence was henceforth expressed for the schoolmaster, who held his head higher than ever at these two-fold instances of his prowess. As for the publican, who by some strange mistake considered himself a wag, he despatched all his sons in succession to the seminary, and often repeated the anecdote of the flagellation, to the delight of strangers who resided a day or two at his inn. He acquired at last such

notoriety, that his story actually rivalled his ale, which tradition had allowed to be excellent ; and the pathetic ejaculations of the Frenchman, as mimicked by this honest landlord, passed in due course of time into a proverb, so that when the villagers intended to discuss the merits of a disciplinarian, they would say “dis vagabond be dam flogger—he flog me—flog you—flog de toute village.”

Laurentius Crab-tree ! Laurentius Crab-tree ! my soul is exceeding sorrowful, when I recall the misfortunes of thine age. If, however, I omit the mention of them, I shall be doing injustice to thy character, which must be exhibited in its varied modifications of acerbity and softness.

A few years had now elapsed from the period of this famous flagellation, (which, by the bye, formed an epoch in the village annals,) when an honest farmer, by name Kenedy, came with his sister Deborah to reside in the neighbourhood. This same Kenedy was a well-meaning but irritable sort of personage, resembling in his corporeal dimensions, Magog, the giant of Guildhall, when, according to ancient tradition, he jumped down from his pedestal, and dined at the same table with the aldermen. It was his practice every evening to join the assembly at the Three Cups, where the schoolmaster, as president of the society, was installed in his arm-chair. Here he enjoyed himself with indefatigable perseverance, and when attacked by his sister with his partiality to taverns, used to reply, with Falstaff, “What ! shall I not take mine ease at mine own inn ?”

Miss Deborah Kenedy, unlike her brother, was the very pink of piety. She was once reported to have been pretty, and to have fallen a prey to the snares of a young lawyer. Her appearance, however, which was an antidote to love, should have screened her from such scandal ; for “look on her face, and you’ll forget it all.” She had now attained the discreet age of forty, and having long since given up the world, or the world having long since given up her, resolved to devote her exclusive attention to the next. With this view she retired one night to rest, and woke the next morning a saint, or, as she prettily termed it, “a babe in grace.” A methodist who lived in the neighbourhood was instantly consulted, and after a careful investigation of the symptoms, pronounced that the “babe” had had a call, and sung a pair of

psalms to her glorification. From this time the good lady waxed provokingly pious. She composed hymns in the night-season, indited sundry sermons, spoke of the thing that was godly, made a collection of texts, clothed herself with sack-cloth and ashes, like Evangelist in "Pilgrim's Progress," and in spite of the commandment "Thou shalt do no murder," murdered Ecclesiastes in a poetical paraphrase.

She had not been long in the neighbourhood, when the devotional appearance of Old Surly, as he sat among his pupils at church, excited her attention. The gravity of his deportment pleased her, and particularly his thorough-bass recitation of the psalmlings, or little psalms, of the day. She accordingly requested an introduction, and appeared to take much interest in the serious tendency of his conversation. He seemed equally interested; indeed, how could he help being smitten by so much goodness? The first symptom he gave of a tender nature, was in the improvement of his "outer man," and the clemency of his scholastic punishments. His visits, too, to the Three Cups, were gradually discontinued, until Kenedy became irritated by his neglect, and the publican removed his children from the school.

From this time his moroseness slowly, but surely, abated. He grew more thoughtful than ever, and looked both bilious and interesting. He rambled about the copse early in the morning, and late at night, and relaxed in his wonted attention to the school. Oh! love, love! thou art a devil of an affliction! But was this love real, or was it only feigned, in order to work upon the feelings of the gentle Miss Deborah? "In sooth I know not"—certain it is that she heard of it, and pitied accordingly. But it was in school-time that this love of Old Surly displayed itself in the strongest light. By the perpetual recurrence of his thoughts to Miss Deborah, her name was ever on his lips, and produced strange blunders,—so much so, indeed, that on reading with his boys the first ode of Horace, he unwittingly commenced,

Deborah, atavis edita regibus.

A mistake which covered him with blushes, and elicited a sly grin from his pupils. His affection now increased to an alarming extent, and when he reflected on the income of

Miss Deborah, and the well-stocked farm of her brother, he indulged himself in the most delicious fantasies. With love comes poetry, and, strange to say, our hero no sooner became a lover than he waxed poetical; and, in the impetuosity of his transports, commenced a copy of hexameters to his flame, of which only the first line is extant,

Deborah, cara mihi, carissima Deborah, *salve!*

The composition of these poetics proved a *salve* to his perturbed spirits, and together with other symptoms, which I cannot stop to enumerate, betokened some great event, the crisis of which was at hand.

As he was seated one morning at his desk, revenging on the cheeks of his pupils some fancied slight of his mistress, a hurried messenger announced that Farmer Kenedy had left home, and that Miss Deborah was anxious to have a little spiritual conversation with him. His eyes brightened at the intelligence, and in the warmth of the moment he indulged his boys in a whole holiday, while he himself retired to adonize for the occasion.

To have seen him as, "dressed all in his best," he wound along the banks of the lake that skirted the farm of Kenedy, would have extracted a smile from the face of Apollyon. He had brushed up his wig with studied neatness, and, in order to augment the fleecy whiteness of the locks, sprinkled them with the contents of a pounce box. On the summit appeared a hat, which, compared with the immensity of the wig on which it was placed, gave the idea of a fly perched on the apex of a parched egg. The remainder of his garments were equally singular, and, in fact, from the way in which he caught the wind as he passed, he might be denominated a walking ventilator.

After a hurried walk he arrived, and was ushered into the drawing-room of his fair religionist. She was seated on the sofa, and received him with easy negligence. An animated conversation then ensued, which, after divers divergings, settled into a dispute upon Platonic affection. The lady was here in her element; she harangued very sensibly on the pleasures of love unconnected with sinfulness, while the obstreperous concupiscence of Old Surly, who leered with an

amorous obliquity of vision, gave the denial to her assertions. Several times in the course of the discussion he rose and resumed his seat, sighed with orthodox precision, snuffed the air like a mountain goat, until, unable any longer to suppress his emotions, he fell on his knees and made a formal declaration of love. Heavens and earth! what did he not vociferate? He raved about her charms, swore by her two eyes, (she had but one,) and concluded by offering to fling his wig and fortune at her feet.

At this instant, while the heated pulse and swelling bosom of the old girl, (I beg her pardon, I should have said young lady,) attested her sympathy, the door opened, and in rushed Kenedy, followed by the excoriated exciseman, who, as it appears, had seen Old Surly enter the house, and had given an exaggerated statement to the farmer. The schoolmaster rose from his knees, while Kenedy attacking him with the epithets of "an old goat—a phenomenon of concupiscence—a cornucopia of lechery," rained a heavy shower of blows upon his carcase. A battle instantly ensued. The farmer attacked the schoolmaster, while Miss Deborah, unwilling to be neglected, fought with alarming intrepidity; and observing, that the Lord had commanded her to take the part of the godly, even as Jaal drove the nail into the temples of Sisera, drove her own nails into the cheeks of the exciseman. As for the poor flagellant, after a slight struggle, he remained in a state of passive obedience, while his fair virago, incensed at his timidity, and rendered desperate by passion, attacked his nose with infinite despatch.

This—this was the unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Laurence saw her scratch,
Ingratitude, more strong than Deborah's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart,
And—in his kerchief muffling up his nose,
Which all the while ran blood—Old Surly fell.

There are some callous dispositions to whom disgrace is but the inconvenience of the moment. This was not the case with the schoolmaster, who could not hear his name branded with ridicule, and see his establishment drop away by degrees, without feeling compunction for the cause. The exciseman,

too, boasted every where of his revenge, and took all opportunities of insulting him. This could not last ; his moroseness subsided into melancholy, and, neglected in his old age, and worn down with a sense of his degradation, he died of a broken heart ; while the exciseman and French dancing-master followed him to the grave, as a token that their enmity had died with him. He was buried in the church mentioned in the opening description, and on the green sod was placed a marble slab with this brief memorial :—

Laurentius Crab-tree,
Obiit A.D. MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætat. 55.

The school after his decease was deserted, and gradually became the melancholy ruin which it now appears. I could be very sentimental on the occasion, but am in a desperate hurry to come to the end of my story. Suffice it to say, that the exciseman and French dancing-master still continued in the village, while the publican and Kenedy were appointed joint presidents of the club, in the room of the defunct pedagogue. As for Miss Deborah, she found that not even her brother's influence could preserve her reputation for chastity, but consoled herself by reflecting that man is born to vilipend as the sparks fly upwards. Feeling, however, that she was held in general contempt, she observed one day, that the Lord had commanded her to sojourn in a foreign land, whither she shortly afterwards retired, to the satisfaction of her kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And now, gentle reader, my narrative is concluded, and if any one doubts its authenticity

I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies.
Should captains the remark, or scholars make,
They also lie too (under a mistake).

But the best way of ascertaining the fact, will be for the inquisitive reader to visit in person the scenes I have described. He will there find the Three Cups still in existence, and the remembrance of the schoolmaster still cherished in the neighbourhood. Nay, so fresh is his memory, that a few years since, his ghost was seen by one of his old pupils to stalk

through the school-room, with the intention, no doubt, looking after his Phœdrus, which he requested should be buried with him. He was met by the parish clerk, whom he interrogated in Latin, and electrified with his classical proficiency. "But this was no wonder," said a notorious wag in the village, to whom the anecdote was related, "for a *dead* man would naturally wish to speak in a *dead* language."

A FRAGMENT.

And say without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man? a world without a sun.

Campbell.

Who can the portrait of a smile pourtray,
Or who the limits of its power define?
Or is there one, on whom this genial ray
Has never deign'd benignantly to shine,
Like morning sun-beams on the verdant glade,
Chasing afar night's cold and dewy shade?

There is not one, whose warm romantic soul
Has not imbib'd the animating draught,—
Who has not the transparent bliss-brimm'd bowl,
With an unsatiating ardor quaff'd,
And felt the rays of rapture o'er him steal,
Beyond the power of language to reveal.

There is within the smile a mystic spell
That sweetens life's embitter'd cup of woes,—
A beam, whose lustrous power can oft dispel
The shade which round the cup affliction throws,—
A mantling flower, with blossoms sweet and fair,
That gilds life's paths and hides the thorns of care.

As flow'rets wild on verdant meads and hills,
Their golden heads and honied cups expand
To drink the pearly showers which heaven distils
On all around with its benignant hand;
So mortals bask in syren pleasure's rays
To sip the smile which every toil repays.
Trin. Col. Oxford.

J. P.



Drawn by T. Galtland, R.A.

Engraved by P. Dore

SECOND CHILDISHNESS.

South Folins, Beale Court, London.

SECOND CHILDISHNESS.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
As you like it.

The closing scene of human existence, being described by privations, seems but a mere subject for the ingenuity of the painter ; nevertheless the melancholy picture of human infirmity in its last stage, was, perhaps, never more feelingly represented, than it has been by Mr. Stothard. We contemplate a figure destitute of all the means of enjoyment,—“ sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing” that can make life desirable to the possessor !—incapable of self motion, or of applying to his own use those aliments which are necessary to preserve him from returning to the dust of which he was formed : Pulvis et umbra sumus. How admirably is this situation described by the dying Mortimer :—

Those eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief ;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—*Henry VI.*

And a passage very similar to this, Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the old John of Gaunt, in allusion to the banishment of his son :—

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night.—*Richard II.*

As it is from our several senses that we derive all the pleasures of the present life, to them, perhaps, we are indebted for the consciousness of existence itself ; what can be more humiliating to the dignity and extravagant pride of man, than the total loss, or very considerable decay of those organical

inlets of joy and delights? Such a period Shakspeare anticipates as the necessary result of protracted years; a period which Pope has admirably described :—

Life protracted is protracted woe,
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower.
With listless eyes the dotard views the store ;
He views and wonders that they please no more.
Now palls the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near ;
Nor lute, nor lyre, his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.

To this state of human imbecility Lucretius likewise refers in the third book of his poem :—

When the weak limbs, in life's concluding stage,
Feel the chill touches of benumbing age :
When bows the body 'neath the weight of years,
Then droops the mind, a prey to groundless fears :
The driveller dictates, ever in the wrong,
And folly falters on the palsied tongue.

W. Shepherd.

“ Every period,” says Cicero, “ excepting the last, is marked out by certain and defined limits : old age alone has no precise and determined boundary. That distaste which is felt, in passing through the several stages of our present being, and to which Jacques, the moralizing satirist, alludes, must, it should seem, necessarily render life itself, in the close of its latest period, no longer desirable. When we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to the last stage of human existence, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them, it is then that Death, ‘ the utmost course where human sorrow ends,’ may be considered as a mature and seasonable event.

RYDDIE MORTON'S PROPHECY.

A LEGEND OF MINSTER.

When the dry phraseology of a day-book, and the tedious routine of the money market have excited the nerves to as deplorable a maximum as Dr. Bell ever attempted to cure, the imagination naturally suffers itself to float back to the beautiful antiquities, sunless avenues, picturesque corn-fields, and dancing rivulets, for which the country has acquired some portion of eminence.—It is then that the stock-jobber assumes a partial recovery from his feverish and inveterate speculations, reads Mr. Britton on Sunday, and, after becoming disgusted with Charles Wright, determines to see the sun set on Canterbury Cathedral. On his way o'er the blue waves, that hurry him from the dim and invariable seclusion of the counting-house, he points at the towers of Reculver, talks of a positive inundation on that part of the coast, eulogizes in the most exaggerating flippancy of expression the renowned splendor of Becket's altar, and of the Black Prince, mutters of "ashes that make it holier," and then, to give his visionary calculations the lordly emolument of a coup-de-grace, asks if it were not an exceedingly figurative quotation from Counsellor Shiel ! But, as this moonstruck speculator advances into the country, his notions of sepulchral magnificence gradually diminish, and his spirit dilates on the entranced musings which a few solitary walks would suggest to him. He feels the loftiest animation in exploring the stately cliffs that form a vast belt on the sea-shore, of accumulating traditions from the lips of the peasantry,—of meditating on the obsolete epitaphs that lie scattered in the church-yard, or surveying, in a small skiff, the perspective grandeur of Dungeness. Such a man will, at the expiration of his pilgrimage, return home with a settled composure of mind and body,—obtain an insertion of his lucubrations in the Monthly Magazine, and review his tour with unbridled gratification. He will need no medicine to invigorate his appetite, or require any stimulant to qualify his nerves for the fatigue of commercial business ; and even the quaint phraseology of a day-book, will, to him, appear a pleasing relaxation from an agreeable amusement

My friend Clarence was an illustration of the theory on
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which I have been induced to ground my remarks. He had doubted the existence of the gold spurs of the Black Prince, — mistaken the statue of a worthy deacon for Thomas à Becket, — imposed silence on the prosing tongue of the beadle, and thrown down the shaft of an old pennon! He was in a state of extreme agitation when he arrived at my residence; — he incessantly talked of ennui, — evinced a dislike to that industrious little antiquary, Mr. Britton, and spoke of the old chroniclers as absurd and bombastic! But the space of a few days mellowed his petulant disposition into a beauteous tranquillity, — a calm which seemed to proceed from the exhilarating atmosphere that the isle of Sheppy afforded. In the shadows of the giant trees “tossing their everlasting arms,” his spirit melted into a delicious dream-like reverie; and while he gazed on the rippling eddies of the ocean, his heart partook of their clear and distinct loneliness. To him the solitary rambles of a serene evening, or a moonlight night, were a rich source of deep and enlivening study, and to him imparted a freshness that, like the rainbow, appeared magnificently radiant amid the dark clouds of a worldly existence. My friend Clarence soon ascertained the importance of the proverb, that “all is not gold that glitters;” for, from the unsophisticated conversation of the native peasantry, he gleaned more tales, traditions, and remarkable events, than the minster beadle, or the parish chronicler would have expressed their willingness to relate. It is then apparently obvious, that an association with the agricultural community results to the emolument of the curious and antiquarian traveller, — nay, more than either a twelvemonth at Canterbury, or an exact acquaintance with old Camden would be likely to effect.

How was the morning of the twenty-fifth of July? Oh, delightful! it could not have been represented to a better advantage had it figured on the fly-leaf of a young lady's album. It allured the imagination into a sunny paradise, which teemed with nothing else but the fairy creations of Claude and L. E. L. There was an elfin music in the waves, — the clouds resembled so many bright shields, — and the sea-shells reposed on the golden sand, like a group of Mr. Croker's fairies! On such a day, nothing of material weight could have induced us to remain at home. My friend

Clarence and myself proceeded to Minster in a small pleasure boat.

Our companions were three in number ;—an old grinning gentleman, in a snuff-colored coat, a young student of the Inner Temple, and a tall nervous fishmonger, with a most notorious physiognomy. After discussing the merits of the dinner they had taken at Sheerness, the waterman pointed out the white steeple of Minster church,—“ Mayhap, gemmen,” said he, resting on his oar, “ mayhap you’ve heard of an old knight,—a queer kind of fellow, who was buried in that church.”

“ Of Robert de Shurland,” replied the young student, “ yes, he was created a knight-banneret by Edward the First.”

“ Egad,” you’re correct,” said the old gentleman, buttoning up his snuff-colored preserver, and mellowing his features into a sly mysterious grin,—“ egad, you’re correct !” and then he suffered his mouth to expand so magnificently, that an accurate observer would have deemed him Blackwood’s ‘ Man with the Mouth.’

“ And perhaps, gemmen, you’ve heard the roundabout story connected with the old knight ;—how he swam across this part of the Channel, to obtain pardon for burying a live priest.”

“ Positively,” replied my friend Clarence ; I could relate it to a letter: the Cinque Ports were then in high repute.”

“ A tradition, which does not conduce to the excellent qualities of the knight,” observed the young student, “ is at present sounding in my ears ; but, as I do not retain it with sufficient accuracy, I should esteem a relation of it.”

“ Curious, indeed !” said the old gentleman, “ but a word or two from Grose would do wonders for you.”

“ I place considerable reliance on the Scotch antiquary,” returned Clarence ; and he thus commenced his tale.

“ The old church of Minster affords an ample gratification to all grades of visitors. The common air, which breathes around it, is distinguished by a deep and silent sanctity, and the broad glare of sunlight, which its festooned windows admit, only aggravates the solemn antiquity of its interior ; and, to use an expression of Lord Byron, ‘ reposes like hope upon a death-bed.’ The visionary, the fox-hunting esquire, the poet in nubibus, and the snarling disciple of a Saxon chroni-

cler, will heed the quaint phraseology of Tom Saunders, its historian, with as much rapt enthusiasm as a precocious child; and though the loquacious old fellow is wont to burnish up his tales with a tinge of his own ingenious creation, they are, nevertheless, swallowed with the most evident symptoms of a greedy and excited appetite. Among the inexhaustible mine which veteran Tom uncloses for the edification of itching connoisseurs, the legend of Sir Robert Shurland is, perhaps the præmium of a dozen others. The helmet, pennon, and gloves of this knight, were lately removed from the south aisle and his spurs have been pocketed by a scientific stock-broker who has promised to produce them on the slightest matter of controversy. The ancestors of this same Sir Robert Shurland held considerable manors on the island, and in consequence of the alacrity which the knight manifested in raising vassals for the protection of royalty, the king confirmed him an extensive freeholder by court charter: he, moreover, possessed many other valuable liberties. But the treasured incident that has rendered the amiable knight so famous, is one of a wilder and more singular character. The idea of burying a live priest will certainly appear somewhat barbarous to posterity; but when we consider the ingenious expedient which the knight undertook to redeem his disgrace, we shall probably agree that there were more heroes than we find in Hollingshed. It is said, that, being fearful of the wrath of King Edward, he devised a project which the wild spirit of the times so frequently supplied: with a plume on his helmet, a shield and lance on his left arm, and an ample profusion of blazonry interspersed o'er his mail-coat, he mounted his favorite horse, and as the ship of his royal liege was then anchored at some distance from the sea-shore, he performed three evolutions around it. Nor were his hopes of pardon rendered void;—King Edward, who was an exceedingly brave warrior, admired the intrepidity that Sir Robert had evinced, and readily condescended to grant his request. It is rumoured, moreover, by the most illustrious gossips of Minster, that the amiable knight concealed the scroll of his sovereign's favor in his large steel gauntlet. I have heard Mr. Saunders speak of the seal of the Cinque Ports, representing Sir Robert on his horse, and perhaps the latter incident may be a corroboration of his testimony, though, if I were to ground any reliance on the wild

occurrences with which Tom contrives to swell out his tales, I might probably incur the indignation of more antiquaries than I am now endeavoring to gratify. Having thus explained myself, I shall proceed:—Sir Robert Shurland landed on the picturesque division of the coast which expands on our right hand: you will perceive it is defended by a most magnificent barrier of cliffs. Beneath those bright shaggy cliffs, and in a hut of her own construction, dwelt an old woman, who had obtained much sanctity for her ingenious predictions. Mr. Saunders has more than once asserted that her name was Ryddie Morton, and, to excite the enthusiasm of the speculative connoisseur, he alludes to the rude and almost illegible letters, R. M. which he says were graven on the rock by the witch. Although it has been suggested to him that the characters might have been etched out by a seaman of the blockade, and intended as the initials of Royal Marines, who are generally pretty rife on the coast, he still adheres to the opinion which he has already advanced. This beldame was rendered eminent by the venerable dignity of her aspect; and when the knight saw her approach him, he is said to have felt some portion of terror and reverence. Her white shining locks, clustered o'er her forehead with a peculiar wildness—the depth of intense fervor that dwelt in her unshrinking eye, and the faded grandeur of her habiliments were, perhaps, calculated to excite some fearful reflections in the mind of Sir Robert: these, however, he attempted to disguise, and, dismounting from his charger with his dripping pennon, he said, “Mother, I hope thine oracles are auspicious.”

“Nay, bright sir, returned the beldame, “I can give thee but a dark and early destiny. The horse, which hath this day restored thee to thine honors and thy halls, shall prove but a sorry friend after all.”

“How, Ryddie! exclaimed the knight; by my good lance I cannot construe thee.”

“A day is appointed,” said the witch; “it shall come like an angel-visitant in all its beauty; but the worse for thee, Robert, thy horse shall lay thee in the dust!”

“Sooner shall I lay him,” returned the knight, with an immoderate laugh; and he instantaneously inserted his short dirk in his charger's body. “Thus the dauntless triumph!” said Sir Robert; “I apprehend no harm from my horse,

mother ; for perchance thou wilt, ere long, behold his bleached bones in the moonlight."

A year had now rolled away since this occurrence, and the prediction of the sybil had waxed less powerful in the mind of Sir Robert : it was at the conclusion of a wassail, which he had celebrated with baronial magnificence, that he chanced to stray along the sea-shore with his guests. The knight added a zest to the ramble, by relating the droll circumstance by which he regained his patrimonial estates. " Ha ! " he exclaimed, " gallant wassaillers, ye perceive I speak not with lying lips, for here rests my brave charger : he saved my knighthood, honest beast ; for had he not borne me thrice round the ship of his dread liege, the king, I might to this day have been an outcast, without panoply or pennon :—he deserved a nobler fate than he received from my hand, poor fellow ! "

As he thus gave an ample scope to his feelings, he kicked his horse with seeming indifference, and a bone, that protruded from the cranium, entered into his foot. At first he treated the wound with apparent unconcern ; but the unskilful treatment of the monkish practitioners allowed it to proceed to intense mortification. Sir Robert Shurland died, and, by those who had partook of his hospitality, he was universally lamented. To the monks of the Grey Finn he bequeathed the tax-money which he was accustomed to receive from the smacks that fished in the Channel ; and to the vassals that held tenure on his manorial lands he granted extensive liberties. At the foot of his tomb, a horse's head is rudely sculptured, and the mischievous dispositions of the village children have increased its utter ugliness. Were the knight-banneret permitted to enjoy a second existence on earth, you may positively aver that his wrath would be directed at Tom Saunders for removing his blazoned spurs."

" Ah ! " said the old gentleman, giving a prolonged emphasis to the word, and enveloping his chin in a silk comforter ; " its all good, that's certain ; but give me Oliver Goldsmith, and the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap."

The old gentleman concluded his observations with a most exhilarating laugh ; and my friend Clarence retired to the stern of the boat, to sketch an outline of the church.

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to be, nigh the darkling sea
 When the rippling billows are foaming,
 'Tis sweet to hear the lone sailor's cheer,
 As o'er the wide waste he's roaming.

But sweeter still, the soft magic thrill,
 When on the midnight ocean,
 Sad music's sound, awakes all around,
 'Mid the surge's measured motion.,

Hark ! on the breeze, that sweeps the trees,
 It swells like a spirit's crying ;
 Now dies away, as the set of day,
 On the distant tempest sighing.

Sure if spirits weep, while in rosy sleep,
 Worn man is wrapped profound,
 Like their wail must be, on the moon-lit sea,
 Soft music's seraphic sound.

But yet to those strings, perhaps there sings,
 Some spirits sunk in sorrow,
 And tells its tale, to the passing gale,
 Sad solace from thence to borrow.

Broken spirit sing, till old ocean ring,
 While o'er the wave thou'rt speeding,
 'Tis pleasant to weep, while the world's asleep,
 And the broken heart is bleeding.

But if joy inspire, that angelic lyre,
 That softens the silent night ;
 It accordeth well, with an angel's knell,
 To wake man from his slumbers light.

And though to the strings, soft yon spirit sings,
 Yet 'tis like the trumpet's sound,
 That shall send a peal, from high heaven to hell,
 And wake all in death's empire bound.

Dublin.

G.

A SONG.

OMITTED IN LOCKHART'S "SPANISH BALLADS."

The sword's on thy thigh,
 And the plume's o'er thy brow !
 Though I flutter and sigh,
 I'm in love with thee now.

The banners and trumpets
 Come gallantly on,
 And the spears of the warriors
 Glint back in the sun.

I've given thee a baldric,
 And I've given thee a glove ;
 Then, by holy St. Mary,
 Don't forfeit thy love !

I have looked on the heaven,
 And I've looked on the sea ;
 'Tis true, the sun's proud,
 But thou'rt prouder than he !

In glittering Castile
 Thou hast won much renown,
 And no spear at the Tournay
 Can clash with thine own.

Thou lovest me now,
 But, when thou'rt afar,
 Thy love may fade from thee,
 Like the light of a star.

All I ask then is this :—
 When thou'rt gone o'er the sea,
 May the glove and the baldric
 Remind me of thee !

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.



Le Vicomte D'Arincourt

Paris, le 10 Mars 1793

REFLECTIVE SENTENCES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT,
AUTHOR OF "THE RENEGADE," "IPSIBOE," &c.

There is a great likeness between the unfeeling and cruel man; both are inhuman. A reconciliation is effected—a friendship is almost established—an alliance is closely formed between the man, whose hand dares every thing, and him whose heart fools nothing.

Seek not in the soul of man for sacrifices and devotion,—for resignation and love; they are to be found only in woman's heart.

Holy Piety, protecting guide to the pilgrims of this earthly vale, when thou deignest to enlighten man with thy pure and consoling ray, thou art a communication between the two worlds; thou gildest the chain of his days.

Ye, who have been smitten by misfortune, if your life is reproachless, how many consolations are there for you in this fugitive life? The divine arbiter rewards, and eternity awaits you.

Ye, who are sullied by crime, when adversity befalls you, have your souls one hope—is there one consolation for your misfortunes? The Sovereign Judge will punish, and eternity will also be your doom.

Men are made, it is true, all of the same dull compound, but an immense interval separates the vulgar soul from the sublime inspirations of genius.

Among men, a name changes nature: a mere word commands fate; rank precludes happiness; feeling is fettered by prerogative; and often a mere title alters the whole nature of man.

When two tender, enthusiastic, and faithful hearts are tied by misfortune, the more they suffer, the more they love.

The present is nothing to man; every thing tends to prove to him that he is formed for futurity.

Trust in Providence, who will watch over you; and be not cast down by misfortune.

In the spring of life there are no threatening aspects—no stormy skies—no dark shadows; misfortune even has its charms, and grief its smile. Man is then like a perfumed vase, which, receiving in its bosom a thousand different objects, scents them all, even the very poisons.

Look back into your own souls, ask your hearts, consult your consciences, and submit to their dictates.

The gospel, a monument of peace, happiness, and compassion, which prescribes no laws but those of love, is like a heavenly gate, from which sublime voices alone proceed, and which only opens on palaces of glory.

Whatever be the rank or name of mortals—whatever genius heaven may have conferred on them, suffering is always the lot of life ; it is like a funeral pall, which endeavours, under its glittering decorations, to conceal its black texture.

Nature and religion, equally sublime, both powerful comforters, possess a secret balm for the heaviest sorrows.

It almost always happens, that men's good, as well as bad qualities, are proportioned to the elements of their existence.

Great men have great faults ; nothing do they possess but in extremes.

A nation degraded is half conquered.

Every thing changes form and place, but nothing in the universe perishes.

God places adversity among men, as a monarch opens a tournament ; laborious combats are presented, in order that He may bestow glorious rewards.

Often does the unfortunate, who thinks he appeals to a feeling soul, dash his own heart against a rock.

The human heart, tormented with its greatness, is always empty, unless the mysteries—the wonders—the promises of heaven and eternity, find a place there.

He, who can brave the rage of mortals, may laugh at the fury of tempests.

Take hope and expectation from the course of human life, and what remains ?

EPITAPH. FROM THE FRENCH.

Here lies a good prelate, who died low in purse,
During life fond of gaming, and what is there worse ?
Why his case was so bad, for his projects were cross'd,
He ne'er made a bet, but he certainly lost ;
So that if he has gain'd now the mansions of God
His friends are all sure it will be something odd.



Thomas Campbell.

ON THE POETRY OF CAMPBELL.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

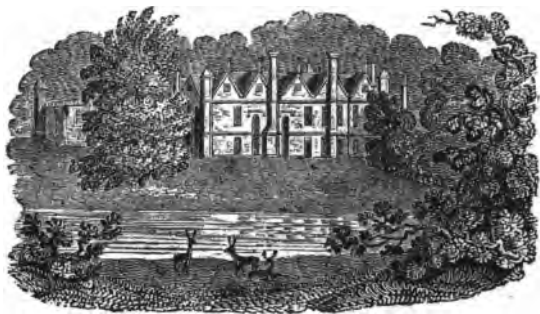
That Mr. Campbell has by any means attained to the summit of his fame, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe. We rather look upon the works he has already produced, as specimens of pure and virgin gold, from a mine, whose treasures are yet to be explored. It is true, the very reputation Mr. Campbell has acquired, may operate as a disadvantage to his future efforts. Public expectation is a pitiless task-master, and exorbitant in its demands. He, who has once awakened it, must go on in a progressive ratio, surpassing what he has hitherto done, or the public will be disappointed. Under such circumstances, an author of common sensibility take up his pen with fear and trembling. A consciousness that much is expected from him, deprives him of that ease of mind, and boldness of imagination, which are necessary to fine writing, and he too often fails, from a too great anxiety to excel. He is like some youthful soldier, who, having distinguished himself by a gallant and brilliant achievement, is ever fearful of entering on a new enterprize, lest he should tarnish the laurels he has won.

We are satisfied that Mr. Campbell feels this very diffidence and solicitude, from the uncommon pains he bestows upon his writings. These are scrupulously revised, modelled, and retouched over and over, before they are suffered to go out of his hands, and even then are slowly and reluctantly yielded up to the press. This elaborate care may at times be carried to an excess, so as to produce a fastidiousness of style, and an air of too much art and labor. It occasionally imparts to the muse the precise demeanour and studied attire of the prude, rather than the negligent and bewitching graces of the woodland nymph. A too minute attention to finishing, is likewise injurious to the force and sublimity of a poem. The vivid images which are struck off at a single heat, in those glowing moments of inspiration, "when the soul is lifted up to heaven," are too often softened down, and cautiously tamed, in the cold hour of correction. As an instance of the critical severity which Mr. Campbell exercises over his

productions, we will mention a fact within our knowledge, concerning his *Battle of the Baltic*. This ode, as published, consists but of five stanzas,—these were all that his scrupulous taste permitted him to cull out of about a dozen, which we have seen in manuscript. The rest, though full of poetic fire and imagery, were timidly consigned by him to oblivion.

But though this scrupulous spirit of revision may chance to refine away some of the bold touches of his pencil, and to injure some of its negligent graces, it is not without its eminent advantages. While it tends to produce a terseness of language, and a remarkable delicacy and sweetness of versification, it enables him likewise to impart to his productions a vigorous conciseness of style, a graphical correctness of imagery, and a philosophical condensation of idea, rarely found in the popular poets of the day. Facility of writing seems to have been the bane of many modern poets, who too generally indulge in a ready and abundant versification, which, like a flowering vine, overruns their subject, and expands through many a weedy page. In fact most of them seem to have mistaken carelessness for ease, and redundancy for luxuriance; they never take pains to condense and invigorate. Hence we have those profuse and loosely written poems, wherein the writers, either too feeble or too careless to seize at once upon their subject, prefer giving it a chase, and hunt it through a labyrinth of verses, until it is fairly run down and overpowered by a multitude of words.

Great, therefore, as the intrinsic merits of Mr. Campbell are, we are led to estimate them the more highly when we consider them as beaming forth, like the pure lights of heaven among the meteor exhalations and false fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. In an age when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry, and when we are confounded by an host of ingenious poets, of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold the writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please according to the established laws of criticism, as all our good old orthodox writers have pleased before; without setting up a standard, and endeavouring to establish a new sect, and inculcate some new and lawless doctrine of his own.



CHARLCOTE.

This venerable mansion, in Warwickshire, derives some celebrity from its being situated in the park, where the immortal Shakspeare was taken in the act of deer stealing. The estate has been in the present possessor's family for upwards of six hundred years. The mansion, as it now stands, was built by Sir Thomas Lucy, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and has undergone very little alteration. The building forms the shape of an E, perhaps in compliment to the "Virgin Queen," with whose arms it is decorated,

Here, it is said, our youthful bard followed the "sequestered stag," with feelings very different, from those which pervaded his bosom, when he made the melancholy Jaques moralize so pathetically upon "the poor dappled fools, the native burghers of this desert city." The severity with which Sir Thomas Lucy prosecuted our bard, provoked his resentment so much that he imperishably handed him down to posterity in the character of "Justice Shallow."

Charlcote is delightfully situated on the banks of the "sweet flowing Avon," and the park is beautifully shaded with stately oaks. The association of Shakspeare's name with this park, renders it an attractive spot to those who make a pilgrimage to the birth place of our divine bard.

G. 28.

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SERENADE,

BY HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

As the stars are to evening,
 Or sun to the day,
 Or blossoms to April,
 Or fragrance to May;
 Or dews to the flow'rets,
 Or showers to the green—
 Art thou to this bosom
 My fair Geraldine.

And whilst eve loves the starlight,
 Or April it's bloom,
 Or day the bright sun rays,
 Or May it's perfume;
 Whilst dews greet the flow'rets,
 Or showers tint the green—
 I'll love thee, I'll love thee,
 Thou fair Geraldine.

HELVETIAN SONG OF TRIUMPH,

BY J. A. SHEA.

Too long the Helvetian dwelt
 In Slavery's bleeding reign—
 Too long his spirit felt
 The tyrant and the chain :
 But he felt it not in vain—
 And though Morgarten's mountains burst
 The wizard name of Walter Furst.*

And the son of Uri rose
 And look'd along the land,
 And heard the roll of foes,
 As of billows to a strand,
 And he bore his forward brand
 To the ringing hills—the pride—the boast—
 The saviour of his country's host.

* The names of the three first patriots who planned the Swiss insurrection were, Furst, Erni, and Staufacher.

This was the glorious dawn,
 When Freedom's sunrise broke,
 Thro' cloud and storm upon
 The Austrian's shatter'd yoke—
 When the hero men awoke,
 And shewed the world the mountain might,
 That long had dreamed in Slavery's night.
 And the voice of war went out,
 And valley, and mount, and glen ;
 Sent up the answering shout,
 From the hearts of their iron men,
 Who gathered by cliff and fen,†
 For the might of the hostile thousands roll'd,
 It's thundering fury o'er freedom's hold.
 Oh ! it was a sight of fear,
 And it was a sight of pride,
 To see the storm of sword and spear
 Flash out on the mountain's side,
 And brighten the war-field wide,
 And the rattling crags in fragments roll'd
 On the host of the trembling Leopold.
 Nor deem'd the prince till then,
 What fiery life remains
 In the stormy breasts of men,
 Who've burst their circling chains—
 Till he saw the purple rains,
 That bath'd his thousands' rocky bed,
 The men whose fate he palely fled.‡
 O thus may all who know,
 How glorious 'tis to see
 Their children's eye-beams glow,
 With the pride of Liberty—
 Thus—thus may they ever be
 Unconquer'd, when they dare to wave
 The brand against a sceptred slave.

† The army took a position at the foot of Morgarten, near the small lake Algeri, along the marshy borders of which the path of the enemy lay.—*Simond's Switzerland*.

‡ The Duke Leopold of Austria, extricated with difficulty by his followers, reached Winterthun pale and in despair.—*Ibid*.

LIFE AT A POLICE OFFICE.

I was awakened a short time back by a note being delivered to me from a young friend of mine, telling me that he was in trouble—i. e. in St. Martin's watch-house—and requesting me to come down to Bow-street to be his bail, if need were; and, at all events, to give him my advice and assistance to get out of the scrape. Accordingly I went, and arrived at Bow-street just in time to see my friend alight from a hackney-coach, with five companions in misfortune. His dim sunken eye, pale cheek, and matted hair, gave sufficient evidence where he had passed the night: neither was his appearance improved by the shame which he very visibly felt for his situation. He had no sort of inclination, I soon perceived, to figure in the Police Report of the Morning Herald. His story was, that he had been foolish enough the night before to go to a gaming-house—usually, and most appropriately, called a Hell; and that after losing fifty pounds, he was *bagged*, as he phrased it, by an irruption of Bow-street officers, and had the satisfaction of passing the remainder of the night in the watch-house. He seemed to feel somewhat less than comfortable in his novel situation, and wished me to remain and see him through the business.

This was the first time I had ever been at Bow-street, and the scene was sufficiently striking. The low ill-lighted room, with its dingy walls and barred windows, was a place well adapted to the figures of want, vice, and wretchedness with which it was filled. Some few, like my friend, seemed to be there for some slight offence, and their appearance evinced only the desire to escape from observation in such a place. Others, with looks of shame far greater, and with an air of the deepest depression, seemed to await their turn of hearing with the most anxious fear, rarely and slightly varied by a faint degree of hope. But by far the greatest number had that look of hardened reckless vice, which is perhaps the most degraded and revolting aspect in which humanity ever appears: these faces bespoke the total absence of shame, and the callous indifference to consequences, which habitual wickedness gives, and which seem to regard detection and

punishment as but the adverse chances of a game in which they must sometimes necessarily occur. But what was chiefly jarring to my feelings was the matter-of-course air with which the officers, and even the magistrate, looked on a scene from which I shrank with disgust and loathing. See, said I to myself, the hardening effects of habit! That magistrate is, I doubt not, a man of humanity, and once had the feelings natural to one in his station of life; but now, from the constantly witnessing misery and guilt, he has come to look unmoved on these the most degraded appearances of human nature—the very dregs and offal of misfortune and of crime!

The first case that was called was not of a nature calculated to remove the impressions to which the scene before me gave rise. It was that of a young man accused of forgery. Like many of those guilty of this crime, he seemed to be of superior manners and talents. His appearance was very interesting: he was not more than three or four and twenty, and his countenance, like that of the fallen Eblis, betokened energies and capabilities which should have led to far different results. This was his second examination; and, since the last, his friends had been informed of his perilous situation. His father had hurried from the country to console and to assist his son. The old man was now present, and I have seldom seen grief more pitiable. He seemed to be between sixty and seventy. His white hair was thinly scattered on his forehead; over which, and his sunken cheek, the most deadly paleness was spread. The furrows of his aged face seemed deepened and contracted with grief. His eye, which was becoming dim with years, had regained for the time a lustrous expression, but it was that of agony. His looks were rivetted on his son, who seemed to shrink from his gaze, as if his father's sufferings added tenfold bitterness to his own. When the young man's name was called, a shudder seemed to pass over his frame, but he stepped forward to the bar with a firm step, and a countenance sufficiently composed. His case proved to be one by no means uncommon, but always most distressing. He had early shewn talents superior to his station, and his parents had pinched themselves to give education to their favorite boy. A few years back they had

with difficulty procured him a situation in a merchant's counting-house in London ; and here he yielded to those temptations under which so many have sunk. He passed from expence to extravagance, and from extravagance to dishonesty ; and he was at last discovered to have forged a bill to a considerable amount, on which charge he was now being examined. As the examination proceeded, and the proofs against him became full and decisive, the sorrow of the father's countenance darkened into utter hopelessness ; and when the magistrates signed the committal, the unfortunate old man fell back senseless into the arms of a bystander. The magistrate was visibly affected, and even the officers were not unmoved. Nature, though hardened and deadened, is Nature still ; and the heart must indeed be closed which has no touch of softness at an appeal like this to her first and purest feelings.

After him were brought up three young sparks for a street row. They had been enacting the parts of Tom, Jerry, and Logic, and the scene had ended, as usual, in the watch-house. One of them exhibited the marks of the prowess of the " Charlies " in a eye portentously swollen and blackened. The two others seemed to have undergone complete immersion in the kennel ; the mud of which, being now dried on their clothes, gave their evening finery a most dilapidated aspect. It appeared that these young men had been vastly taken with the refined humour, brilliant wit, and gentlemanly knowledge of the world in the production called " Life in London ; " and that they had determined to emulate the deeds of its triumvirate of worthies as soon as opportunity served. In pursuance of this exalted ambition, they had sallied forth the night before with the determination of having " a spree." Accordingly, in the Strand, they had overtaken a watchman, a feeble old man, who was instantly, in the most manly manner, *floored* by a broad-shouldered young fellow of six feet high. The prostrate Charley, however, incontinently sprang his rattle, which brought to his assistance a sufficient number of his brethren to lodge, after a desperate resistance, the *Corinthian* and his friends in the watch-house. And here it appeared that their behaviour was by no means peaceable and resigned ; indeed, the constable averred, that

he was finally necessitated to consign them to the strong room for safety.

“ At length the morn and cool reflection came,”

and found our heroes “ fully sated” with their manly and gentlemanly exploit, and still more so with its consequences. These, however, terminated only at Bow-street ; for, besides large pecuniary remuneration to make to the persons whom they had assaulted, they underwent a most severe and well-deserved rebuke from the magistrate for their folly, brutality, and blackguardism.

When these sapient and polished personages had been discharged, a woman was placed at the bar, accused of having been drunk, and riotous in the streets at two o'clock in the morning. This unhappy creature could not be above nineteen. She had strong traces—for already they were only traces—of loveliness. Her form, wasted as it was, still retained that beauty of outline which can never be entirely lost to a finely moulded figure ; and her face, in despite of its hollow eye, shrunk cheek, and shrivelled lip, shewed that it was once possessed of eminent beauty. This wretched woman was in the lowest state of degradation : her dress was ragged and filthy, and her looks were those of seared and desperate unconcern. Her eye had still the glassiness of inebriety, or, it might be, of habitual drunkenness ; and when she spoke in answer to the magistrate, her language was mingled with obscenity and oaths. Oh ! if there be a spectacle revolting to humanity, it is the degradation of woman ! To see her soft frame consumed by debauchery—by *drunkenness* !—to behold her delicate mind brutified into habitual indecency, and to hear her tongue—the tongue of woman ! profaned with oaths and beastliness ! These are, indeed, things to make the flesh creep, and the blood run cold.—I shuddered and turned away.

We were called on next ; and the business, as far as regarded my friend, was soon settled. Those who were proved to have been only players were considered to have suffered punishment enough, and were let off lightly. I did not wait to see what became of the bankers and owners of the house. I left the office, thankful for the opportunity

of having seen it, but fully resolved never to go thither again. It was, indeed, natural that I should experience only different degrees of pity and of pain; but he wishes to see nothing but what is pleasing, let him take care never to go to *Bow-street*.

INTRIGUES OF THE SERAGLIO.

Such a tragical scene as the following, productive of so much distress, seldom occurs but in the history of the Turks or of the great monarchies of the east, where the absolute power of sovereigns enables them to act with uncontrolled violence.

In the year 1520, Solyman, surnamed the Magnificent one of the most accomplished, enterprising, and victorious of the Turkish princes, ascended the Ottoman throne. He had, however, all the passions peculiar to that violent and haughty race. He was jealous of his authority, sudden and furious in his anger, and susceptible of all that rage of love which reigns in the east, and often produces the wildest and most tragical effects.

His favorite mistress was a Circassian slave of exquisite beauty, who bore him a son called Mustapha, whom, both on account of his birthright and merit, he destined to be heir to his crown.

Roxalana, a Russian captive, soon supplanted the Circassian, and gained the sultan's heart. Having the address to retain the conquest which she had made, she kept possession of his love without any rival for many years, during which she brought him several sons and one daughter. All the happiness, however, which she derived from the unbounded sway that she had acquired over a monarch, whom one half of the world revered or dreaded, was embittered by perpetual reflections on Mustapha's accession to the throne, and the certain death of her sons, who, she foresaw, would be immediately sacrificed, according to the barbarous jealousy of Turkish policy, to the safety of the new emperor. By dwelling continually on this melancholy idea, she came gradually to view Mustapha as the enemy of her children, and to hate

him with more than a step mother's ill-will. This prompted her to wish his destruction, in order to secure for one of her own sons the throne which was destined for him. Nor did she want either ambition to attempt such a high enterprise, or the arts requisite for carrying it into execution.

Having prevailed on the sultan to give her only daughter in marriage to Rustan the grand vizier, she disclosed her scheme to that crafty minister, who, perceiving that it was his own interest to co-operate with her, readily promised his assistance towards aggrandizing that branch of the royal line, to which he was now so nearly allied.

As soon as Roxalana had concerted her measures with this able confidant, she began to affect a wonderful zeal for the Mahometan religion; to which Solyman was superstitiously attached, and proposed to found and endow a royal mosque, a work of great expense, but deemed by the Turks meritorious in the highest degree. The Mufti whom she consulted approved much of her pious intentions: but, having been gained and instructed by Rustan, told her that she being a slave, could derive no benefit herself from that holy deed, for all the merit of it would accrue to Solyman the master whose property she was. Upon this she seemed to be overwhelmed with sorrow, and to sink into the deepest melancholy, as if she had been disgusted with life and all its enjoyments. Solyman, who was absent with the army, being informed of this dejection of mind, and of the cause from which it proceeded, discovered all the solicitude of a lover to remove it, and, by a writing under his hand declared her a free woman.

Roxalana, having gained this point, proceeded to build the mosque, and resumed her usual cheerfulness and gaiety of spirit. But when Solyman, on his return to Constantinople, sent an eunuch, according to custom to the seraglio, to bring her to partake of his bed, she, seemingly with deep regret, but in the most peremptory manner, declined to follow the eunuch, declaring that what had been an honor to her while a slave, became a crime as she was now a free woman, and that she would not involve either the sultan or herself in the guilt that must be contracted by such an open violation of the law of their prophet.

Solyman, whose passion this difficulty, as well as the affected

delicacy which gave rise to it, heightened and inflamed, had recourse immediately to the Mufti, for his direction. He replied, agreeable to the Koran, that Roxalana's scruples were well founded, but added, artfully, in words which Rustan had taught him to use, that it was in the sultan's power to remove these difficulties by espousing her as his lawful wife.

The amorous monarch closed eagerly with the proposals, and solemnly married her according to the form of the Mahometan ritual ; though by doing so he disregarded a maxim of policy which the pride of the Ottoman blood had taught all the sultans since Bajazet the first, to consider as inviolable. From this time, none of the Turkish monarchs had married, because, when he was vanquished and taken prisoner by Tamerlane, his wife had been abused with barbarous insolence by the Tartars. That no similar calamity might subject the Ottoman family to the like disgrace, the sultans admitted none to their beds but slaves, whose dishonor could not bring any such stain upon their house.

But the more uncommon the step was, the more it convinced Roxalana of the unbounded influence which she had acquired over the sultan's heart ; and emboldened her to prosecute, with greater hopes of success, the scheme that she had formed in order to destroy Mustapha. This young Prince, having been intrusted by his father, according to the practice of the sultans in that age, with the government of several provinces, was at that time invested with the administration in Diarbequir, the ancient Mesopotamia, which Solyman had wrested from the Persians, and added to his empire. In all these different commands Mustapha had conducted himself with such cautious prudence as could give no offence to his father, though, at the same time, he governed with so much moderation as well as justice, and displayed such valor and generosity as rendered him equally the favorite of the people and the darling of the soldiery.

There was no room to lay any folly or vice to his charge, that could impair the high opinion which his father entertained of him. Roxalana's malevolence was more refined ; she turned his virtues against him, and made use of these as engines for his destruction. She often mentioned, in Solyman's presence, the splendid qualities of his son ; she cele-

brated his courage, his liberality, his popular arts, with malicious and exaggerated praise. As soon as she perceived that the sultan heard these encomiums, which were often repeated with uneasiness ; that suspicion of his son began to mingle itself with his former esteem of him ; and that by degrees he came to view him with jealousy and fear ; she introduced, as if by accident, some discourse concerning the rebellion of his father Selim against Bajazet his grandfather ; she took notice of the bravery of the veteran troops under Mustapha's command, and of the neighbourhood of Diar-bequir to the territories of the Persian Sophi, Solyman's mortal enemy. By these arts, whatever remained of paternal tenderness was entirely extinguished, and such passions were kindled in his breast, as gave all Roxalana's malignant suggestions the color not only of probability but of truth. A deep-rooted hatred succeeded now, to his suspicions and fear of Mustapha. He appointed spies to observe and report all his words and actions ; he watched and stood on his guard against him as his most dangerous enemy.

Having thus alienated the sultan's heart from Mustapha, Roxalana ventured on another step, and entreated Solyman to allow her own sons the liberty of appearing at court, hoping that, by gaining access to their father, they might, by their good qualities and dutiful deportment, insinuate themselves into that place in his affections which Mustapha had formerly held ; and, though what she demanded was contrary to the practice of the Ottoman family in that age, the uxorious monarch granted her request.

To all these female intrigues, Rustan added an artifice still more subtle, which completed the sultan's delusion, and heightened his jealousy and fear. He wrote to the bashaws of the provinces adjacent to Diarbequir, instructing them to send him regular intelligence of Mustapha's proceedings in his government ; and to each of them he gave a private hint, flowing, in appearance, from his zeal for their interest, that nothing would be more acceptable to the sultan than to receive favorable accounts of a son whom he destined to sustain the glory of the Ottoman name.

The bashaws ignorant of his fraudulent intention, and eager to pay court to their sovereign at such an easy price,

filled their letters with studied but fatal panegyrics of Mustapha, representing him as a prince worthy to succeed such an illustrious father, and as endowed with talents which might enable him to emulate, perhaps to equal his fame. These letters were industriously shown to Solyman, at the seasons when it was known that they would make the deepest impression. Every expression in recommendation of his son wounded him to the heart, he suspected his principal officers of being ready to favor the most desperate attempts of a prince whom they were so fond to praise; and, fancying that he saw them already assaulting his throne with rebellious arms, he determined, while it was yet in his power, to anticipate the blow, and secure his own safety by his son's death.

For this purpose, though under pretence of renewing the war against Persia, he ordered Rustan to march towards Diarbequir at the head of a numerous army, and to rid him of a son whose life he deemed inconsistent with his own safety. But that crafty minister did not chose to be loaded with the odium of having executed this cruel order. As soon as he arrived in Syria, he wrote to Solyman, that the danger was so imminent as to call for his immediate presence; that the camp was full of Mustapha's emmissaries; that many of the soldiers were corrupted; that the affections of all leaned towards him, that he had discovered a negociation which had been carried on with the Sophi of Persia, in order to marry Mustapha with one of his daughters; that he had already felt both his talents and his authority to be inadequate to the exigencies of such an arduous conjecture; that the sultan alone had sagacity to discern what resolution should be taken in those circumstances, and power to carry that resolution into execution.

This charge of courting the friendship of the Sophi, Roxalana and Rustan had reserved as the last and most envenomed of all their calumnies. It operated with the violence which they expected from Solyman's inveterate abhorrence of the Persians, and threw him into the wildest transports of rage. He set out instantly for Syria, and hastened thither with all the precipitation and impatience of fear and revenge. As soon as he had joined his army near Aleppo,

and had concerted measures with Rustan, he sent a chiaus, or messenger of the court, to his son, requiring him to repair immediately to his presence.

Mustapha, though no stranger to his step-mother's machinations, or to Rustan's malice, or to his father's violent temper, yet, relying on his own innocence, followed the messenger without delay to Aleppo. The moment he arrived in the camp, he was introduced into the sultan's tent. As he entered it, he observed nothing that could give him any alarm; no additional crowd of attendants, no body of armed guards, but the same order and silence which always reign in the sultan's apartments. In a few minutes, however, several mutes appeared, at the sight of whom Mustapha, knowing what was his doom, cried with a loud voice, "Lo, my death!" and attempted to fly. The mutes rushed forward to seize him: he resisted and struggled, demanding with the utmost earnestness to see the sultan; and despair, together with the hope of finding protection from the soldiers, if he could escape out of the tent, animated him with such extraordinary strength, that, for some time, he baffled all the efforts of the executioners.

Solyman was within hearing of his son's cries, as well as of the noise which his struggle occasioned. Impatient of this delay of his revenge, and struck with terror at the thoughts of Mustapha's escaping, he drew aside the curtain which divided the tent, and thrusting in his head, darted a fierce look towards the mutes, and with wild and threatening gestures seemed to chide them for sloth and timidity. At sight of his father's furious and unrelenting countenance, Mustapha's strength failed, and his courage forsook him; the mutes fastened the bow string about his neck, and in a moment put an end to his life.

The dead body was exposed before the sultan's tent. The soldiers gathered round it, and contemplating the mournful object with astonishment, sorrow, and indignation, were ready, if a leader had not been wanting, to have broke out into the wildest excesses of rage. After giving vent to the first expressions of their grief, they retired each man to his tent, and shutting themselves up, bewailed in secret the cruel fate of their favorite, nor was there one of them who tasted food, or even water, the remainder of that day.

Next morning the same solitude and silence reigned in the camp; and Solyman, being afraid that some dreadful storm would follow this sudden calm, in order to appease the enraged soldiers, deprived Rustan of the seals of office, ordered him to leave the camp, and raised Achmet, a gallant officer much beloved in the army, to the dignity of the vizier.

This charge, however, was made in concert with Rustan himself; that crafty minister suggesting it as the only expedient which could save himself or his master. But within a few months, when the resentment of the soldiers began to subside, and the name of Mustapha to be forgotten, Achmet was strangled by the sultan's command, and Rustan reinstated in the office of vizier. Together with his former power, he resumed the plan for extirminating the race of Mustapha which he had concerted with Roxalana; and as they were afraid that an only son whom Mustapha had left might grow up to avenge his death, they redoubled their activity, and, by employing the same arts against him, which they had practised against his father, they inspired Solyman with the same fears, and prevailed on him to issue orders for putting to death that young and innocent prince.

These orders were executed with barbarous zeal, by an eunuch, who was despatched to Burza, the place where the prince resided; and no rival was left to dispute the Ottoman throne with the sons of Roxalana.

ORPHANS IN A STORM.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

It was a dark stormy night in December when I took refuge in a woodcutter's hut on the borders of Languedoc. I had not been long seated, and enjoyed the comforts of my host's fireside and glass of wine, when a low knock was heard at the door. "Hollo, who's there!" said the woodcutter—a low moaning sob was the only reply. "Another poor devil of a traveller benighted," said I. "Aye, aye, the woodcutter's door shall never be closed against distress or misfortune." The latch was soon up, and two girls, of interesting appearance though meanly attired, presented themselves.



ORPHANS IN A STORM.

Published by Joseph Robins, London.

"Come in my girls, come in, Jaques never yet closed his door against man, surely then it will ever be open to children like thee. I was once a child myself and I have known what misfortune is, for my early years never knew aught else."

I thought the woodcutter drew his hand across his eyes to wipe away some tears that had started on them. His attention, however, to the little pair soon filled his mind with other feelings than sorrow, he seated them near the fire, supplied them with cake and wine, as long as they chose to eat and drink, and if ever a charitable office made a man happy, Jaques seemed so now.

"And now my girls I should like to know what brought you here in this unprotected condition. Harsh indeed must be that heart that could send you forth on such a night as this, however urgent the occasion might be. I presume by your basket you were going to market, your mother perhaps wanted provision."

The word mother drew a sigh from the eldest girl.

"Perhaps," said I, "you have no mother."

"Alas, sir, I have neither father nor mother, we are poor friendless orphans."

"Indeed," said Jaques, "with whom do you live then. They must be unfeeling indeed, who could send you out on such a stormy day as this has been. I thought it was no parent. As the storm continues to rage with such fury, I must contrive to accommodate you here to night. So my good girls as I shall act a father's part by you to night, perhaps you will have no objection to be dutiful children, and recount to me who your parents were, and who your protectors are."

After the lapse of a few moments, during which she wiped the starting tear from her eye, the eldest commenced her narrative thus. "My name is Marie Cornillot; who my father or mother were I never knew, and I derive my name from my early protector, not from my parent. Pierre Cornillot and his wife were the kindest couple that ever lived, and till they were on their death bed I always considered myself their child. About five months since they caught a fever of which both died, within a day of each other. Before that fatal event, Pierre called me to his bedside and divulged the secret of my birth. I then found that about thirteen years since, a female decently clad asked shelter,

one bleak autumn night, at Pierre's cottage, and that before morning she gave birth to myself. Want of proper attendance caused her death in a few hours, and the hospitable Pierre and his wife had not only to bury their guest, but to protect the infant orphan. This they did with the greatest kindness, and I never felt ought but parental fondness from them. Grief for their fate checked, for a time, the anguish I have since felt to know who my mother was; but, of this, my protectors were as ignorant as myself. Madame Cornillot died some hours before her husband; not, however, until she had exhorted a distant relative to succour and to protect myself, and their only child, the little Eloise whom your charity has now sheltered."

"I need not tire you with a recital of the tears shed by Pierre and his wife as well as by the little Eloise and myself, when death was on the point of severing us for ever in this world. Directly after that fatal event, Blaisot, the driver of a diligence, and a distant cousin to Pierre, took possession of the little property bequeathed him, and removed us to his own house. We soon found how great a loss we had sustained, for Blaisot is both a drunkard and a brute; from whom the blow generally comes before the word. As, however, fate has destined us to be placed under him, it may be wrong for me to revile my future protector. I obey him in every thing as far as I can, and I pray to the Virgin that his heart may yet learn to pity the unfortunate, and forgive the unintentional errors of youth."

Here the little narrator ceased. Jaques, as well as myself, had evidently been much interested by the recital, and after a pause my host said, "I commend you much for the feeling that prevents your further mentioning the censurable conduct of Blaisot. You have not, however, told me how you came benighted so far from home as you now are."

"Why," continued Marie, "Blaisot came home intoxicated this morning, and insisted on our going to a market some miles distant to dispose of some stockings we had been knitting—a task we always pursue to fill up our leisure time—money he wanted, and money he would have, he said. We went, and having disposed of our little stock, were returning homewards, when happening on the way to look in my basket I found the money was gone, whether it had been

stolen, or lost, I know not. To return without it we dared not do, so we turned back in the hope that we might have dropt it on the road, and should find it. It was, however, a fruitless search, and with heavy hearts we again pursued our way home, when the storm arose, and between the fear of meeting Blaisot, and the terror we felt at the thunder and lightning, we lost our way, and wandering, we knew not whither, were attracted to your cot by the light from its casement. Poor Eloise—whom I see has fallen asleep, and forgot all her troubles—was sadly frightened in crossing the heath, and to add to our calamity a sudden gust of wind carried away her bonnet, which in an instant was lost beyond all recovery. I sheltered her as well as I could with my cloak, but the storm raged so violently that we almost despaired of our lives, until your cottage animated us with new hopes. How we shall now dare to go home I know not; for as Blaisot is extremely passionate, the loss of our money and the bonnet, may incense him so far as almost to kill us."

"The money," said I, "shall be no consideration, I will make up that, and Jaques, perhaps, you will accompany them home in the morning, and explain to their brutal guardian the circumstances of the night. When he learns what they have gone through he must be savage indeed if he can be in any way incensed against them. By day-light I must pursue my way, or I would take charge of them myself."

Jaques promised he would faithfully perform his duty—I felt conscious that he would, and we all retired to rest.

By day-break I was at the cottage door, to bid adieu to its hospitable inmate for ever.—He again promised me to use every exertion in favor of the two orphans, and having given them enough to supply their deficiency, I left him with a consciousness that my little bounty was left in the hands of honesty.

TENACITY OF AN HOUR.

'Tis a fine thought of Seneca,
 Though thousands it perplex'd;
 'To spend the hour in such a way
 As not to hurt the next.'

P.

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THE RUINED CITY.

The days of old, though time has reft
 The dazzling splendor which they cast ;
 Yet many a remnant still is left
 To shadow forth the past.
 The warlike deed, the classic page,
 The lyric torrent strong and free,
 Are lingering o'er the gloom of age
 Like moonlight on the sea.

A thousand years have roll'd along,
 And blasted empires in their pride ;
 And witness'd scenes of crime and wrong,
 'Till men by nations died.
 A thousand summer suns have shone,
 'Till earth grew bright before their sway,
 Since thou, untenanted, and lone,
 Wert render'd to decay.

The moss tuft, and the ivy wreath,
 For ages clad thy fallen mould,
 And gladden'd in the spring's soft breath ;
 But they grew wan and old.
 Now, desolation hath denied
 That even these shall veil their gloom :
 And nature's mantling beauty died
 In token of thy doom.

Alas, for the far years, when clad
 With the bright vesture of thy prime,
 Thy proud towers made each warrior glad,
 Who hailed thy sunny clime.
 Alas, for the fond hope, and dream,
 And all that won thy children's trust,
 God cursed—and none may now redeem,
 Pale city of the dust !

How the dim visions throng the soul,
 When twilight broods upon thy waste ;
 The clouds of woe from o'er thee roll,
 And glory seems replaced.

The stir of life is brightening round,
 Thy structures swell upon the eye,
 And mirth and revelry resound
 In triumph to the sky,

But a stern moral may be read,
 By those who view thy lonely gloom :
 Oblivion's fall alike is spread

O'er slave, and lordly tomb.
 The sad, the gay, the old, the young,
 The warrior's strength, and beauty's glow,
 Resolved to that from which they sprung,
 Compose the dust below.

CALLIOPE.

SHAKING HANDS.

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed grooped every body's hand alike, —with an equal fervor of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world ; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself ; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten) the crush was no less complimentary :—the face was as earnest and beaming, the “ glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman now and then as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the civil salute of the ordinary shake ; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out, and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do him a mischief, and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side ; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce,—there was no knowing which : you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's in handing her to a seat : and it

was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient ; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person ; till on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman, to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided : but of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness ; and if those two virtues are to be separated, (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen) the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one, than to practice the other ; and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always of the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty, whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or distrust. We have met with two really kind men, who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to any body about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves ; but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation ; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention, we know not ; but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first love of mankind. He was impatient at the change of his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest ; but though his manner became cold, his consistency still remained warm ; and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.



Oyster Eaters.

OYSTER EATERS,

BY PERCY NORTH.

The other night, after witnessing Miss Mitford's Tragedy of Rienzi, I dropped into an oyster shop in the purlieus of Old Drury. Having put my "dozen natives" out of sight, I sat some time sipping the remains of my pint of porter, and as I am somewhat of an observant character, I derived some amusement from noticing the various modes of oyster eating, and from the conversation of the parties around me.

One put the edge of the shell to the tip of his tongue, and with one gulp seemed to send his victim to the "regions below." Another's mouth appeared to act as a load-stone to the oysters, for by putting his lips in an oval shape, and drawing his breath inwards, he contrived to swallow the contents without letting the shell defile his mouth. There was a grey headed old gentleman in a snuff-colored coat, and a corresponding countenance of snuff-colored sternness, that sat deliberating on the oyster before he put it to his mouth, as long as he kept munching it before he let it pass the passage of his throat; and the quantity of munches he gave it was about as many as a German gives a beef steak. One Robin Roughhead of a fellow, who was so near sighted that he could scarcely see the table before him, in finding the way to his mouth, rubbed the oysters so much against his nose, that he seemed as though he doubted their sweetness. It will, however, be too long a task to enumerate all the modes of oyster eating, for whilst one was drinking hot milk with them, according to the plan of Dr. Kitchener, another was turning them into the hollow shell, and smothering them with as much pepper and vinegar as the value of the oyster he was eating. Thus, as the modes of devouring oysters are as opposite as the antipodes are to each other, I shall at once dismiss this portion of my subject, and proceed to enumerate some small portion of the conversation of those around me.

One little knot was discussing the State of Russia and Turkey. An old gentleman was showing, by quotations from Colonel Evan's book, the immense resources of Russia: that she has upwards of 800,000 effective troops, and that hav-

ing obtained winter quarters, she will, when her campaign commences next spring, be certain of subjugating the Turkish Empire. To this opinion, however, I observed several dissentients.

A gentlemanly sensible looking person, had by chance fixed himself in the same box with one of those nondescript looking animals, who, through the aid of the toilet, the barber, and the stay-maker, contrive to give themselves the appearance of an abortion of nature; a being between the masculine and feminine genders. They were arguing on the comparative merits of Young and Kean. The dandy espoused the cause of the latter; but never was argument weaker than his. He said Kean was an elegant actor. I thought "elegant" a strange term for the personator of Richard, Shylock, Overreach and such characters; his opponent said he could not see how he could be termed elegant, there was nothing classic about him.

"Not classic?" said the dandy, "you should have seen him in Abel Drugger on his benefit a few season's since, and you would have said that comedy was his forte as much as tragedy."

"Really," replied the other, "I can see nothing classic in the low vulgar character of Drugger."

"Well sir, but he can sing."

"And is there any thing classic in singing?"

The dandy was dumb, he was evidently at fault for words to carry on the debate, and his opponent closed the matter with a few sensible observations, on the style of the two actors, in which he said, "Kean, was certainly endowed with natural talent, but his acting was any thing but classic; he knew how to draw down the plaudits of the gods: but his reading the parts was faulty in the extreme. Look at his Hamlet, and at Young's. The difference in their pronouncing these two lines will show them in their true character:

There are more things 'twixt Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream'd of in your philosophy.

Now Kean speaks this with the same monotony throughout: whilst Young puts an emphasis on the last word that places the true meaning on the poet's expression. Young,

sir, shows at every movement that he has been bred the scholar and the gentleman. Kean, appears neither the one or the other.

The gentleman finding his opponent unable to follow in this line of criticism, rose from his seat and putting on his hat, bid the champion of Kean, a good night.

A plain rough looking party were very earnestly discussing the history and mystery of the oyster. I could not but listen with much attention to the knowledge displayed by a weather beaten looking man on the subject, with which he appeared perfectly acquainted. I found, however, in the course of his conversation that he had been in the Oyster Fishery.

"Oysters," said he, "are among the most curious of nature's workmanship. I have myself seen through a microscope in the clear liquor of an oyster, numbers of little round living animalculæ. In female oysters, I have seen incredible numbers of small embryo oysters, covered with little shells perfectly transparent, and swimming along slowly in the liquor. They are supposed to breed in August, and in that month I have taken from out a single oyster, a prodigious number of minute ones, all alive, and swimming about nimbly in the liquor. In these minute oysters, I have clearly distinguished the two shells, and have perceived that those which were dead opened their shells like larger ones. Small as they were, they exactly corresponded in appearance with those of full growth. I remember reading in the learned Leeuwenhoek, that 120 of these embryo oysters placed in a row, perfect as they are, would not extend beyond an inch, and that a globular body of an inch diameter, would contain 1,728,000 of them. He also reckons that 3 or 4000 of them are found in each oyster. I never perceived it myself, because it requires an extraordinary glass; but Leeuwenhoek says, that he saw living animalculæ in the liquor 500 times less than the embryo oysters."

The speaker said much more on the curious properties of the oyster than I before knew, or than I can now recollect. He was, however, frequently interrupted by his auditors with doubts and observations; but was principally annoyed by two young knowing sparks in the next box, one of whom kept saying, as if to his companion, but loud enough to be heard, where it was intended—"Fudge!"

When the party was on the point of leaving, the *ostrea* orator got up, and leaning over the partition thus addressed the two young sprigs who had been enjoying the "romance of an oyster," as one of them had been heard to call the conversation, "Mr. Burchall, whichever of you bears that character, let me whisper a word of advice in your ear before I depart. Remember in future, that all young men whose reading has never gone beyond a play or a novel, should show what little wisdom they possess, by holding their tongues, when matters of science, or reasoning, or speculation, are on the tapis. Perhaps your reading has so far extended as to have read the Travels of Gulliver and Munchausen, or the Voyages of Sinbad, if so, I suppose you put me down for a descendant of those redoubtable men. Be it so: but if one half of the time you waste in play houses, plays, and romances, was spent in reading and observing the wonderful ways of creation, you would blush to hear another apply the epithet "Fudge!" to such immutable truths as I have spoken. Young man I have lived too long, and too well I hope, in the world to be angry at the folly of remarks made through ignorance; but you might have fallen into more irritable hands than mine, and it is for your good that I enjoin you to remember, "that silence bespeaks wisdom in many;" among which number you may be reckoned as one. So good night.

Young "Fudge," looked sheepish, but never deigned to make one observation. The rebuke seemed to tongue-tie him.

Another little party were arguing on the comet of 1832. One was very gravely arguing on the fatality attending it, but as this subject was too intricate for my comprehension, and I found but little interest in it, I called the waiter—paid my "score"—and withdrew.

c,
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